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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

MOMENTS of EMERGENCY

THRILLING AND TRUE

OCTOBER

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY NEW YORK AND LONDON

A Soft and Delicate Complexion

The skin surface is always in process of renewal, and it is this fact that renders it possible, by proper care, to keep it soft and beautiful.

If the renewing skin be disturbed or retarded in its transmutation by the use of common toilet soaps containing harmful ingredients, or if cosmetics or other artificial agents be resorted to, the skin is sure to lose its natural lustre. By the daily use of

Pears' Soap

a soft and delicate complexion is secured — a complexion that renews its pink and white bloom imperceptibly from year to year, always looking fresh and refined.

Pears, by its exquisite emollient qualities, assists nature in its beautifying work, and is unequalled in its hygienic effect, because it is all pure beauty soap.

To obtain and preserve beauty of complexion use Pears, which is balm, comfort and health to the skin.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured"

Victor Double-faced Records give you more music, better music and cheaper music than you ever had before.

More music. Music on both sides of the same record. Double enjoyment from every record.

Better music. Every record made by the new Victor process—one of the most important discoveries ever made in the art of recording. An improvement that results in a new tone-quality—sweeter and clearer than ever before.

Cheaper music. Putting two selections on opposite sides of the same record means a saving in materials and workmanship, and gives you two records in one almost at the price of one.

There's no two sides to this fact: that every Victor Record, double-faced as well as single-faced, is a record of quality—a musical masterpiece.

Victor Double-faced Records
10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch $1.25
Victor Single-faced Records
10-inch 60 cents; 12-inch $1
Victor Purple Label Records
10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch $1.25
Victor Red Seal Records
10- and 12-inch, $1 to $7

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

There's a Victor for you at whatever price you want to pay—$10, $17.50, $25, $32.50, $40, $50, $60, $100.
Victor-Victrola, $125, $200, $250.
Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer if desired.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Send Today for the Oliver Typewriter at 17c a Day

SOME of the great fortunes of modern times were founded on pennies, nickels and dimes. Yet not one person in a *thousand* knows the possibilities of pennies. Pennies have wings—they simply *fly*, and you never know where or why.

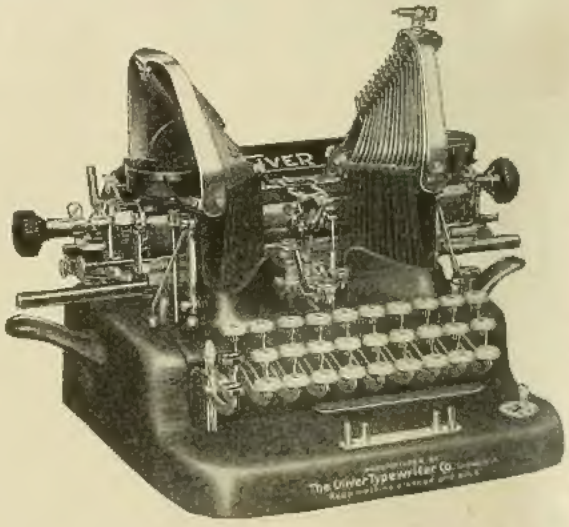
Here's a business proposition, made in all seriousness by the greatest typewriter concern on the continent—made to teach *penny-spendthrifts* that these coins have real *purchasing power*.

We will sell you the Oliver Typewriter for seventeen cents a day!

A small first payment brings the machine—it's yours to use as your own. Then we willingly wait while you pay at the rate of seventeen cents a day. See application blank below.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer



The Oliver serves the interests of a vast constituency. Its sphere of action and achievement is as wide as the world.

No other writing machine has such wonderful *working capacity*—and none excels or even approaches its *versatility*.

Its freely-moving mechanism works in a frame of steel that's as rigid and strong as the jacket of an engine.

These moving parts exemplify "the poetry of motion" in their beautiful, rhythmic action. All one would expect in any typewriter—and a *score of unexpected perfections*—you will find in this matchless machine.

And this, the newest model—The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—is the one we offer to sell you for seventeen cents a day.

You can order the machine today on the blank opposite, enclosing $15.00 to show that you mean business.

Your check is good—or send draft, post-office or express money order.

Catalog on request.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
115 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

(43)

APPLICATION BLANK

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115 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I accept your offer of the latest model No. 5 Oliver Standard Typewriter for Seventeen Cents a Day. Enclosed please find $15 as evidence of good faith. I agree to save 17 cents a day and remit the balance, $85, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY.

175 Fifth Avenue, New York, and Temple House, Temple Avenue, E. C., London

FRANK A. MUNSEY, President. RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON, Secretary. CHRISTOPHER H. POPE, Treasurer.

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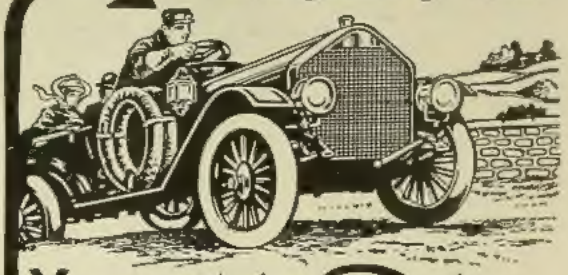

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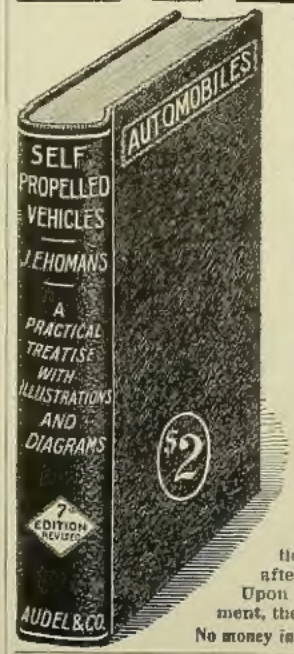

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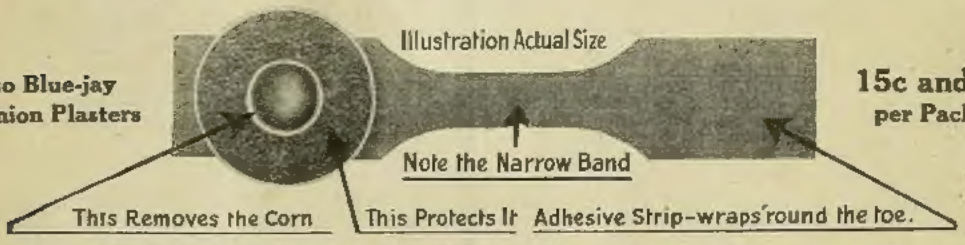
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters



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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII. OCTOBER, 1910. No. 1.

Our Fourth Mile-Post.

The Train-Sheets of Our Successful Run of the Past Year, Which Has Ended Without a Hot Box or a Loose Joint—And the Old Hog Is Panting for the Next Division, Our String of Cars Is as New as the Day it Left the Shop, the Con Has Given the High-Ball—She Is Off Again and Hot for the Hill.

BY THE EDITOR

COMPLETING his first four years of continuous service, no matter how indifferently it may appeal to the average layman as merely a certain measure of time, is, to the railroader, a period replete with much significance, because it tells unerringly whether success or failure has attended his effort in his chosen line. It is the time associated with the duration of all apprenticeships to the many and varied trades — machinists, boiler-makers, molders, pattern-makers, and others—which necessity, through development, has gradually incorporated into the conduct of the iron trail. It represents the time which a brakeman must serve before running his own train, and serves to define the length of a fireman's endeavor before the coveted position is attained on the right side of the cab.

To successfully round up these four years is to pass from the experimental to the possible stage—from chimera to reality; and, because fact has supplanted fancy, a tangible basis is evolved for general groundwork in the future. The presentation of an apprenticeship certificate by the master mechanic to an embryo machinist implies the concession on the part of the railroad company that the recipient has learned his business—or, at least, if he has not thoroughly learned it, he is still safe to be entrusted with its conduct. It means that, while before the apprentice had largely speculation for a basis, he is now familiar with what is wanted, and it is up to him to apply his lessons.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, which with this number passes its fourth milestone, is impressed by the mark which the above lapse of time affords to its own history. It points with pride to the fact that it, too, has served an apprenticeship—a four-year apprenticeship in which it has tried to learn the trade of appreciating just what its readers want between its covers.

We say that it has tried to do this, because in the stirring business which it chronicles, where something new or progressive crops out every day, it would be absurd to assert that it has thoroughly learned its trade as yet, and this notwithstanding the grateful fact that you, boys, have given us our apprenticeship certificate on approval, in the shape of a patronage which, in magnitude, has probably never before fallen to the lot of a magazine just four years old.

ROBERT H. ROGERS.

AUTHOR OF MANY ARTICLES OF TECHNICAL VALUE, INCLUDING THE "ROGERS GROUP" FOR BEGINNERS.

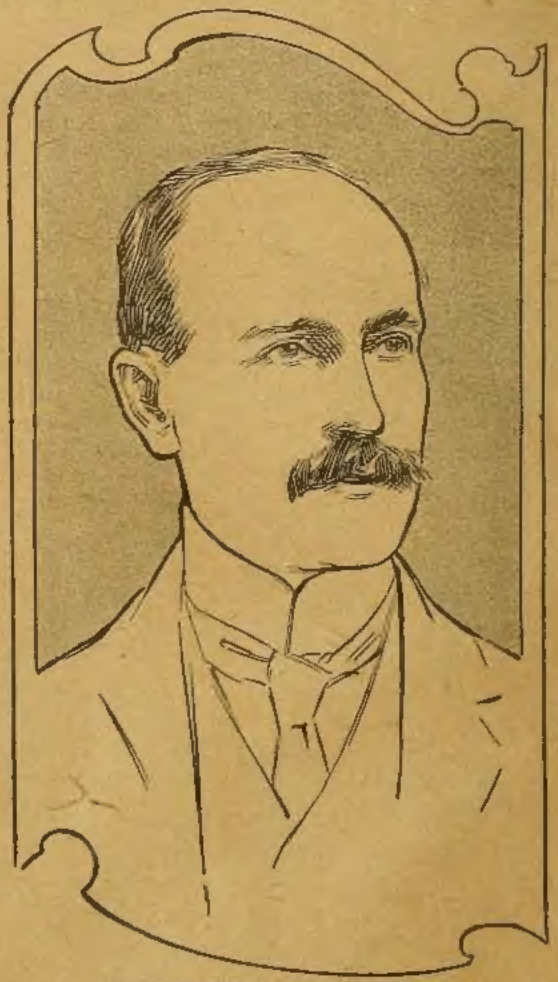
Photograph by Kemp, Paterson, New Jersey.

When this magazine was founded the field defined by its name was recognized as practically limitless, and past experience had well indicated the appreciation among all classes of magazine readers for a good railroad story.

It was realized that the very best of these were yet to be unearthed — that they were scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, in lonely signal-towers, terminal-yards, office-buildings, and bustling round-houses—and that every ramification of the railroad, no matter how apparently insignificant, embodied some local incident which, with the proper treatment, must be of universal interest.

Disregarding pure fiction for the moment, we believe that the fund of true stories is inexhaustible. We refer to the stories of railroad life that are heard after the day's work is done, but which so seldom see print, because the narrators have neither the time, inclination, nor, possibly, the training. It was to secure these, and the associated features which combine in the real drama of the road, that Gilson Willets was put on the trail in October, 1906. It was an assignment daring in conception, as the magazine was then an unknown and untried quantity. It was the first time that a magazine writer had ever gone among railroad men for stories.

Since his first trip over the Union Pacific, and part of the Southern Pacific, Mr. Willets has made three similar journeys. He has traveled thirty-six thousand miles on the railroads of this country, more than enough to encircle the globe. He has written from the last eastern extremity at Cape Cod, through the northern boundary via the Great Lakes and Chicago to Puget Sound, and from Los Angeles, and the desert country, through the South to the national capital. He secured some of the best stories of human



THADDEUS S. DAYTON.

WHO HAS TOLD US OF THE MYSTERIOUS INSIDE WORKINGS OF THE BUSINESS END OF RAILROADS.

Photograph by Schlattman Hermanos, Mexico.

nature, daring heroism, love, comedy, and tragedy that were ever published—and the railroad embodies all these elements of life.

We have mentioned Mr. Willets thus prominently because, more than any man we know, he has unearthed the human side of our great railroads. He possesses the justly envied faculty of making friends. He knows how to get a story, and—he knows how to tell it. His future work in this connection will, no doubt, be lighter than in the past, because through the slogan, "Watch for Willets!" the railroad men are always ready to meet him. They have seen and enjoyed the fruits of his earlier trips; they understand his mission, and they know that their confidence has not been misplaced.

One of our most popular features has been the True Story Series. We asked your help to make these stories possible, as we believed, and still believe, that every incumbent of a railroad position, no matter how humble he may be, can recall a personal experience or an incident out of the ordinary which would make splendid reading because it is true.

J. E. SMITH.

ONE OF THE KEENEST RAILROAD HUMORISTS. AUTHOR OF "THE OBSERVATIONS OF A COUNTRY STATION-AGENT."

Photograph by Hunt, Gas City, Indiana.

CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER.

AN OLD-TIME RAILROAD MAN WHOSE ARTICLES ARE AS INTERESTING AS THEY ARE ACCURATE.

Photograph by Gardner & Co., Brooklyn, New York.

The only stipulation was that it must be authentic, and proof against any question which we might ask the railroad company or the persons written about. That the response has been noble is evinced by the fact that this October, 1910, issue contains True Story No. 49—forty-nine stories of unusual interest, which, we venture to say, would have remained largely untold had it not been for THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. And there are hundreds more which have never come to our office. But the good ones will come.

Mr. Willets's campaigns and the True Story Series effectually portrayed the human interest side of the railroad, but they have

not dimmed our fiction—our stories of railroad life in all its phases, from the frozen fingers of the humblest "ham" to the financial concerns of the president.

After the first number appeared, we were in receipt of many letters in which we were besieged with many requests for real railroad fiction—not true stories, or even stories based on fact, but for the Simon-pure article without which no magazine can possibly exist

Engineers wrote us for fiction stories of their always romantic profession; the fireman wished his progressive calling to be exploited; telegraph operators clamored for a recognition of their important end of it, and even the baggage smasher of humorous fancy was averse to being forgotten.

We called on old and tried writers, and have developed many new ones to supply us with our fiction. Cy Warman, J. R. Stafford, and F. H. Richardson have sat on the right side of the cab in their day. Augustus Wittfield he of the Monk Hausen and Carlock Bjones yarns, is a Philadelphia printer, and never wrote before this magazine inspired him. John C. Russell, that nomadic soldier of fortune; Robert Fulkerson Hoffman, who has also served as a railroad man, Charles Wesley Sanders, C. W. Beels, Robert F. Creel, Frank Condon, Horace H. Herr, Katharine Eggleston, and the others, who we do not slight by omitting their names, have furnished us with some of the most readable stories ever given to the American public, in which the life and atmosphere of the railroad man have been depicted with unerring touches. And when it comes to humor, it must be a weak-minded, vinegar-blooded man who can't chuckle till he aches over the Honk and Horace stories by Emmet F. Harte.

GILSON WILLETS,

WHO HAS ALREADY TRAVELED OVER 36,000 MILES TO SECURE THE STORIES OF RAILROAD MEN FIRST-HAND

These writers have created a new school in story-telling which we will term the fiction in story-telling which we will term the fiction of the railroad. The creations of these writers, although often broadly drawn, as fictitious characters must be under certain treatment, were nevertheless of distinctively human aspect; they reminded one of the pleasanter side of business, and they were the fellows you liked to meet after the day was in, no matter what their peculiarities may have been.

The short story is a vital problem in the making of any magazine, but it has been a particularly hard task in connection with this publication, due to the fact that its audience is naturally the most critical in the world.

Our fiction readers are active men of the rail, who want good, enlivening stories of their various occupations; but they are quick to resent a technical inaccuracy.

The old-school fiction, wherein the lever is reversed, and the eagle eye blows for brakes, could have no place in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It would simply imply that the book would be thrown aside in pardonable disgust, regardless of the literary excellence of the effort.

We want to remind you of the many and varied serials with which you have been entertained. For these at least we have no apology to offer, and no recriminations for ourselves. William S. Wright, John Wellsley Sanders, George Van Schaick, J. Aubrey Tyson, and Horace Herr have furnished some thrilling yarns—and they are going to furnish some more.

Some of them may not have possessed the distinctive flavor of the railroad, but the majority were connected therewith; and it

is pleasing to recall that many have survived in the more enduring book-form since you first made their acquaintance in these pages. We have been truly fortunate in this rather elaborate form of fiction in securing the work of trained writers who possess the additional qualification of being sufficiently versed in the basic principles of railroading to present the incidents with realism and fidelity to fact.

However, it was never intended to make THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE a mere story-book, any more than to have it strictly informative and technical. We knew long before October, 1906, that railroads in general had been but lightly touched upon in the special article, the basis of which is necessarily informative, and that employees of all grades were eagerly awaiting the history of the great American railroads.

That is why we started with the very first number to tell you the real facts of the builders' lives; of their struggles during the formation of these enduring monuments to superhuman endeavor, and of the romance that is associated with enterprises so great and so diversified.

Space limitations of this talk forbid more than a mention of how thoroughly the magazine has covered this ground in the past four years; but it is no more than fair to the efforts of our contributors, and our own as well, to recall the great American Train-Robberies Series, which ran through fourteen numbers; the histories of the railroads, in which you read the history of the famous old Erie, with its mosaic of ever-changing administrations; of the Baltimore and Ohio, the real pioneer of the trunk lines; and of the great Pennsylvania, which so proudly lays claim to be the standard railroad of America.

Other stories in this entertaining series told you how the Union Pacific united the ends of the continent; how the Santa Fe conquered the desert; of the varied career of the New York Central; and of the Titanic struggle which pushed the Canadian Pacific from ocean to ocean.

These articles, which subsequently appeared in book-form under the title "When Railroads Were New," were written by C. F. Carter, who has contributed many additional articles of historical and biographical importance. In the latter connection we wish to particularly specify Mr. Carter's series entitled "Men Who Have Made Travel Safe," undoubtedly the most important addition to the railroad literature of the country which had been presented up to that time. In its component parts the gamut was run from Ross Winans, the Baltimore locomotive builder, and probably the most picturesque character in the annals of the business, to Plimmon H. Dudley, the inventor of the modern steel rail.

In relating the researches and achievements of these remarkable men, and of Baldwin, Westinghouse, Pullman, and many others whose names are known all over the world, Mr. Carter certainly unearthed a wealth of unsuspected and hitherto unpublished reminiscence. Biography lost its dulness through the clever recital of interesting and well-told stories of the men who made railroading possible, and if your pleasure in reading them equaled ours we are repaid with the author for the labor of their preparation and presentation.

In the foregoing the remembrance natural-

J. R. STAFFORD.

HIS FICTION STORIES PICTURE, WITH MARVELOUS ACCURACY, THE DEEDS OF DARING OF THE ENGINEER.

ly came to us that THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE has covered an unusually wide field in telling of prominent railroad men and their doings. "The Men at the Top" related the stories of the presidents, and through the "Getting Off the Sidings" you were kept well informed regarding the progressive movements of the lesser lights.

The end is not yet, because the magazine

EMMET F. HARTE.

HE RELATES, WITH FACILE PEN, THE QUAINT DOINGS OF THAT JOY-DISPENSING PAIR, "HONK AND HORACE."

proposes to make a brief mention of at least every man of authority on the railroad; of his present position, what he has done, and maybe of the little peculiarities which associate with the majority who have won success in this exacting business. We cannot say just what form this presentation will assume, but it is one of the good things to come.

A large majority of our readers are practical men, and, with the friendliness which so soon became established between us on the congenial environment of the Editorial Carpet, they began to refer to their favorite monthly for the solution of many little problems which daily confronted them in their work at hand. Thus the prominent department, "By the Light of the Lantern," came into being, no doubt the most popular feature ever incorporated in a magazine.

In the November, 1907, number the invitation was extended to railroad men in any capacity to "Ask Us." In this announcement we did not claim that the answers would be infallible, as it was well realized that the varied constituency of the new department would necessarily present many hard nuts to crack; but our confidence was strong in the railroad man of long experience whom we engaged to "swing our lantern," and the outcome was awaited without misgiving.

The rapid growth of this venture in intrinsic worth as well as volume needs no comment here. We would be pleased to quote from a portion of the myriad letters which the editor has received in the past three years, commending the conciseness and thoroughness of the replies, and thanking us for the sound and practical advice which the editor of the "Lantern" has been so frequently called upon to give.

The popularity of this now strongly established department has been no unimportant factor in the success of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It has served in the valued capacity of continually attracting new and retaining old friends, and, last but not least, it has endowed the magazine with a prestige of which we are mighty proud.

Although you may not have recognized the fact, the Lantern department for a long time has traveled hand in hand with another particularly prominent department, which we have called the "Self-Help" feature, or, properly, "Help for Men Who Help Themselves." This and the Lantern, in the aggregate, really constitute our real claim for technical recognition, and the history of the Self-Help feature is of such interest that we feel impelled to tell you about it.

The considerations which brought it into being were of mature deliberation. We desired to add to our many features another in which the primary object would be to describe the inner workings of the railroad world. For instance, we aspired to take in detail the work of a fireman, and that of his more exalted *confrère* on the other side of the cab; we wanted to tell you how a locomotive is built, and of the pulse which throbs in its vitals.

We did not propose to stop there, either, because the track, the telegraph, and many other ends were just as important, and called for equal recognition in their turn. It was impossible, in view of our varied clientele, to relate the story of one without the other; and, so long as we have introduced this subject, let us see how we have measured up to it.

Our first story in "Help for Men Who Help Themselves" appeared in the August, 1907, issue. It was entitled "The Making of an Engine," and was written by Robert H. Rogers, who at that time held the position of master mechanic on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, at Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. Rogers accompanied this story by two others—"How a Locomotive-Boiler Works," and "The Inside History of a Locomotive." We were impressed by the evident mastery of the writer over his subjects, and no doubt the ease of style and absence of stiffness which characterized their portrayal—features which carry a particular appeal to the trained editor—were active in dictating our subsequent attitude, and this was to besiege Mr. Rogers for more articles.

To be entirely candid with you—which, in fact, is the real object of this writing—we thought that, so long as we had secured thus opportunely three acceptable offerings of the very goods which we knew you wanted, they might form the basis of a permanent feature. Of course, it was problematical at that time whether additional material of equal force and appeal could be readily secured, but, as the saying goes on the road, we "took the chance." The result quite clearly indicates that the "Help for Men Who Help Themselves" has been a valued asset.

The writers who contribute to this particular feature must necessarily possess qualifications somewhat unique. In the first place, they must have an intimate personal knowledge of what they are writing about; and, second—which, to many, is the hardest requisite—they must know how to write acceptably what they have to say.

We feel that these difficult requirements, this unique combination of talent, has been well realized in the articles by Arno Dosch, Peter Mulligan, Charlton C. Andrews, C. F. Carter, and others which have regularly appeared in the Self Help Series, and of which some further mention will be made.

Mr. Rogers has written many articles for this magazine from an educational standpoint, and, furthermore, from the standpoint which knows whereof it speaks. He has the honor among our contributors of presenting the first Self-Help story. We regard with particular significance his work during the year just passed in our history—the series which appeared from April to August, 1910, wherein the progress of a neophyte in the mechanical department of a railroad was traced from the humble apprentice's berth

ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.

HE HAS PICTURED, IN MANY SHORT STORIES, THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SIDE OF THE RAILROAD MAN'S LIFE.

to the proud eminence occupied by the superintendent of motive power.

These articles were enriched with added interest through the general knowledge that Mr. Rogers has himself filled every position from cub to master mechanic. It was not necessary in his delineation to strain for words or for effect, because—as we have often said—a true story largely tells itself. We regard the "Rogers Group" as the most valuable series, from an informative standpoint, that we have printed.

Perhaps you are wondering by this time what was meant when we said that the "Help for Men Who Help Themselves" and the Lantern department traveled hand in hand. It was simply because questions submitted to the Lantern from time to time impressed us as being worthy of elaboration in the Self-Help feature. For instance, those of you who are Lantern readers know that for quite a long period we were besieged with queries as to whether the steam-locomotive was doomed to be supplanted by its electric rival. This induced the preparation by Mr. Rogers for the September number of "Why the Steam-Locomotive Will Stay"; and similar queries regarding the Walschaert valve-gear resulted in the matter being thoroughly covered in a special article which will appear in November.

Thus you will see that you have had quite a voice in the selection of articles which have appeared in the Self-Help Series.

ARNO DOSCH.

AUTHOR OF "TRAGIC TRAIN ORDERS," "MOMENTS OF EMERGENCY," AND OTHER TRUE STORIES OF COURAGE.

Photograph by J. K. Cole, New York

HERMAN DA COSTA.

WHO WROTE THE SUCCESSFUL SERIES, THE "LETTERS OF AN OLD RAILROAD MAN AND HIS SON."

A subject of general interest which has been featured in this department was "Electricity for Telegraphers," by J. H. Gingrich, which continued through three numbers, and which we believe constituted the most lucid explanation of the telegraph in general which has ever appeared in print.

Another valuable series, by Charlton C. Andrews, was on the actual building and maintenance of the railroad, which appeared under the following heads: "Surveying for a Railroad," "Building a Railroad Track," "Keeping a Railroad Track in Order," and "The Men Who Handle the Engines."

These articles, and many others which limited space prevents our mentioning, have appeared in thirty-six numbers of the magazine, and, in all probability, contained the very information in compiled form which you had been awaiting for years.

AUGUSTUS WITTFELD.

AUTHOR OF THE FUNNY "CARLOCK BJONES" STORIES, AND THE DOINGS OF "DUGAN" AND "MONK HAUSEN."

In September and October, 1907, Mr. Rogers told you how a locomotive-boiler works, and how the locomotive is constructed; in February, 1908, John Elfreth Watkins followed with a graphic description of the actual building; and in the next number C. T. Rommel described the intricate process through which its pulse is felt, the ever-exciting work performed by real heroes from their perilous perch over the throbbing cylinders while the engine is "doing her mile."

It is the story of speed.

This series has contained the story of the block system; it has explained how train orders are made, and has discussed the more intricate problems of getting at the truth about the rolling-stock. Indeed, so broad has been its scope from a practical standpoint that notwithstanding our own familiarity with the Self-Help department, we are amazed at the wealth and diversity of material which has been presented.

It is our intention to continue covering every important part of the railroad, and the industrial fields contributory thereto, so fully that those who follow the magazine closely will have as perfect a knowledge of each department, appliance, and operation as it is possible to secure without actual practical experience. The primary object of the "Help for Men Who Help Themselves" is to add to the knowledge and consequent value and efficiency of the railroad workers who are anxious to climb to higher grades, but the articles must still be of tremendous value to all "outsiders" who are possessed of an ordinarily healthy curiosity about railroad matters.

The man who wants to know because he likes the sensation of knowledge will be well repaid by scanning this department and our special articles closely in the future. There

HORACE H. HERR.

A HUMORIST WHOSE CLEVER WORK IS WELL ILLUSTRATED BY HIS PRESENT SERIAL, "ON SHORT TIME."

is an unlimited field ahead, and, although much has been accomplished, we have in reality only started.

For those who find relaxation in a study more intricate than above described—that of human nature—it has been here for you to delve into through the inimitable "Observations of a Country Station-Agent." We trust that this pleasing philosopher will remain with us for some time, because J. E. Smith has done more than write merely humorous stories around his profession. He is the Sage of the Station House.

His clever work, which has been embodied in many numbers of the magazine, forms in its entirety what is really a railroad classic. The quaint humor, keen perception, and knowledge of humanity reflected in every phase of these observations carries an appeal so unique that it knows no particular clientele. It makes no difference what your position in life may be, either on or off the railroad, you would be lacking in that which makes the whole world akin if you did not enjoy Mr. Smith's observations.

So much for the more important achievements of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE during the four years it has been learning its trade and qualifying for a more active field of usefulness in the future. If there has been undue dilation in this little history, it is because we are truly proud of what has been accomplished, and in this pleasant retrospect we wanted particularly to tell of the difficulties which have beset the way; of the many hard battles we have fought to raise this magazine to a popular plane, and which, with your assistance, we have won. We are thankful for the kind tolerance which you extended during the period of our earlier efforts, and for the well-meaning criticisms which you offered before we began to "hit up our gait." We have a kindly thought, too, that probably no magazine ever existed where editors, contributors, and readers have met on so agreeable a footing.

A department of the magazine which has given us a great deal of pleasure is our own little corner, "The Carpet." Here is where we talk with the boys at close range, where we tell our troubles and listen to theirs. It is our corner in the roundhouse, our meeting-place while waiting for the call-boy or the train orders. In this department we have published many famous old railroad poems. We have gone to considerable trouble to dig up some of them, and others have been contributed by our readers. We are proud of our collection of old railroad poems, for they are filled with the fire of heroism and courage as well as the quality of human kindness.

That we have pleased the women folk is readily attested by the volume of letters received from the wives, the daughters, and the sweethearts of the boys. They like the magazine because it pictures the lives of the men in whom they are most interested.

We believed in the success of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE from the start, and contributors, artists, and editors have worked shoulder to shoulder toward this realization.

The magazine passes into its fifth year secure in its ability to do greater things than those which have marked its past. We thank you, boys, for your kind support. May you never put the arm against us.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST IN THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE?

HERE'S your chance, boys, to cast your ballots and do a little voting on what YOU consider the most interesting feature in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

If there is any particular department or line of stories or articles that you particularly like or consider better than some of the other matter we publish, just make a check after the subject in the list printed below. Cut this out, paste it on the back of a postal card, and mail it to us. It will help us to get more of the sort of stuff you like best.

Serials	Honk and Horace Stories
Short Stories	Told in the Smoker
By the Light of the Lantern	Gilson Willets's Tours
The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers	Special Railroad Articles
Observations of a Country Station-Agent	True Stories Series
Told in the Roundhouse	On the Editorial Carpet

Address: Editor, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE DAY'S RUN.

BY ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN.

The Simple Story of Some Everyday Folk Who Do Their Work Well and Seek No Glory.

"'ALL the world loves a lover,'" twittered a little woman, who stood with her friends just below the cab-window. She set her hat straighter on her head, she believed, and patted her back hair until it suited her imagination, meanwhile smiling benignly after a young couple who were self-consciously making their way down the platform. They appeared to be embarking upon a life adventure by way of John Labenburg's train.

The little group beneath the cab-window dissolved into the hurrying throngs in the big train shed, and if the repetition of the old saw which, perhaps, holds more of jingle than of truth made any impression upon John's faculties, he gave no outward sign.

True, a brighter gleam may have lighted the old man's eyes for an instant as he continued to look back along the train, but he took no more notice of the speaker than of the hundreds of others who were part of the animated scene.

Labenburg, in some respects, was disappointing as a locomotive engineer; but, in reality, there are many Labenburgs. That is to say, he was not down on the platform before a group of admiring passengers, doing unnecessary oilings; or feeling the driving-axle centers with the back of his hand, to learn if they had run hot, when he knew that the engine had been standing in the roundhouse for the last ten hours; nor was he loosening needle-feeds in the oil-cups so he might look profoundly at them and tighten them up again, when, in the beginning, they were all right and just as they should be.

In short, John never made a play to the grand stand in his life, and would not have known how to go about it. He made most of his preparations at the roundhouse.

When he got the signal he was watching for, he withdrew his calm-eyed old visage into the cab, and, with an after-dinner sigh, dropped his hand caressingly upon the brake-valve and released the brakes.

He looked out again for the answering signal from the far end of the dusky train-shed. It came. When he settled comfortably upon his cushion, his young fireman was fuming about a leaking flue, and had just succeeded in kicking the fire-door shut in a way that did not at all comport with his good-natured face.

"Billy, did you hear what the little lady said of you?" queried Labenburg.

"Not about me," said stalwart Billy with emphasis. "I can improve upon it, though: 'All the world kicks a kicker'—or ought to. If that man at the roundhouse would quit kicking and calk flues, we could do better on this run and less coal would be charged against us."

"Don't kick, Billy," counseled Labenburg with much gravity. "We do pretty well sometimes."

Billy grinned guiltily and climbed upon his seat-box to wait for the starting signal. When they got it, and the shrill treble of the little air-whistle in the cab died away, Labenburg opened the throttle as gently as one might draw upon a softly-opened door; and, as gently, the engine at first responded.

There is a moment that is dear to the heart of an engineer, and yet it is one in which the engine, to the inexperienced onlooker, seems to fail of its promise of strength. It is that moment in which the eye of the man in the cab is fixed upon the floor or the earth at the side of the track, and the forward movement of the engine is so slight that only that view will reveal it to him. It is the actual beginning of the day's run.

They drew out through the wide-arching mouth of the train-shed into the afternoon

sun, and crossed, from lead to lead, down through the teeming city yard. Curving his able body above the clacking reverse lever, Labenburg drew its resisting length up for quicker speed, and latched it safe and high in the quadrant.

Joy and hope, despair and failure, young life and the quiet dead; a magistrate, late from his ermine, and a madman, bound; the wealth of a kingdom in golden bars in the express car, only a car's length from the cluttered possessions of a party of bewildered immigrants. All of these trailed in the lee of the big engine. All of them, to him, were the train. It was his to move them, swift and sure, to deliver them up where desired, or, at the farthest, at the station one hundred and fifty miles across the prairie. That station differed, to him, from all other stations—because it was home.

The city fell behind like a swiftly rolled canvas of neutral tints, and they curved around the southern shore of Lake Michigan where surf-caps rolled white upon the tawny beach and seemed to fall away brokenly among the sand pines.

A touch of the hand on the brake-valve, now and then, to steady the long line of coaches upon the curves; the expiring sigh of the release upon the tangent; the momentary stammering of the exhaust while a yielding but sure grip reset the fighting reverse lever; the firm, almost imperceptible, play of the hand upon the throttle; the quickening speed; again, the grinding restraint upon the smooth-running wheels, until the signal-arms beckoned them onward.

These were the animating forces that controlled the fate of the hurrying cavalcade of wheels with its motley burden of life, and the steady brain and eye and hand of Labenburg played upon them as confidently as a trained hand plays upon a well-strung harp.

The run was on, and he was composedly a part of it, as silent, serene and alone as though in the heart of a forest. Ruled by the primal law of compensation in nature, his mind was instinctively working its own economies.

An otherwise unbearable physical hurt brings numbness that is near to physical comfort. A crushing mental shock often gives a mental quiet like that of deep peace. An accustomed tumultuous world of sound eventually gives mental concentration that sharpens every faculty, gives alertness for the hearing and sight of the unusual, and leaves the mind free to deal chiefly with that.

Thus Labenburg ran placidly on, reading signals—home and distant, distinct and clear—and Billy worked methodically on the deck, rejoicing in the decreasing leak and finding anew that trouble is sometimes worse in the offing than when it comes nearer.

Towns and hamlets arose out of the beautiful flats of the prairie, took on a momentary importance, and slowly sunk into the low distance behind the flying train. The bell sang its musical, crooning note, and the whistle droned across the wide spaces, where no hill sent back its voice, and the smiling land received them with a wide-flung welcome as in days gone, and with happy promise for the days to come.

Once, toward evening, a galloping horse attached to a wildly rocking buggy raced up a country lane between the green hedges, to contest with the engine for the moment of crossing. The space between them narrowed, closer and closer, until a flying curtain waved, like a victorious banner, from the rear of the outfit, after it had safely won the crossing by an instant's lead. The occupant was unaware that the little comedy would have been a thing for his friend to weep over but for Labenburg's slight movement at the brake-valve.

When the train stopped at a village that boasted the name of "Victory" on its small station-board, a little company awaited the home-coming of the silent passenger in the baggage-car. With bared heads they walked haltingly under the weight which the train gave up to them, and, sliding it reverently into the waiting, mud-stained spring-wagon by the track, they placed a seat across it and thus rode away with the great city's contribution to the quiet little churchyard.

In silence, Labenburg and Billy watched the speaking scene, and, when they started on again, the hand upon the throttle drew it open with a kindly touch. The bell, under Billy's steady hand, seemed to sound a slower note, and the mournful chime of the whistle, across all of that broad country, seemed to bear a deeper significance.

But the extra minutes used in the stop were to be regained, and Labenburg went calmly about it, touching, adjusting, urging, restraining, until the long line of coaches again followed its flying leader in steady flight, and sailed around the wide curve with the grace of a hawk in air.

Duly they delivered the pair of cooing doves, who, apparently, were supposed to be living on showers of rice, and in due time the judge strode away in majesty up the shaded street of a suburban puddle in which

he was, perhaps, the biggest toad. Turning at the curb, from daily habit, he waved a paternal farewell to Billy, much as one might say:

"Your greatest work is done, my son Now run along to your supper."

And Billy, strong in the habit grown of another view-point, waved a polite adieu, and turned with merry eyes to meet Labenburg's slow smile as he fixed for the far-reaching miles ahead.

Where the tracks spanned the deep and rocky bed of a clear, babbling stream, and broad, smooth-clipped lawns sloped up among tall firs to a secluded city of refuge upon a swelling knoll of the prairie, they came to a halt with no ring of bell or sound of whistle

There, the madman, with hands encased and unseeing eyes, stalked up the knoll, singing, over and over again, a plaintive refrain It struck a quavering chord with the low notes which Billy drew from the bell at starting, until it wavered away with the man's receding figure among the trees and was swallowed up in the thickening exhaust of the engine.

The open book of the day's run lay again before Labenburg, who was looking steadfastly ahead on the track. Far and wide upon the great steel web of track that has reclaimed the wilderness and made it the noblest workshop and playground of the world, a host of other Labenburgs were reading, understandingly, without qualm of fear or wide-eyed haste, other familiar pages of the daily story of the track—the vivid, common story of a common day from pages which are changing with the moments.

The sleeping country roads were growing more marked in the slanting rays of the sun, and the engine crooned a deep, low monotone through the wooded places as she fled across the long level. Through the busy, teeming hours she rocked and steadied and plunged ahead, climbing among rugged oaks, rises in loud-voiced triumph, and, again chanting a low requiem over the straight and silent places.

Where the prairie was dotted by widely grouped cottages in the distance, the train again stopped. Some new-formed Arcadia welcomed the careworn immigrants. They turned their tired faces, eager-eyed, to the reddening rays of the sinking sun, shouldering their crude luggage from the baggage-car with many lowly bows, and trailing away into their new land of promise to claim a manhood they had never known.

The hands of the big illuminated clock in the station were drawing close to seven of the evening, and the piercing rays of the big torch, high upon the City Hall tower, were flashing farewell signals after the departed sun, when the train came hurrying steadily out of the darkening maze of the afterglow, across the waving fields, and thrust itself into the narrowing throat of the terminal yards.

It glided into the lighted gloom of the big station exactly at seven by the hands upon the glowing dial high upon the wall beyond the ends of the tracks. A final vibrant hiss from the brake-valve spoke sharply to the engine looming large toward the guard-post which stood directly in its path. Slower and slower the menacing engine crept nearer the obstruction, until, in the last forward turn, Labenburg set the brake-valve handle to full release, and the train was still and free, without a demurring lurch; free as it had been through the living hours in the freedom of a sure control.

All was quiet for a moment, except the regular pulsing of the air-pump. Then the station renewed its murmur of restrained life —so like the murmur of a shell from the sea. Then came a group of men who took the golden treasure from its car and carried it away. The hurrying throng flowed by, unnoting and unnoted. The day's run was finished.

A little later, a happy-faced woman looked up in the failing light from among the flowers in an old-fashioned dooryard as the gate-latch clicked under Labenburg's hand.

"Prompt as ever, John," she said. "Was it a pleasant run to-day?"

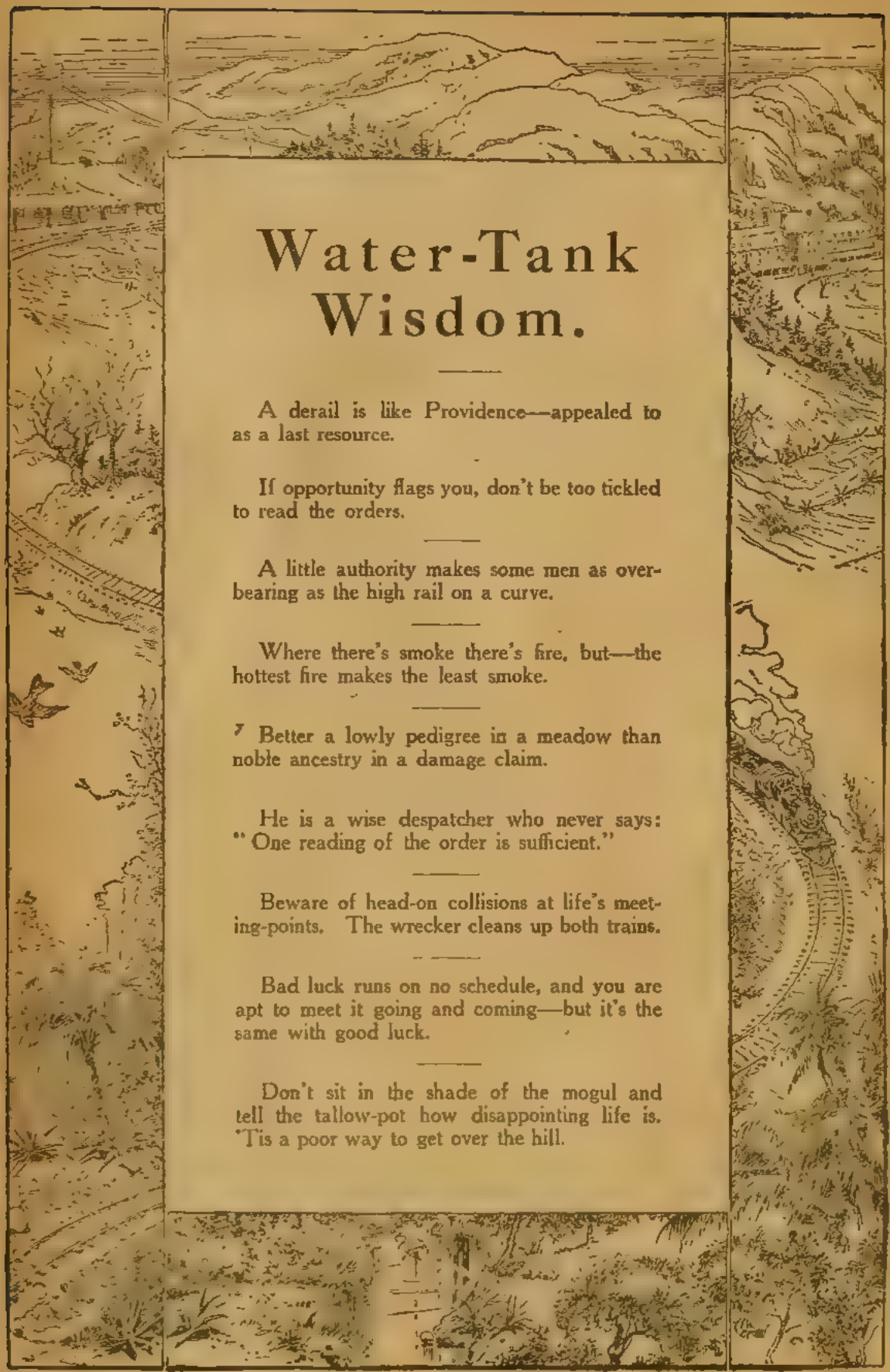
"Like canoeing on the river in June, mother," he answered. "Where are the children?"

"They were with me, here, until they saw you coming. They have supper ready now."

"Suppose we tie up those nasturtiums in the morning," suggested Labenburg.

"I was thinking of that when you came," she replied.

The transportation problem is a national issue; the best talent of the country is in constant demand to handle it.—The Vice-President.



Water-Tank Wisdom.

A derail is like Providence—appealed to as a last resource.

If opportunity flags you, don't be too tickled to read the orders.

A little authority makes some men as overbearing as the high rail on a curve.

Where there's smoke there's fire, but—the hottest fire makes the least smoke.

Better a lowly pedigree in a meadow than noble ancestry in a damage claim.

He is a wise despatcher who never says: "One reading of the order is sufficient."

Beware of head-on collisions at life's meeting-points. The wrecker cleans up both trains.

Bad luck runs on no schedule, and you are apt to meet it going and coming—but it's the same with good luck.

Don't sit in the shade of the mogul and tell the tallow-pot how disappointing life is. 'Tis a poor way to get over the hill.

Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 29.—Some Simple Narratives About Clay Calhoune Sokum, the Legal Luminary of Pippinville, Whose Specialty Was Corporation Law, and Some Reasons Why Railroads Are Shaky for the Future.

THIS is an age of specialties. To succeed and reach the "shining-mark" point in the world's affairs, a man must spend his energies on one thing—it does not matter what.

If he learns to turn a grindstone better than any other man, a job awaits him. If he can only whistle to a yellow dog more enticingly than any other man, there is a place for him.

Times have changed. In pioneer days we took the large-bore shotgun and bagged all sorts of game because it scattered, and we could not miss. Now, if we scatter, we are likely to get something we do not want, and muss up the sport besides.

The mechanic and artisan become skilled by one particular movement. A thousand bits of special work contributed to the aggregate produce a finished article that is the wonder of the world.

No one man can build it all. Every man gives the best of himself to a single one of the thousand parts. When assembled the product is the highest possible attainment of the human head and hand.

It is that way throughout — in science, philosophy, law, love, and war. Every man must concentrate and learn a single part, otherwise he bungles.

The above bits of philosophy were taken bodily from the cold storage of general wisdom, and were suggested to me by reading

the following business card in the Pippinville *Banner* of a local attorney:

CLAY CALHOUNE SOKUM

Attorney

Real Estate and Insurance

Corporation Law a Specialty

There it was.

Other things might claim immediate attention, but the main fact stood out in bold announcement that, in the one particular direction of corporation law, Sokum was using a term not exactly taken from Blackstone, but otherwise elegant and forceful. Sokum was the original "ring-tailed peeler."

Let us get the idea clearly. In the dry and dusty village of Pippinville there are no resident corporations of any kind, only the placid routine of a country town. I had a curiosity to know why, under such uninviting surroundings, Sokum had turned into the avenue of corporation law.

I asked the shoemaker, the livery-stable man, and the blacksmith, but none of them knew. Then I called on Sokum.

He had a lean *Cassius* look, and his tunic was somewhat shiny at the elbows and frayed about the edges.

To my question of why, he lifted a high brow and replied:

"I am a young man of thirty. Twenty years from now there won't be anything but corporations. They'll own all the little stores and shops and work places, and the individual man will be only a part. I will be but fifty then, and in the zenith of my power and intellect. And I will know it, because I have made a specialty of it."

"But for the present?" I asked.

"We have the railroad."

"Are you attorney for the railroad?"

"No. But I hope to be. They tell me they do not need an attorney at Pippinville; but they may see different. I represent the people. The People *vs.* the Railroad. The people suffer impositions, sir, and injustices, sir, and outrages, sir, and remain silent unless there is some one that knows, and can secure redress for them."

"Do you have many cases against the railroad?"

"Now and then it is necessary to instigate suit. I have had a few cases, and I have beaten 'em, sir," he added with an emphasis of triumph. "I have recovered for my clients from the railroad. That is a great satisfaction for a rising young lawyer, sir, because the railroad is alert and skilled, and is a foe worthy of the steel [Figurative speech—he meant steal] of any lawyer.

"When I beat 'em it adds prestige to my name. These small squabbles between neighbors heard before a justice of the peace don't get a lawyer anywhere. But when you beat the railroad the whole community sits up and praises you for turning the trick.

"If you can beat 'em a few times, you've made a reputation; and that's necessary to a lawyer, sir. As I said before, there won't be anything but corporations after a while, and I'll have my name made before the younger attorneys wake up."

Sokum got this off with a serious and dignified earnestness. He had a few books in his office and a second-hand typewriter. A layer of dust, like a mantle of charity, covered everything. His desk was littered with unanswered and unfiled correspondence, and one end was piled high with the "come-on" homesteading literature of the Great Alkali Desert, for whose broad acres Sokum was the resident agent.

I was attracted to Sokum because of the suggestiveness of his name, the unpromising surroundings, and the high resolve to make corporation law a specialty when there was but one corporation in sight.

I was curious to know what Sokum had done for the people? In what way he had circumvented the railroad? What great principles of law he had established in his community? In fact, just how he had proceeded against the one corporation within his reach.

In truth, there are Sokums in every town throughout this broad land.

In thinking of Sokum and the railroad, I call to mind the old farm-horse that plods along the best he can, hauling the country produce to market, but stung and harassed all along the dusty highway by a pesky gad-fly after a drop of blood. The railroad tries to do its work, but winces under insect stings at every turn.

I made a few inquiries, and I gathered a few little incidents in Sokum's career which illustrate the operation of a village attorney who makes corporation law a specialty.

The station baggage-master told me this one:

An old man, wearing a blue uniform and a G. A. R. badge, had a canvas suit-case checked to Pippinville. It failed to arrive, and that road was unable to locate it after the usual search.

It did not occur to the old soldier to ask the railroad company to compensate him for his loss.

After roundly abusing the baggage-master and hurling a few choice anathemas at railroads in general, he told his troubles to Sokum.

Sokum made formal demand on the railroad to produce the grip.

No grip.

Then he held a star-chamber conference with his client.

"IS TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF ALL I GIT?"

"We've got to know every article that's in the grip," said Sokum.

"Well," replied the old soldier, "they ain't much in it. They's a second-hand suit. It's been wore some. It cost me eight dollars and fifty cents."

"All right," said Sokum. "One suit—eighteen dollars and fifty cents."

"Eight dollars," corrected the client.

"Oh, eight dollars! That's pretty cheap. We'd better make it ten. That'll be letting them off pretty easy. Not much of a suit under ten dollars. One suit, ten dollars. What other furnishings?"

"They was a quart bottle of good old Snookenheimer. I've wore that suit three years. Does that make any difference?"

"Not in the least," assured Sokum, posing his pencil; "now, what else?"

"They wasn't anything else."

"What," protested Sokum, "nothing else in the grip? Think again, man! Didn't you have any jewelry?"

"Only my G. A. R. badge—an' I got that on."

"Any shoes or underwear? Think again, man. Surely, you had something else in it. One bottle of herb-liver tonic, one dollar. That's eleven dollars."

"They was a handkerchief in the coat-pocket."

"Good! One silk muffler, fifty cents. That's eleven and one-half. Wasn't there something else in the other pocket?"

The client gave a dismal shake of the head.

"I told the baggage-man what was in the grip," said he.

Sokum shook a reproving finger at him. "Don't never do a thing like that. Don't tell 'em anything. Tell me. You damage your own case by talk. You must never

talk when you've got to sue. That's what the other side wants. They want you to talk, then they know all about your case."

The client batted his eyes in bewilderment.

"There's the grip itself," continued Sokum. "A good leather suit-case costs five dollars."

"'Tain't leather," corrected the client. "I bought it of Ikestein six years ago. It's canvas. It cost seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents—six years ago. Everything's gone up. Worth one dollar to-day. One canvas suit-case, one dollar. Total, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Only twelve dollars and fifty cents!"

Sokum repeated this with evident disgust. "Seems to me you would have some other articles in there."

"That's all they was," insisted the obtuse client.

"All right, then. I'll make 'em dance Now, don't you have anything to do with 'em. If they tell you anything, or write to you, you come to me with it. If they ask you to call and sign for anything, you come to me, and I will go with you. They won't play any shenanigan on you when I'm with you. Don't go near 'em yourself. You see, you are taking an affidavit to this, and if it ain't exactly right, you're in for it. So, if anything turns up you come right straight to me."

In time the client returned and handed Sokum a postal-card.

"It's a notice for me to call at the freight office."

"We'll go right down," said Sokum, seizing his hat. "I put it up to them. They had to settle or have a lawsuit. They knew that when they saw the case was in my hands."

A few minutes later the client and his attorney appeared at the counter at the freight-house.

The agent produced a voucher, and the old soldier signed it.

The agent thereupon laid out a ten-dollar note, and two dollars and fifty cents in fractional coin.

Attorney Sokum stretched forth a grasping hand and appropriated the ten-dollar note. The client raked in the silver.

They passed outside.

"Is two dollars and a half all I git?" asked the client with tentative innocence.

"No fault of mine," replied Sokum, "that you didn't have more articles in that grip."

"Well, we beat 'em, enyway, didn't we?" chuckled the client in feeble triumph. "Won't you come over and have a drink?"

"I don't care if I do," said Sokum. "I'll take one on you"

"This un's on the railroad," grinned the client.

In the evening the old soldier, a little unsteady on his underpinnings, approached the attorney for the purpose of artfully negotiating the loan of a quarter.

"Jush len' me twenty-fi' cents," he said.

"Can't do it," said Sokum. "Can't spare a cent. Here's one of my cards. Better keep it with you all the time."

The old man held it out before him, and through misty and confused eyes made out enough of it to mumble "corporation law spech'lty."

The next case that came to Sokum was that of a farmer living near Pippinville, who had a muck-patch of about two acres in a field near the railroad. The soil on it was of exceedingly light vegetable mold. It would not hold moisture. The crops planted thereon would burn out in the scorching days of summer.

The only thing the farmer ever raised on it was a luxuriant crop of weeds that were adapted to those conditions. In all the years the two acres had made no returns to the owner.

During a particularly dry and dead period a spark from a passing locomotive lit in the patch and started a fire. There was no available water, and it burned for two months, smoldering, widening, and eating away the surface, and dying out only after the entire fluffy top-dressing of two or more feet had been entirely consumed and the clay subsoil had been reached.

Sokum viewed the devastation with horror.

He went after the railroad in behalf of the farmer. He prepared a complaint in which he set forth the richness and fertility of the spot. True, it was not adapted to corn or wheat; but it was to be devoted to rhododendrons and whortleberries — specialized and highly profitable crops of that particular spot, and adapted to that particular soil—but now, alas! the culture of which must be abandoned.

They asked three hundred dollars' damage from the railroad, but finally compromised on one hundred and twenty-five.

Sokum got fifty dollars.

"You see," he explained to the farmer, "if I hadn't shown the possibilities of whortleberry culture on that patch, and what you

were going to lose by not being able to raise them, you wouldn't have received a cent. You can just consider yourself seventy-five dollars to the good."

"What are them whattleberries?" asked the farmer innocently.

The crossing had been provided at one time, but in the course of some track work had been taken out and not restored.

There was some delay, and the farmer grew fretful. In this condition of mind he sought Sokum.

"JUSH LEN' ME TWENTY-FI' CENTS."

The following year, having gotten rid of the light, loose top-dressing, the farmer plowed over the two acres, put them in corn and got a crop for the first time.

The railroad redeemed his land for him, and paid him for the privilege.

Then there was the case of another farmer whose land lay on each side of the track, and who wanted a private crossing; and was entitled to it, according to the original right-of-way agreement. He mentioned it once or twice to the section-foreman.

Sokum wrote a letter to the president of the road, setting forth the grievance of his client and demanding a crossing at once.

It is the disposition of the private citizen who has no definite idea of railroad organization to appeal to the highest official whenever there are woes to ventilate.

It is the crude conception that one so high will hand an awful jolt to the negligent or erring underling, and which thought adds a sort of secret joy of vengeance.

Sokum's letter, pointed and threatening,

and limiting the time of action to ten brief days, came to the official who had the work to do at a somewhat leisurely gait, so that it was five days from the date it was written until it found the proper official.

Some time before this the section-foreman had reported the matter, and on the afternoon that Sokum licked the postage-stamp for the letter to the highest official the crossing was put in.

Sokum learned of this before the farmer himself did. So, in order to make good, he got in communication with the farmer at once, and handed out this line of talk with a boisterous, fighting voice, a clenched fist, and hit-'em-in-the-solar-plexus gesture:

"No use to fool with a railroad. No use to waste any time writing 'em. I telegraphed 'em! I gave 'em just three days—three days from the day you called on me. If that crossing's not in in three days, we'll do 'em to a frazzle. I'll go after 'em for damages—heavy damages! They know it, too! I've been after them before! They know me, and when I put this up to them, as I did in this telegram, they know something's got to be done quick! You go out there to-morrow, or day after, and see if they have put it in. If it's not in by day after to-morrow, let me know at once. That's the last minute I'll give 'em!"

The farmer went out the second day to inspect and report. He found a new crossing.

He hurried to Sokum and reported.

Sokum gave a triumphant snort.

"They know me! I have had business with 'em before. When we put it up to 'em by telegraph, they knew something had to be done, and quick, too. If they burn your meadow, or kill any of your stock, let me know about it. Keep one of my cards. We usually charge heavier on corporation cases than in others, but ten dollars will be satisfactory in this case. Thank you. Call again. Don't forget, if anything else turns up, let me know."

In the meantime Sokum's letter was on its "respectively referred" route from the president to the local track supervisor, and he had about as much to do with having the crossing built as founding the Modern Order of Mollycoddles.

The ten-dollar fee should have gone to the section-foreman.

This is corporation law in the country. In the city there are more ramifications, and, perhaps, more dignity to the proceedings, and more complications, than are presented in cases involving private crossings, burned-over muck-patches, and stolen grips. But most of it, however high-sounding and complex, is graft or larceny of some sort.

Railroads are keenly aware of this.

We next hear of Sokum as a passenger on one of our trains

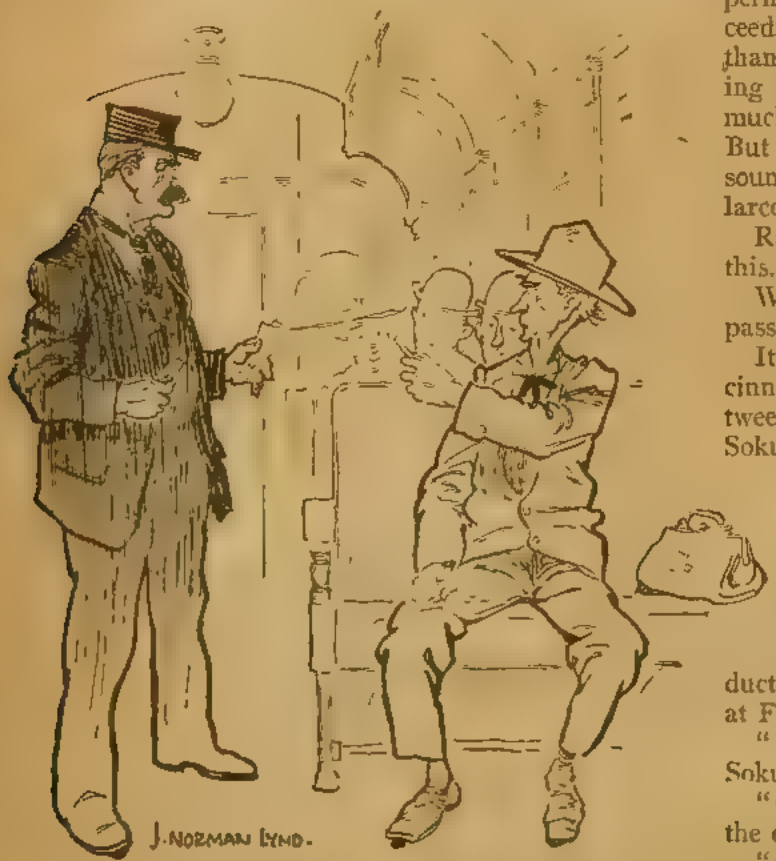
It was our through train to Cincinnati, that makes no stop between Kokomo and Anderson, but Sokum, complacent and confident from previous triumphs, handed the conductor a ticket reading to Frankton, an intermediate "no-stop" town.

"I cannot accept this ticket," explained the conductor. "This train does not stop at Frankton."

"It will to-day," coolly replied Sokum.

"On whose authority?" asked the conductor.

"On that ticket. I called for a ticket to Frankton. It was sold



"MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU RE TALKING TO," EXPLAINED SOKUM.

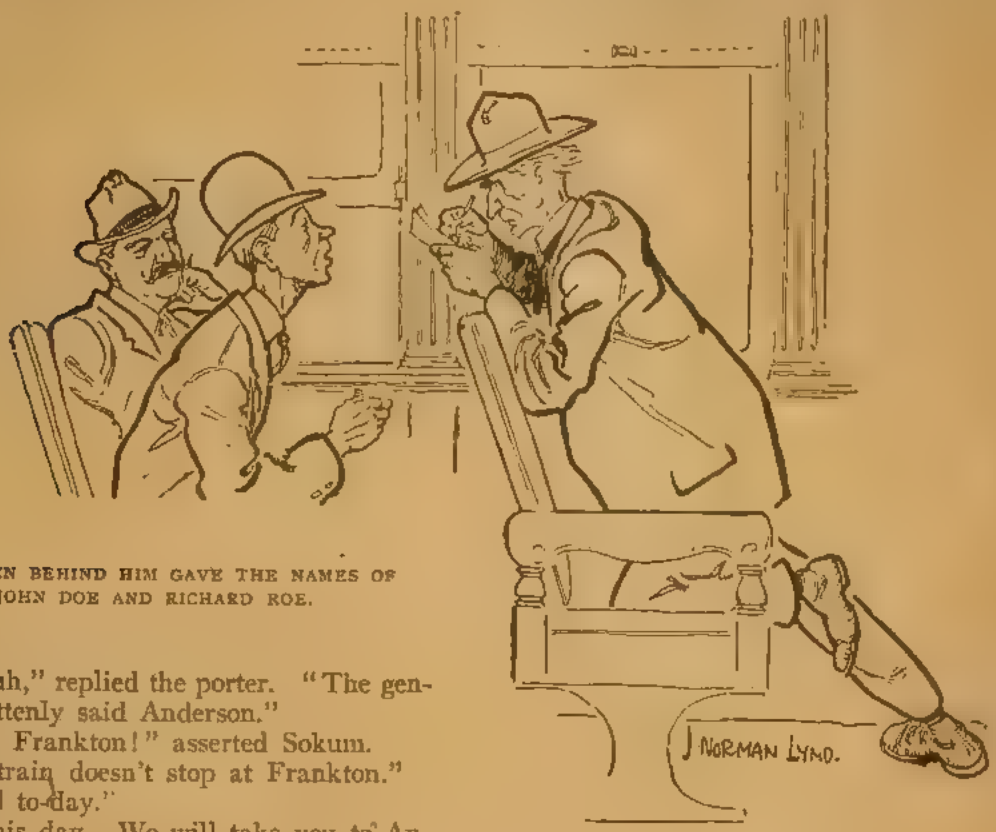
to me for this train. I was allowed to board this train, and I expect to get off at Frankton."

The conductor called the porter.

"Did he tell you he was going to Frankton when he got aboard?" he asked.

"What's this got to do with it?" he asked.

"See that," pointed Sokum. "Corporation law a specialty. Don't you think I know what I'm talking about when I say this train will stop at Frankton?"



TWO MEN BEHIND HIM GAVE THE NAMES OF JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

"No, suh," replied the porter. "The gentleman suttenly said Anderson."

"I said Frankton!" asserted Sokum.

"This train doesn't stop at Frankton."

"It will to-day."

"Not this day. We will take you to Anderson, and it will cost you twenty-five cents additional."

"You will not get another cent, and you will not take me to Anderson. I have bought a ticket to Frankton. I was admitted to this coach for Frankton, and you have lifted my ticket to Frankton. So this train stops at Frankton to-day."

Now, conductors, however well trained, or however fine the discipline, have certain human qualities. The rules of conduct governing in this case indicate a polite firmness, a well-constrained and genteel positiveness. Nevertheless, the conductor shot out his jaw and snapped authoritatively in a high, decisive voice:

"I tell you we won't!"

The two glared at each other for a bit.

"Maybe you don't know who you're talking to," explained Sokum. "Here's my card."

The conductor took the proffered card and read it.

He was not overawed.

"That don't tell me anything," shouted the conductor. "Maybe you would like to look at one of my cards. Running a train a specialty."

"All I want you to understand is that I know my rights," retorted Sokum. "I want you to have fair warning. Because you'll hear from this if you do not make this stop. It will cost your road something, and you will be made personally responsible, no doubt. I have an important engagement on the arrival of this train. The damage, if you don't stop, will be a good sum. Don't think I will surrender my rights passively. I will exhaust the law in every detail."

With this legal defi, Sokum sat daringly upright and looked out of the car-window at the passing scenery, which indicated to him that Frankton was only three miles away.

The conductor went to the forward end of the coach and spoke a few words to the brakeman, after which the brakeman passed

out into the vestibule. The conductor paid no further attention to Sokum.

The train whistled for Frankton.

The town reposes in a little valley, and trains pass through it at the highest speed.

Sokum arose and glanced anxiously at the conductor, who turned his back indifferently. Sokum expected to hear the grind of the brakes and feel the slackening momentum of the train, but instead the outlying houses went flying by him at terrific speed.

Sokum had not exhausted his resources. He grasped the bell-rope and gave three lusty pulls—three triumphant tugs. There was no response from the engineer, but Sokum did not notice that.

He grasped a small satchel and went forward to be ready to alight. But the main street, a business block, an elevator, and the depot all whizzed by in one blurred and indefinite streak.

He hurried to his seat and looked out.

There was no mistake. They had passed through Frankton like a shot from a gun.

A mile or two farther along the conductor sauntered by. Spying Sokum, he gave a start of surprise.

"By George, brother!" he exclaimed, "you forgot to get off at Frankton."

Sokum whipped out a pencil and a memorandum-card, and began writing furiously.

"You'll hear from this!" he snapped. "You won't be so gay when I'm done with you!"

He made insistent inquiry of near-by passengers for names and addresses for use in Sokum *vs.* the Railroad. Some refused to give him any, and two men behind him gave the names of John Doe and Richard Roe, of Poeville, Indiana—handy names for legal conjuring.

Nor was that the full extent of the humiliation suffered by Sokum.

He was compelled to produce the necessary fare between Frankton and Anderson. He did this under formal and furious protest, carefully putting away the cash fare receipt, and serving notice on all that there would be a final reckoning. It was either that for him or the dusty highway between the two towns.

Now, the real truth of this little incident was that Sokum had purchased a ticket early in the day for a local train, but missed it, and in the necessity of getting to Frankton had hit upon this expediency of having the fast train stop.

He knew the bell-cord, if pulled three times, would bring the desired results, even if the conductor was obdurate.

The bluff did not work with the conductor, and, as for the bell-cord, the brakeman was wise. He stood in the vestibule with a keen eye, and when Sokum reached for the cord he deftly disconnected it from the valve. Sokum might just as well have tugged at his own watch-chain so far as any signal to the engineer was concerned.

Ordinarily these simple narratives of the legal luminary of Pippinville, whose specialty is corporation law, would not have been collected and set forth if attention to him had not been called by recent political events of that borough.

Sokum has been honored by his party.

In a mass convention, in which the "peepul" select some one whom the bosses pick out for them to vote for, Sokum was named for the State Assembly.

Next year he will probably figure in the output of new and revised statutes with "corporation law a specialty."

There should be no surprise if in the grist there is one making all trains stop at all stations, at all public highways, at all private farm-crossings, or wherever a downtrodden citizen may wish to crook a beckoning finger.

That blurred streak of landscape known as Frankton is indelibly printed on Sokum's mind, and will produce something.

A surprising number of legal regulations that annoy and hamper in railroading come from little petty grievances of legislators that are purely personal.

In time, Sokum may go to Congress.

Then, if he can put in a few corporation kinks, he will become what the country press calls a great statesman. Accent and triple-tongue the word "g-r-e-a-t."

Congressman Clay Calhoune Sokum!

Has a sort of progressive insurgoringtailopeeleritis sound. Small wonder railroads are shaky of the future!

A cracked wheel won't ring false unless it's hammered. Neither will a shallow friendship.—Comments of a Car Tink.

Moments of Emergency.

BY ARNO DOSCH.

FEW engineers have not been called on at one time or another to think and act quickly in order to prevent a wreck. Notwithstanding the many precautions of modern railroading, the unforeseen happens; and whether it is a broken side-rod, a loose rail, or another locomotive that happened to get in the way, the result is the same old story unless it is prevented by the quick wit of the eagle-eye.

Some hoggers have had closer shaves than others, but all have had their exciting moments. Though emergencies occur that offer no choice but a leap for life, others arise which give an engineer a chance to prove whether or not he contains the stuff of which heroes are made, and, like the men of which Mr. Dosch writes, will stick to his post no matter what the consequences may be.

The Numerous Attempts of Locomotives with Broken Side-Rods, Disabled Throttles, and Similar Troubles, to Land Themselves and Their Masters in the Scrap Pile.

THE Banker's Special was beginning to click-click over the frogs through the network of tracks approaching the Harlem River Station, and the business men coming from their country places to their down-town offices, at the leisurely hour of ten, laid aside their papers and picked up their overcoats. The train was speeding toward the Grand Central Station at its usual gait of forty miles an hour, and in only a few minutes they would be whipping through the Subway down to Wall Street.

A shiver passed through the cars, then another, followed by a slight jolt. Within ten seconds the train was jerking convulsively along, and the men who dealt daily in millions without the bat of an eyelash, became frightened, and leaped instinctively to their feet in a mad desire to jump. But before one of them could steady himself in the aisle there was a terrific jar, and the train stopped dead.

Walking into the station, a few minutes later, the passengers saw the engine of the train they had just left locked with a heavy freight-locomotive which stood on a cross-over blocking the track. Many of them had come to town safely on that train for years and regarded it as infallible, but here they saw before their eyes a wreck they had missed by the skin of their teeth.

For a moment they grew cold with the thought of what might have happened, but within a week they were passing the spot every morning as unconcernedly as ever, and properly so, for lightning is not apt to strike twice in the same place, and there was small chance that there would ever be another wreck or accident again at that point.

After they had all gone, Engineer Edward Ballon, of the express, and Engineer Trafford, of the freight, allowed themselves the luxury of a shiver or two. Then they looked at each other without a word. The situation was beyond speech. If they had not been engineers they would have pinched themselves to see if they were actually alive, but their long training on the iron monsters caused them to waste no time on studying their sensations, and soon they had backed their limping engines away and cleared the track.

Though the bankers may have forgotten the spot, Ballon has not, and ever since that day, April 6, 1910, as he whirls by at sixty miles an hour he wonders how he ever succeeded in bringing the train to a stop in so short a space.

His is an important train, and to it belongs the right of way. He is used to having the track open, and his schedule calls for high speed straight through the yards. There are cross-overs every few rods, but he pays no attention to them. At 9.45 every morning, as he rattles over the frogs, they are all supposed to be clear.

On this morning, however, Trafford, pulling a freight from behind the roundhouse at One Hundred and Thirty-Third Street, could not see or hear him coming, and he was equally obscure to Ballon. Even when he was within a hundred yards of the cross-over Ballon had had no warning of the danger, and he approached swiftly and certainly to what seemed an unavoidable collision.

There was no one to give warning, and the first intimation either had of the impending wreck was when Ballon, with eyes trained on the track ahead, suddenly saw the pilot of the huge locomotive come out from behind the roundhouse and approach the cross-over not fifty feet away. Behind was a long train of heavily loaded cars.

A Wreck Averted.

It made no difference which one reached the cross-over first. Ballon would plunge into the freight and pile up his train behind him, or Trafford would rip out the side of the passenger-cars as they swung past his engine. Either meant dead and mutilated bodies and all the awful carnage of a wreck.

It takes long in the telling, but both Ballon and Trafford acted in a hundredth of a second. The brakes went on in a flash, and the engines fairly leaped from the rails. Trafford, moving more slowly, was able to come to a full stop just in front of the express, but Ballon, with all his power on the reverse, slipped dangerously. Neither man left the throttle, as the quick seconds flew by, risking their lives to minimize the shock. When they struck, Ballon still had a fair headway, but not enough to do damage.

If it had not been for Ballon's presence of mind, there would have been a different story to tell. Indeed, stories of this kind are rarely told at all. Engineers who have narrow escapes are not prone to enlarge on the experience. Instead, they forget as rapidly as possible. If they remembered, their nerves could not stand it.

With all the modern devices to safeguard travel, there are more emergencies than any one dreams of. At such times the lives of the passengers are in the hands of the men in the cab. Their quick action has averted many a crash, and more than one train has come to the depot untouched on account of the heroism of the engineer.

When the Side-Rod Snapped.

Having made the top of Pickerel Mountain, above Somerville, New Jersey, Joseph Lutz, engineer on the Easton Express of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, had opened up for the long run down into the valley, when he heard something snap. At the same instant the engine shook with a sudden jar, and before he could look to see what had happened, the immense driving-rod, which had broken loose, flashed, gleaming, above the boiler, flaying the air and intent on mischief.

As it came down, it plunged into a pile of ballast, scooped up a charge of rocks and gravel, and, as if maliciously intent on disabling its driver, hurled the whole mass straight into the cab.

Lutz dodged and reached for the lever, but the rod gleamed high again, and, on the second revolution, smashed down upon the cab itself, knocking the mechanism out of kilter and making it certain death to touch it. Again and again it spun around, each time knocking the controlling gear into a more hopeless mass, and sending the smaller steel parts in a shower over Lutz. One piece struck the fireman and he fell in a heap.

From running a quickly responsive and obedient engine, Lutz all at once had on his hands a wild, raging monster, lashing itself into a fury and running at will down the mountain. There was the ever-increasing danger that it would not be able to hold to the rails on a curve, and would leap still more furiously over the embankment, pulling the cars filled with passengers into a sudden and absolutely unexpected death.

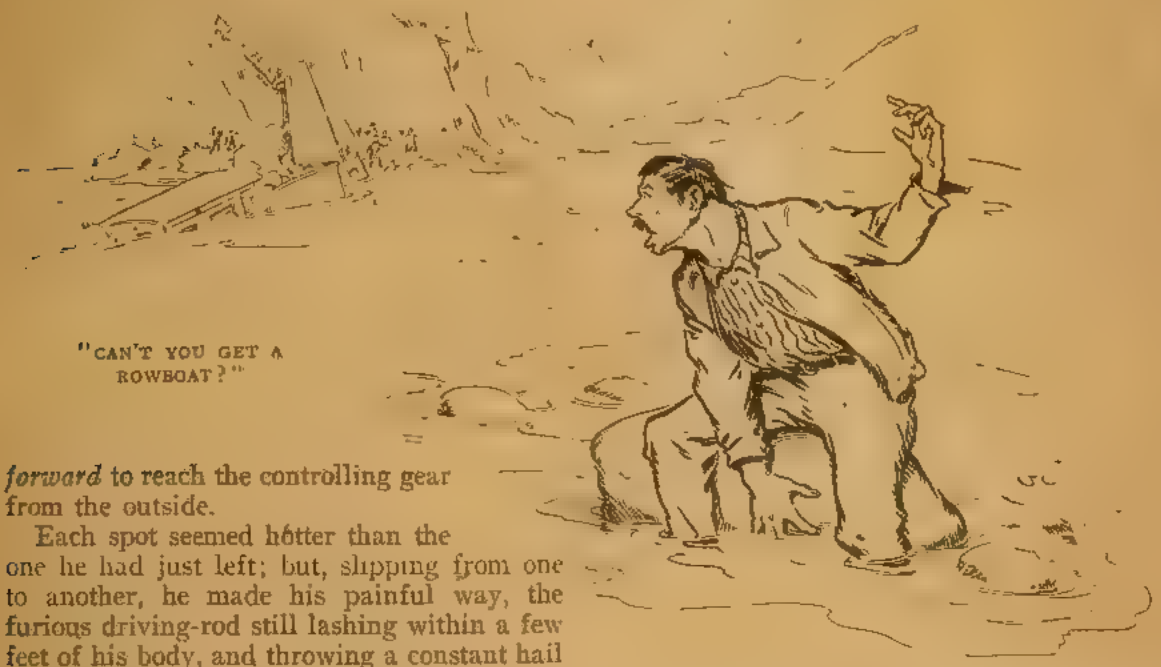
Locomotive Bare-Back Riding.

Just beyond was a bad curve, and, half a mile farther on, one that the engine could not take unless Lutz succeeded in shutting off the steam.

This was Lutz's moment of action. Everything that he was used to depending upon had

been cut away by the flaying rod, and yet he had to do something, and do it quick. What he planned was heroic, but he did not think of the danger. His one thought was to stop that train.

Stepping over the prostrate body of the fireman, *he climbed without hesitation upon the scorching back of the boiler, and started forward* to reach the controlling gear from the outside.



"CAN'T YOU GET A ROWBOAT?"

Each spot seemed hotter than the one he had just left; but, slipping from one to another, he made his painful way, the furious driving-rod still lashing within a few feet of his body, and throwing a constant hail of rocks and pebbles past him.

Grade crossings are thick on that track, and, burning as he was, he seized the bell-rope and gave warnings. At one was an automobile, with all the occupants still leaning forward from the shock of a sudden stop, and they forgot to move as their upturned, white faces stared in wonder at the madman in overalls and jumper fearlessly working his way along the back of the rocking, pitching, scorching boiler.

The passengers, whizzing past, saw the look of surprise and horror on the countenances of the automobilists, and an uneasy feeling that something was wrong flashed from car to car. But, although the coaches rocked dangerously at the curves, no one could imagine what was the matter, and all sat, in an uneasy silence, while the train ran wild down the mountainside.

As they hit the first curve, Lutz had to hold tight for a second, with the wheels screeching beneath him and the rails groaning under the strain, but it was past in a moment, and right ahead was the curve he knew the train could not take under a full head of steam.

It was a question of fractions of a second. There was but one thing to do. With the bell-rope in his hand, he let go and swung for the valve. There was a sudden strain on his wrist; he reached for the valve, and swung back to safety as a white cloud shot into the air that was seen a mile back by the automobilists still sitting with their mouths and eyes wide open staring at the runaway train. Five minutes later the rails ran out upon the plain, and the broken driving-rod lashed slower and slower until the train came to a sickening standstill. Then Lutz dropped, wilted, to the ground.

Crowley's Steam Bath.

On April 17 of this year, a few days before Lutz showed what a man could do in an emergency, a switch-engine in the yards of the same railroad had its steering gear disabled in a collision, and ran uncontrollable through the terminal, while the engineer, John Crowley, enveloped in a cloud of steam, labored hard to regain control. He was burned frightfully, even through his clothes, and the exposed skin was curled to a crisp, causing intense pain, but he did not have a thought of leaving his post—he was not the kind of man to do that.

He was backing a string of cars across the yard when a box car, attached to an engine which had cleared the track, started back a few feet, just far enough to sideswipe Crowley's switch-engine, breaking the side of the

cab and disconnecting the steam-pipes and doing other serious damage.

Instantly the scalding steam surrounded Crowley, penetrating his clothes and attacking his skin. He could hardly breathe, but he stood there, forcing himself to inhale the steam, which stung his flesh and seared his lungs unbearably.

He might have ducked and jumped, but his first thought was to stop the engine, so there he stood, his eyes closed, his nostrils inflamed, his lips sealed, undergoing all the tortures of a fiendish punishment, reaching blindly at the gear, only to find that it had been so completely bent and shattered he could not move a lever.

All the time the engine, under increasing headway, was swinging through the yard with a string of cars ahead. All the passenger-tracks lay in its way, but fortunately all were clear, as it snapped over one cross-over after another, until it ran at full speed into a bulkhead overlooking the river. After six hundred yards at increasing speed, first one box car, then another, smashed into the bulkhead and over it into the river. The third crumpled and stopped the train.

When the nearest switchmen rushed to the cab they found Crowley bent low to escape the steam, his skin burned as red as a lobster's, still jerking blindly at the levers.

Lucky McGatt's High Dive.

When an engineer has come through a good many accidents without being permanently injured, he gets the name of being lucky, but what has really saved him is usually a cool head. Such a reputation has been built up about one of the most picturesque figures in the railroad world, "Lucky" McGatt.

For fifty-three years, until a few months ago, he drove trains over the Delaware division of the Erie, and forty-eight of them he spent in the passenger service. For continuous service on one division, as far as any one knows, this is the record. Yet he is a stalwart, hearty man, and does not look a day over fifty-three.

They call him "Lucky" McGatt because he has received severe injuries in but one hand, has but one lame shoulder, a leg that gets stiff only now and then, and a cranky place in his back that troubles him less than half the time. Otherwise he is all right, but after half a century in the cab any one will admit that he surely is in lucky.

He scoffs at the idea that he is especially fortunate, and refuses to talk about his hair-breadth escapes, but there are plenty of people who know about them. During the time that he has been railroading there have been big improvements, and accidents are scarcer now, but thirty or forty years ago the railroads were streaked with blood from one end to the other. Although he has been derailed many times, however, and found himself headed for the ditch with monotonous regularity, he lives to refuse to tell the tale.

On one occasion, a good many years ago, so long past that no one's memory is good enough to hold the date, as he was swinging around a sharp curve along the Delaware, the outer rail suddenly gave way, and, before he could realize what was up, he was driving his locomotive over the cliff into the river.

He Wanted a Boat.

On occasions of this kind the engineer usually winds up at the bottom of the stream with the full weight of the locomotive holding him down, but not so McGatt. As the engine shot out into space, he made a remarkably quick move for a heavy man standing six feet two, and although he hit the water rather more suddenly than he cared about, he made his dive some distance from where the engine plunged under.

The water was deep at that point, but not too deep to prevent McGatt from boring a hole straight through it to the bottom and injuring his hand on the rocks. It did not stun him, however, and as soon as he came to the surface he struck out for the nearest landing-place.

With all the forward end of the train in the river, the crew and the passengers who had not been hurt rushed forward. The rear end of the second baggage-car was half-submerged, and ahead of it were the first baggage-car and the engine barely showing, giving the effect of a huge sea-serpent reaching down from the track into the river. Beyond, on a rock, sat McGatt.

In the tense moments following a wreck those on the bank stood and stared at him, but he only waved his hand impatiently, and is quoted as calling out:

"Can't you get a rowboat?"

It used to be a favorite trick with engines to jump off the high embankments into the Delaware, and McGatt is not the only engineer who has escaped death by keeping his eyes open.

John Kinsla, a veteran engineer, hardly less known among railroad men than McGatt, had the most thrilling leap of all. What

made it worse was that it followed immediately upon a head-on collision.

How Kinsla Escaped.

On August 18, 1888, he had in his train the famous stable of horses which belonged to Mrs Langtry, each in gorgeously fitted box cars. Speeding along this section of the Delaware, he came upon a freight on a sharp turn one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and a wreck ensued that has gone down in racing history. All the horses were had begun, and he was carried unwillingly along.

In a moment his consciousness left him, but his last movement must have been to pull himself through the door of the cab, otherwise he would have been mangled beneath the engine. As it was, the engine got there first, and although Kinsla had no feather bed to land on, bounced with comparative gentleness to the bottom, and was overjoyed to find himself still alive.

This particular stretch of road is full of stories of hairbreadth escapes, principally

HE SHOT OVER THE EDGE INTO THE DITCH.

burned, but before this catastrophe overtook them, Kinsla had one of the most exciting falls from which a man ever escaped alive At the end he was apparently torn almost to pieces, but in spite of the fact that he has recently been retired on the age limit of seventy, he now shows no signs beyond a few scars

The other engine swung Kinsla's at right angles from the track abruptly over the embankment in a straight fall to the water. At that moment Kinsla, who had recovered from the first shock, realized what was happening to him, and looked forward into the void into which he was plunging. In a flash it came to him that it would be better to hit the bottom alone than with the engine, but before he could free himself the downward plunge

because so many of the old-timers are still on the job. When they go, many of those interesting tales will be lost with them. One of the oldest veterans is E. R. Dunne, who was a conductor even before the Civil War. A wreck finally got him and put his legs out of commission, but he escaped a good many before he was finally laid low.

Dunne Cuts Loose.

His was the day when signals were in their infancy. The engineer "wild-catted" and the conductor made sidings watch in hand, with his eye on the second-hand

Before daylight on an icy morning when

the cars were coated with frozen sleet, Dunne pulled out eastward on the early freight from Elmira. As he passed the cab, before pulling out from the yards, Dunne called out casually to lay in at the siding at Rogers, and not go on as usual to meet the express at Meadows. Dunne based his order on his fear that the track would be slippery, and the engineer knew it, but he had a watch of his own, and he took Dunne's orders for what he considered them to be worth.

When Rogers was reached, the train bowled right along through without stopping, and Dunne, glancing at his watch, suddenly looked as if he were struck dumb.

"Jump to the engine!" he cried to the nearest brakeman. "Tell him to back in! There isn't time to reach Meadows!"

The brakeman was already on the outside, with Dunne close behind, but, half-way across the first car, *his feet went out from under him, and he shot over the edge into the ditch.* Another brakeman pushed past, crouching low, with feet wide apart and hands touching the ice-covered boards. Painfully working his way along, he risked his life each time he passed from car to car, but he was slowly getting forward, with Dunne scarcely breathing on the caboose, when he attempted to navigate a car load of lumber. He slipped, tottered, reached out wildly, and shot over the edge after the first brakeman.

It was up to Dunne now. There was no time for another failure. He had to get there. Kicking off his boots, he started over the train in his woolen socks. The bitter cold, striking up through his feet, chilled him through and through, but somehow he made it.

By this time, however, it was too late to turn back. There was at most one minute to spare, with the switch at Meadows only three hundred yards ahead.

Calculating swiftly, he saw that the only chance was to run for it, and, as he passed to the tender, he released the engine from the train.

Freed of its load, the engine sprang forward, and in half a minute's time had made the switch, with the whole train ambling along by itself, coming slowly to a standstill.

Not waiting for the engine to clear the main track, Dunne leaped to the frozen ground, leaving a trail of blood behind him as he raced toward the approaching train.

Before any one could think, the passenger-train, letting up on its speed in jerks, had run by the engine just as it made the siding, and jarred to a full stop when it struck the first of the string of freight-cars in its last spasmodic movements.

WHY HOOD SWORE.

WILLIAM HOOD, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, is one of the most nervous men in the railroad business. What he does is done well, but he always insists that every pen or pencil that he might need be right where he can place his hand on it.

One morning, not long ago, he reached his office at seven o'clock. He walked into one of the outer offices and asked for one of the clerks.

"He doesn't get here until eight o'clock, sir," said the boy. Hood walked back into his private office, but remained only half a minute, when he returned and said:

"Get me a hatchet."

The boy brought a hatchet and the clerk's desk was promptly broken open and a mass of documents taken out.

"You tell ——— to leave his keys with you next time," said Hood, as he walked away with the papers.

"Well, if you mean desk keys," said the boy, "I have all of them here."—*San Francisco Call.*

A STANDARD FOR SAFETY APPLIANCES.

AN important work soon to be taken up by the Interstate Commerce Commission is the standardization of safety appliances on railroads, a law placing that duty upon the commission having been passed by the last Congress. In order to pave the way for action, experts connected with the commission, and representatives of the Master Car Builders' Association are in daily conference. They are engaged in classifying the problems involved in the work, setting apart those on which their probably will be little or no disagreement from the questions over which contention may be expected. When matters have been shaped so that they may be intelligently considered, the commission will grant hearings. Invitations to attend will be issued to railroad officials, leaders in the brotherhods of railway employees, and the car builders.—*Washington News.*

GIVING RAMSEY THE HA! HA!

BY FRANK CONDON.

The Croton Valley's Fireman Who Could Give Romeo Cards and Spades, and Make Adonis Look Like a Two-Spot.

"I DON'T care what anybody says," growled Curtis gloomily. "It's not murder to kill a guy like Ramsey. He is a blot on the face of an otherwise fair civilization. Ramsey is a stiff — a perfume-buyin' stiff and some one of these sunny mornings I'm goin' to come up behind him with a wrench and close up his worldly affairs."

"You're sore about his stealing your girl," grinned Allis.

"So are you!" roared Curtis. "You're afraid to say so, and I'm not. He cops out your little Mamie, and you sneak around like a spanked spaniel and laugh about it. One of these days, something is going to happen to Ramsey. That's no kid. Something bad is going to happen to that coal-shoveler, and when it gets through happening to him there's going to be a new fireman permanently on the express."

Fish and Chalmers nodded approvingly, and the conference came to a conclusion. The Ramsey in question Mr. Joseph Ramsey, of Lehigh— pursued the even tenor of his way, fifty miles off, in ignorance of the hostility he had engendered in sundry firemen's breasts.

When a given number of healthy firemen begin to wish ill luck on a fellow member of the craft there is usually some reason for it. In the case of Joe Ramsey, the reason was plain. It was also widely known, and elderly engineers twitted their firemen unmercifully about the youngster from Lehigh, and his interference with their various heart affairs.

In the first place, Joe Ramsey was the best-looking fireman on the Croton Valley Railroad. He was an Adonis, a Mercury, and an Apollo rolled into one. His jet-black hair fell over his white forehead in maddening little curls. Furthermore, he possessed the gift of gab to an alarming degree, and when he sat down beside a pensive maiden at a hop or a sociable, and began to tell her interesting things about herself, and how much better the world had been since she came into it, the girl usually melted like butter in the sun.

The result of this happy combination of pulchritude and conversational excellence was wide dissension in the ranks of the other coal-heavers on the Croton Valley.

If Harry Allis fell in love with some dainty bit of lace and ribbon from Topeka, Ramsey

THE GIRL USUALLY MELTED LIKE BUTTER IN THE SUN.

heard of it. He heard of it accidentally, or casually—but he always heard of it.

When he came across such information, he generally managed to meet the lady in question, and when that happened, another male heart burst with a rending crash, and Ramsey chalked up another conquest.

If Tim Chalmers flirted with the sales-person at Princeton, Ramsey superflirted with the same individual, and Mr. Chalmers backed himself onto a siding and put out his lights.

When George Curtis hurled himself madly into a love affair with that Paisley girl, Ramsey trailed along cheerfully and cut George out with nonchalance and complete success. It was to this painful episode that Harry Allis referred whenever he felt he could do so without suffering personal annihilation.

"It ain't so much that I dislike to be cut out with my lady friends," murmured Mr. Fish bitterly, "because I've been getting cut out since I had my first girl; but it must be done by a pretty person with curls and a half-grown voice. It may be that I ain't exactly in a position to see things as the girls see them, but I'll be boiled to death if I can tell what they see in Joe Ramsey."

The Croton Valley Railroad hesitates through several counties, and finally winds up with a lingering moan in the town of Princeton. It would continue indefinitely if it were not for a tall and stationary mountain that has been sitting for many years directly in the center of the right-of-way. Rather than bore a hole through this mountain, the directors of the Croton Valley decided to quit cold and call Princeton a terminus, which is the most dignified thing that has ever been said of the place. At the opposite end of the C. V. R. R. is the city of Lehigh. Right in the middle of the road lies the peaceful hamlet known on the map as Topeka.

Princeton, Topeka, and Lehigh femininity paid homage to the charms of Joe Ramsey, until the remaining firemen on the C. V. R. R. wept when they spoke of it. When the handsome fireman entertained a girl, he bought her ice-cream soda, a ticket to the moving-pictures, and no more. Total cost to Ramsey, thirty cents.

The girl went about for a week telling people that she had had the time of her life.

If an ordinary fireman undertook to amuse a lady, he went under the bureau for the old wallet and brought forth the remains of a month's salary, which he spent in wild abandon, and with a desperate desire to give optical evidence of being a sport.

After some forty dollars' worth of assorted amusement, the girl usually decided to go home in order to avoid being further bored, and, afterward, she never referred to the event.

It was this intolerable condition of affairs that was slowly bringing on a mental nettle-rash among the C. V. R. R. stokers. The only fireman on the road who looked with scorn on the whole affair was Ted Riordan, of Princeton. Riordan was happily engaged to a cherry-cheeked Hutton girl, and the suffering of his fellow creatures was nothing to him. He and Ellen Hutton were to marry in the spring.

George Curtis sat on a lump of coal while his engine was filling the tank, and gave the subject thought. He looked back over the saddening events of the past and shuddered. He reflected that the future was black with the shadow of Joe Ramsey, and just as he was about to give up in despair and commit suicide by diving into the tank an idea came scudding around the side of the cab and hit him with enough force to shatter the lump of coal on which he cogitated.

"What's the matter with you?" his engineer asked later on. "You haven't peeped for half an hour."

"I'm thinking of something important," Curtis replied, smiling. "I've just thought of something that gives me pleasure."

Two days later it chanced that a quorum was present in the roundhouse at Lehigh, and Mr. Curtis announced that if everybody interested would come outside, he had something to say. Fish, Allis, and Chalmers followed him over to the shade of the water-tank with some suspicion.

"You all know Ted Riordan," began Curtis, "and you all know that pretty girl of his, Ellen Hutton."

"We do," said the group. "What of it?"

"And you know, furthermore," Curtis went on, "that this here Ramsey has been clear daffy about Ted's girl ever since he first saw her. She was the one girl on the Croton Valley line that he went after and did not get. Of course, one of the prime reasons why he didn't get her was because she was engaged to Ted Riordan. Anyway, he didn't cut Ted out; and I want you to remember these historical facts, because they got a lot to do with what I'm about to explain."

"What is this, anyhow?" Fish inquired politely.

"It's a scheme I thought out all by myself, and at the present moment I'm going to lay it before this committee for approval. It's some scheme, if I do say it myself, and it's full of complications and fine points;

and any fireman that don't understand the first draft is at liberty to ask me questions after I'm through making my talk

"I begin by saying that we all thoroughly hate Joe Ramsey for what he palpably is, and for what he has done to the bunch in the way of buttin' in with the ladies. Therefore, we all want to see him get his, and get it good, don't we?"

"We do," chorused the listeners.

"Ted Riordan hates Ramsey just as much as the rest of us, though maybe he isn't quite so keen because he hasn't any personal spite. The rest of us has. Ted Riordan has a girl. He's going to marry her in the spring, and that thought is certain gall and wormwood to Joe Ramsey.

"So far, Ramsey isn't able to get anywhere with Ted's girl; but what if it should happen from now on that he makes some fair and favorable progress? Supposin', for instance, that he begins to get around to the movin' pictures with Ellen Hutton?"

"Yes, and while you're supposin' that," interrupted Harry Allis, "suppose you order a coffin for Joe Ramsey, because he certainly will need it if he gets gay with Teddy Riordan's Ellen. There ain't anything in this mortal creation more certain than Joe's immediate death, supposing what you're supposing."

"If you will be good enough to can that chatter until a sensible man gets through talking," retorted Curtis, "maybe you can understand what my scheme is. As I said before this hair-trigger party busted in, supposin' Joe Ramsey begins to get strong with Ellen Hutton; and when the big engineers' and firemen's ball is pulled off a month or two from now, supposin' Joe Ramsey takes Ellen Hutton along to waltz, instead of Ted Riordan?"

"Are you out of your mind, Curtis?" inquired Tim Chalmers. "This ain't a scheme you're cookin' up. This is part of the bughouse scene from 'Romeo' and 'Hamlet.' In the first place, you know, if you ain't gone clean nutty, that Ellen Hutton wouldn't go to no ball nor nowhere else if she didn't go with Ted Riordan; and if she did, Ted Riordan would commit all the crimes in the book on the person who took her."

"Again I ask you all to hear me to the concludin' finish of my scheme before castin' criticisms. I figure on having Ellen Hutton go into this scheme with us. And I figure on havin' Ted Riordan go into the scheme, too. In other words, this committee is goin' to call on Teddy and Ellen and ask them, please, if they won't hook up with us and help us out. We get Ted to consent—then we get Ellen."

"And then what?"

"Then," continued Curtis triumphantly, "we come to the grand finale of this plot which is the disgrace and utter rout of Joe Ramsey, the same to be visible and audible

RIORDAN TOOK TO SLINKING UP BACK STREETS

to everybody who can crowd along the upper railing of McCook's Dance Hall on the night of the engineers' and firemen's ball.

"I figure this way: With Teddy Riordan's peaceful consent, Ellen Hutton leads Ramsey along. She seemingly cuts Teddy and caps the climax by going to the ball with Ramsey. She dances all through the program with Joe and neglects Teddy.

"Ellen is the finest-looking girl in this county, and her folks are in close communion with a bale or two of real money. The man who marries her gets all this, and Joe Ramsey knows it, and would marry her in a minute if he had the chance.

"The point is, give him the chance. On the night of the ball the whole gang assembles on the little upper balcony in the back

THE FIVE CONSPIRATOPS WAITED PATIENTLY.

of McCook's, which on this gala occasion is called the conservatory. We hide behind the ferns and crocuses, and when Joe Ramsey tells Ellen that she's the star of his life and all that guff, we wait till she turns him down cold, and then we jump over the rail and each man follows his own idea of what constitutes harmless amusement."

"But suppose Ramsey don't propose—suppose he asks her before the night of the ball—that spoils it," objected Chalmers.

"My boy, no man proposes to a woman till the woman gets ready for him to speak the fateful words. Ellen will string Joe along easy until the proper night—just keepin' him at arm's length until he's full of music and poetry and whatever spirits McCook dishes up for the occasion."

"I'm for this scheme way down to the last yelp," Chalmers announced, "but I ain't goin' to ask Ted Riordan for his consent."

"You don't need to," said Curtis loftily. "I thought this out, and I'll go the whole hog. I'll ask Ted; and besides that, seein' that I know Ellen Hutton better than anybody here, I'll ask her, too. Teddy and me will ask her together."

The account rendered subsequently by Curtis of his interview with Mr. Riordan indicated that the latter ascended in the air nine thousand feet, giving vent to emphatic expressions of annoyance on the way up.

"I appealed to him with tears in my eyes," said the spokesman. "I told him that it would reflect credit on him, and that it would even up us firemen and hand Ramsey a wallop he'd never forget. I told him that he'd earn the undying gratitude of about thirty firemen, and that it wouldn't be so hard for him to stand around and watch Ellen going places with Ramsey when he knew the whole thing was a joke, and when he thought of the big smash comin' to Ramsey at the finish.

"Finally he gave in, like the good scout he is, and agreed. But the time I had with Teddy was a mere game of dominoes compared with the tempestuous riot we encountered over at Ellen Hutton's house. First, she scorched me with a few choice samples of lady sarcasm, and then she threw the prong into Teddy about eleven yards and twisted it.

"But we both unbuckled the founts of our eloquence, and before we got through, Teddy was arguin' for my side the same as though he had a personal grudge against Ramsey. We showed the lady that there wasn't any particular harm in it, and that she wouldn't be called upon to do anything unladylike or undignified; that she was simply to treat Joe Ramsey nice, and about nine o'clock at night Ellen began to smile and look cheerful at my scheme."

"Will she do it?" asked Chalmers eagerly.

"She will," said Curtis proudly. "There ain't anything in the way of complete success. When I told Ellen what was wanted, she understood in a minute, and she improved on my scheme by suggestin' little things that I'd left out. It takes a woman to finish up a scheme."

"Or put it completely on the fritz," said Fish sourly.

From the day of that announcement until the night of the grand ball the Croton Valley Railroad seethed with an inward volcano.

Riordan, Curtis, Allis, Chalmers, and Fish, as the important members of the cabal,

went about their coal-heaving with the air of men in whose bosoms reposed a tremendous secret.

Joe Ramsey went about his business with the cheerful confidence of a man who has no care. Through one of those mysterious circumstances that women talk about on verandas when there are no men present, he became acquainted with Ellen Hutton.

While Joe Ramsey had manifested a wild enthusiasm over particular young women, his attentions to Ellen Hutton mounted at once to one hundred per cent, with ten extra. He escorted her to the moving pictures as fast as the man changed the films. He purchased roses for her at forty cents per rose. He sent her thoughtful gifts by messenger-boys. He hired livery rigs at one dollar an hour. He showered her with attentions until three towns sat in their front yards in the cool of the evening and discussed the case with unfeigned joy.

Teddy Riordan took to slinking up back streets in order to avoid sympathetic looks. He cursed the unhappy moment in which he had given his consent to the farce.

"Be sure, Ellen," said Teddy Riordan, "be sure to put that speech on thick. Tell that guy that you wouldn't marry him in three thousand years if there wasn't another man on top of the world, and that he—you know what to tell him. Remember, I'll be with the bunch up behind the railing, and, after what I'm going through in the way of sympathy over losing you, I'll be highly pleased with any strong talk you hand him."

"I'll remember, Teddy. But you mustn't blame me. You know perfectly well that this plan was yours."

"It wasn't mine," retorted her affianced hotly. "It was Curtis's."

"You came to me with it. I'm simply doing as you and Mr. Curtis asked, and I hope you'll be pleased when it's over."

On the night of the ball most of the trains on the Croton Valley ceased to run. All the beauty and chivalry of the community were on hand, and McCook's big pavilion was crowded as never before.

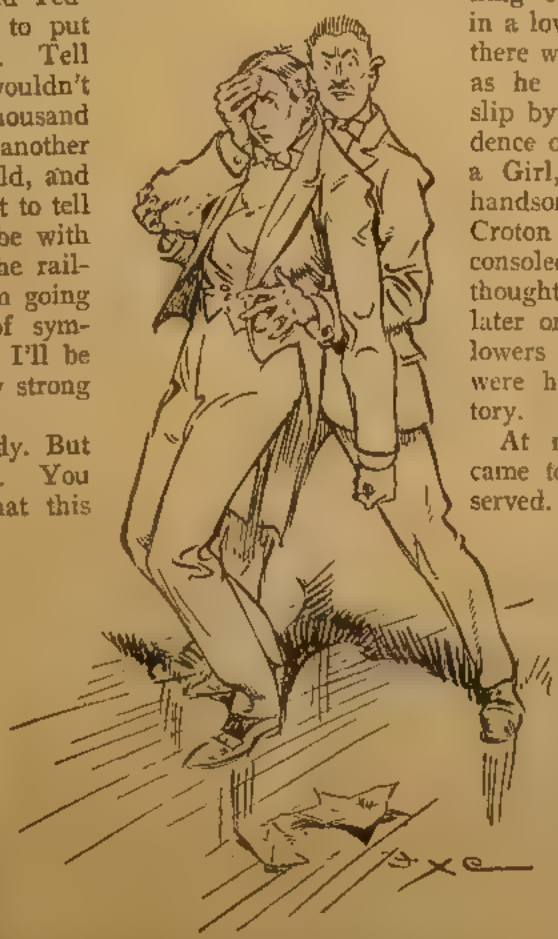
Teddy Riordan accompanied himself and a terrific grouch. Joe Ramsey, clad in raiment that would have brought the flush of envy to an East Indian goddess, sat beside a feminine dream whose first name was Ellen. Fish, Chalmers, Allis, and Curtis came in a group, acting like criminals about to break open a safe, and by nine o'clock the festivities were booming along at seventy miles an hour.

Topeka, Princeton, and Lehigh were well represented, and the eyes of all were upon Ellen Hutton and Joe Ramsey.

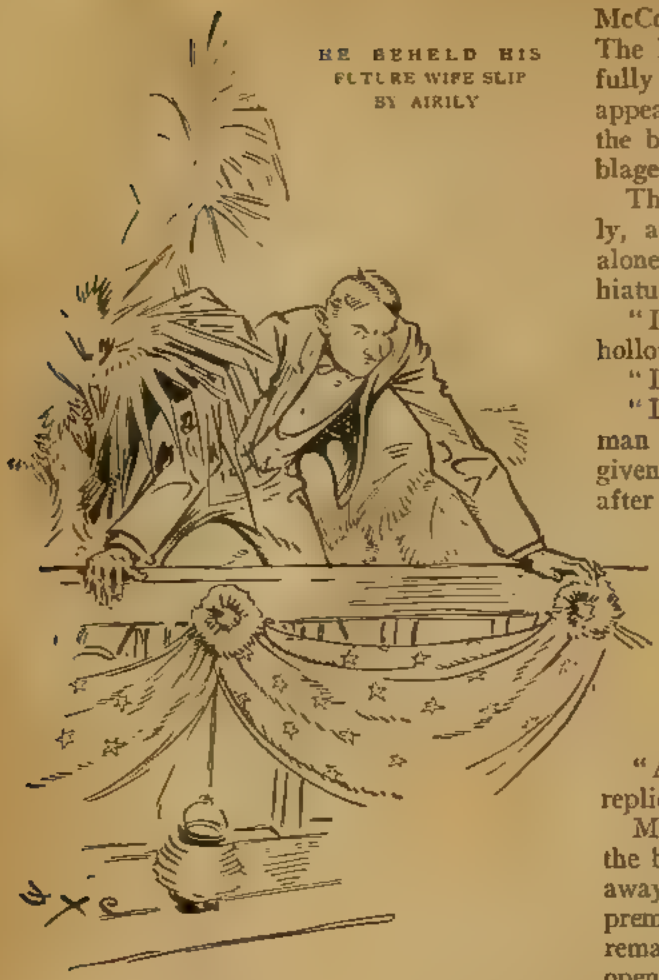
That handsome pair glided about the glazed floor, and, so far as casual observers could see, they were having the time of their young lives. Joe smiled down into Ellen's face, and Ellen laughed delightedly. Joe spoke tenderly to Ellen, and Ellen responded with animation.

But, oh, what a wallop was coming to Joe! Riordan spent the better part of the evening conversing with himself in a low, heated tone. At times there was homicide on his brow as he beheld his future wife slip by airily to the stiletto cadence of "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl," in the arms of the handsomest fireman on the Croton Valley system. He consoled himself with the thought of what would happen later on when he and the followers of the inventive Curtis were hidden in the conservatory.

At midnight the gay riot came to a halt, and food was served. Following the repast, everybody sought secluded places, and strong men talked silently to their partners. It was that fateful hour when future marriages are unthinkingly made into possibilities and the members of the scheming bund hurried away from the sandwiches and fried crabs to the observers' gallery.



HE DROPPED THE LETTER AND SANK BACK.



Ellen had promised to lead Ramsey to the slaughter shortly after the supper. There was no chance of a hitch.

"Now," whispered Curtis. "Now we get even."

The five conspirators screened themselves above the little room and waited patiently. Below them were two rustic couches and a sad-looking fern reposing in a washtub.

"They ought to be in soon," muttered Teddy Riordan, looking at his watch. "Did any one see them begin to eat?"

"Haven't seen them since the last waltz," said Fish cheerily. "They'll be along in a minute."

The minutes went on merrily. Curtis complained of pains in his legs, owing to his cramped position. Fish decided that he was thirsty, and departed in quest of a cooling drink. At thirty minutes past twelve Chalmers manifested the first sign of impatience. At one o'clock Curtis remarked:

"I wonder what is keeping them?"

The dancing was resumed, and shortly after a tall man, wearing a slouch-hat and a red beard, walked into the front door of McCook's with something in his right hand. The leader of the orchestra gazed thoughtfully at the tall man, and decided that his appearance was worthy of note. He stopped the band, and silence fell upon the assemblage.

The tall man looked about him inquiringly, and blushed when he realized that he alone was responsible for the temporary hiatus. Then he spoke.

"Is Theodore Riordan here?" he said in hollow tones.

"I am," came a voice from the distance.

"I have a message for you," said the tall man in the same sepulchral voice. "I was given a letter to deliver to you, any time after one o'clock."

There was a hurried rush at the rear of the hall. Teddy Riordan came forward hastily, followed by Fish, Chalmers, Curtis, and Allis.

"Here it is," said the stranger. He handed Teddy a letter.

"Who—who gave it to you?" Teddy asked faintly.

"A lady and a gentleman in a motor-car," replied the messenger.

Mr. Curtis felt, for a single instant, that the best thing he could do would be to slip away. He had a premonition—a terrible premonition—but he controlled himself and remained by Teddy's side. The latter tore open the envelope and read the note hurriedly. Then he dropped the letter and sank back into the arms of Chalmers.

Curtis picked up the bit of paper and read:

DEAR TEDDY.

I am sorry to have to write this. Joe and I were married to-day at noon in Cresfline. If you ever can do so, please forgive me. It was the only thing for me to do, because I have discovered, since I came to know Joe so well, that I could never care for any other man. Naturally, as his wife, I was forced to tell him of Mr. Curtis's plan for to-night, and he insisted upon bringing me to the ball, although I would have spared you that if I could have done so. Forgive me. Yours truly,

ELLEN RAMSEY.

Curtis gazed about him with unseeing eyes. Then he stuffed the paper in Teddy's pocket and walked away. The orchestra trembled on the verge of a waltz. Chalmers supported Teddy Riordan, and Fish helped carry him to one side. Curtis walked slowly out of the front door and down the road.

At the extreme edge of the hall Teddy struggled in the arms of his helpers.

"Where's Curtis?" he muttered huskily.

THE STEELED CONSCIENCE.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

The Upper World Mingles with the Under World, and the End Profoundly Justifies the Means.

CHAPTER I.

Man Against Man.

A SINGLE, deep-toned stroke from the clock on Simon Dill's office mantel roused the old lawyer from a sort of reverie.

"Hm-m-m! Half past five?" he said, picking up his gold-rimmed glasses from the desk and setting them on his thin-bridged beak of a nose.

"Well—well! Bless me, I had no idea it was so late! Agnes will be wondering where on earth I am. Ah, that girl of mine—that girl!"

He passed a hand over his high, shiny forehead, and stroked down a lock of hair, white as spun wool, which somehow had parted company with its fellows. A careful old man, Simon Dill—careful and precise.

"Heigho!" he yawned. "I hate to go out into that, though." He glanced at the broad, black square of the window, against which snowflakes were sliding, falling. "I hate to; but I suppose I must, if I'm to get through dinner in time to address that Bay State Charitable League to-night. Hang charity, anyhow!" he ended, with a growl. "If it weren't for—ah—getting the appointment next year as trustee— Eh?—who's here now?"

He straightened up suddenly, blinking from behind his glasses into the half darkness which lay beyond the radius of the light that fell over his mahogany desk. A man had entered the office; a man in a long, snow-covered ulster; a man who now stood looking at him with an intent and disconcerting gaze.

"Well?" ejaculated Simon a bit testily. He was not the sort of man, this pillar of society, to be lightly or incautiously broken in upon when musing on his past successes or dreaming of his future ones. To himself he added:

"I won't let Maxwell go before *I* do another night. Without him in the outer office there's no protection, none whatever. Why—why—anybody might come in here and try to see me!" Aloud he repeated: "Well, sir?"

The man in the long coat made no reply, but came close up to the desk, laid one gloved hand on top of it, set the other to his hip, and looked down steadily at Dill.

He was a tall, slim, upstanding chap, with a pair of the most honest eyes that ever you saw in a man's head. For a long minute he stood there, just looking at the old lawyer. Dill, more than a trifle disconcerted with the prescience of trouble close at hand, took off his glasses, put them on again, fingered his gold watch-charm, and at last, as though with cheerful spontaneity, exclaimed

"Why, bless my soul if it isn't Graham! John Graham, of all men! Well—well, John, my boy, what good fortune brings you here? Sit down, John. I was—ah—just about leaving for Beacon Street, you know; but my time's always yours. Take your coat off, John. Make yourself at home. What's new down yonder in Manhattan?"

He held out his hand to the visitor; a veined and rather flabby-looking hand, with more than one stone of price glinting on its fingers. But Graham ignored it. Neither did he take off his coat or make any sign of sitting down. Something in the pallor of his face, the tension of his mouth, the keen, blue light in his eyes, gave notice that he had come on no friendly visit.

Dill shifted uneasily in his chair and glanced at the clock, wishing himself well away. He had always regarded this young

man, who, until he had reached his majority three years ago, had been nominally his ward, with little more than the assumption of condescending patronage. Even the fact that Graham had, on his class-day eve, spoken right honorably for the hand of Agnes, had amused the lawyer, even though at the same time it had vexed him a trifle.

Old Dill had quite other plans in view than that his only girl should marry a portrait painter—"a mere dauber," as he called him. Bruskly, the lawyer had sent him about his business, anxious for more than one reason to be well rid of him.

For a year and a half he had seen nothing of Graham; had heard nothing of him, for, shrewd as he was, Agnes had been far shrewder. (What girl in love but can outwit her father in sending or receiving letters?) The lawyer, in a word, had all but banished Graham from mind; but now there stood the man, unwelcome as the devil himself, gazing down at him with a look that boded trouble in the wind.

"Why, John—ah—what's the matter now, my boy?" the old man asked again unsteadily. Many a time had he faced hostile juries, arrogant judges; but never had he felt the fear that this mute, accusing look inspired. "Can it be, can it possibly be"—the thought flashed to him—"that he knows at last? Merciful Heaven, if he does—what then?"

Already half in a panic, he cast about him for a channel of escape. Out from the dark recesses of his mind fluttered evil memories, memories which he had hoped might never be evoked again. To cover his emotion he fumbled for his handkerchief, and loudly blew his nose.

"You scoundrel!"

"What?" cried the old man, starting half up as though by the force of a suddenly released spring. "What—what's that you say, sir?"

"I said 'scoundrel,'" answered Graham in a low, steady voice.

"Are you deaf, all of a sudden? I'll put sneak-thief and hypocrite beside it, and top off with liar! Is that language plain and simple enough?"

Dill tried hard to laugh, but it was a ghastly mockery of merriment. His face flushed red, then went sickly pale. Back into his chair he sank. The glasses fell from his nose. He did not pick them up; but sat there shaking as with palsy, utterly unnerved. The suddenness of the attack had found him off his guard for once. He crouched and cringed a moment, rubbing his nerveless old hands together, a mean and pitiable thing.

Then he looked up, or tried to, for his eyes could not meet Graham's.

"You—you'd better go home, my boy," he stammered. "You're either deranged, or—ah—you've been drinking too much. In either case—"

Graham, his face a study of scorn, tossed his head up with a sneer.

"No," he answered, "I was never saner than to-night. As for your other assumption, that's as false as your own mask of respectability, you hound! I've come all the way from New York just for the pleasure of saying what I've said—and some more. I don't need any Dutch courage to help me face any man, least of all a man like you!"

The old lawyer, panic-stricken, foreseeing visions of he knew not what violence, glanced at the telephone that stood on his desk. Graham saw the glance. Quietly he reached over, seized the instrument and set it on top of the desk, out of Dill's reach.

"No," said he. "You won't use that, not yet a while. Not till you've heard a few things. Understand? If you were only thirty years younger, I'd whale you to a pulp before beginning; but, as it is, no; your're safe enough. You'll give me half an hour of your valuable time, though; yes, more, if I want it. You'll—"

The old man, reassured that no bodily harm was going to befall him, got back a tag-end of sneaking courage. He fumbled in his lap for his glasses, put them on, looked at the clock again, and stood up.

"There, now; that will do," said he. "I've heard quite enough, sir; quite enough! After the unwarranted insults and abuse that for some reason or other you've seen fit to heap on your one-time guardian and protector, a man old enough to be your father, a man who shared your father's confidence and who—"

Graham laughed outright, a bitter, insolent laugh.

"Why, you old gray wolf!" he said.

"Silence, sir!" cried Dill. "After such insults, rest assured that any hopes you may ever have had regarding—ah—my daughter—are quite futile. Quite so, indeed!"

Graham snapped his fingers. "I guess we don't—" he began, then checked himself. His powerful arms crossed on the desk-top, he stood there gazing at Dill with steady and contemptuous eyes.

The old man, his own master again, shrugged his shoulders and turned away to where his overcoat and tall silk hat hung be-

side the window. Graham, without a word, walked to the outer door of the office, locked it, and slipped the key into his pocket.

"I wouldn't put those on just now, if I were you," advised he. "You won't be going for a while yet, you know; and if you sit here all bundled up you might catch cold on the way home. Good advice, eh?"

The mockery of his tone stung the lawyer.

"Why, you insolent whelp!" he cried, in a thin, anger-shaken voice. "You'll regret this, young man; you'll certainly regret it. You don't know who you're dealing with, that's evident!" And at Graham he shook a long, big-knuckled, menacing finger.

"Don't I? Hm! Maybe. No matter; we're going to settle things right here and now. Sit down again, before I have to make you. Sit down, d'you hear?" he repeated, as the lawyer still stood there, an angry and impotent old figure.

He pointed at the chair before the desk. Dill made for a moment as though to brave him out, then yielded before the imperative eyes and gesture of the man.

"Thank you," said Graham satirically. "I thought you'd be reasonable. Now put your glasses on good and solid, for I've got something to show you. Here, have you ever seen this?"

From an inner pocket he drew something—a small, fat, leather-covered book—an old-fashioned diary, it seemed. Coming around the end of the desk, he threw the book down onto the blotter, where the light from above fell strongly on it.

"That?" cried Dill aghast. He sought to catch it up, but his fingers shook so that he had to try three times before he could hold it at all. "That? Oh, merciful Heaven, after all these—all these years? That? *That?*"

CHAPTER II.

The Old Diary.

GRAHAM laughed.

"Yes," he assented. "Just that. Nothing else. Not quite so high and mighty now, are you? Not quite so virtuous and insulted, old man? Recognize it, all right enough, eh? Oh, undoubtedly! Maybe I can shuck off a little of your smooth hypocrisy yet, like a peanut-shell, and throw it away. Get right down to the kernel of you, maybe—if it isn't too small and mean and wizened-up to see without a microscope!

"Open the book, man. Open it—read a little—it's interesting enough for even you! Open it, I say! Why, what makes you tremble so? Ah, no you don't!"

For the old man, with a sudden, furious gesture, had jerked the book open, and, using all his strength, was trying to tear it in two.

Instantly Graham was upon him, like a lion on a jackal. Graham's powerful fingers clamped themselves round Dill's wrist; and, tug and strive as the old lawyer might, he could not so much as budge his hands.

"Oh—oh—let go, there, you ruffian!" panted Dill, purple with exertion and fury. "You're breaking my bones, I tell you! Let go!"

"When you let go the book, not before," answered Graham, his voice cold as steel. Dill's only reply was an oath, with new struggles to tear the paper; but now Graham's clutch tightened; his fingers sunk into the unwholesome white flesh of the lawyer, whose hands became livid and swollen.

"Drop that book!" exclaimed the young man. "Drop it, before I squeeze the very marrow out of you!"

"Darn you, but you'll smart for this!" snarled the lawyer, as his fingers opened limply, letting the book fall to the desk.

"I'll teach you to come into an old man's office and assault him! Wait—you'll see!"

Graham only laughed. "That may be a game," he answered, "that two can play at. What you'll do some time depends very largely on what I do now, you understand? On what I do to-morrow, and the next day. By the way, it isn't a bad thing to have a set of first-class fingers, is it? You used to sneer at me for my interest in athletics, back in college, I believe. But—well, it may come in handy, once in a while. No?"

Dillingham's only answer was an inarticulate growl, like that of a balked animal, as he sat rubbing and nursing his bruised wrists.

"Don't try that again, please, if you value your health," admonished Graham quite coolly. "I really advise you not to. You see, I wasn't really exerting myself then. Next time I might happen to forget myself, and—you never can tell what might happen. Now, then," and his voice changed suddenly to one of command; "now, then, if you're quite ready to talk business, why, so am I. Well?"

"Go on, blackmailer!" panted the lawyer.

"Blackmailer! I?" cried Graham, astounded. "Well, say, that is a good one! Blackmailer—ha! ha!"

Leaning one hand on the open book, he

clapped Dill on the shoulder with the other, till the old man's head wabbled and his glasses almost fell off again.

"Why, my dear ex-guardian, I beg your pardon," said he mockingly. "Among all your other admirable qualities I really didn't know you had that of a humorist. Blackmailer, eh? Capital! A regular *tu quoque* answer, well spoken! Come, let's shake hands on the strength of that. I'll forgive a whole lot for the sake of a good joke, upon my word I will!"

He extended his palm to Dill, but the old man merely recoiled, showed his teeth, and snarled for all the world like a trapped wildcat. At sight of his look, Graham grew serious again, cool, collected, and determined.

"Oh, so there's nothing doing in that line, eh?" asked he. "Very well, we'll go on a basis of absolute hostility, if you say so. Now, this book here, this book—"

"Well, this book? What of it, fool?" spat the lawyer. "Wherever you found it, I don't know; but no matter about that. There it is. I recognize it. Your father's diary, yes. What of it? What are you going to do with it, now you've got it? What, I say?"

"Ah, now that," answered Graham, "is the most interesting part of all. Don't you wish you knew, you old badger? Better ask, what am I not going to do with it? I guess you've got sort of an idea what I'm going to do—unless you do what I'm going to ask you, and do it first—do it quick! A nice position it'll put you in, too; a truly eminent position. Pillar of society, and all that sort of thing, you know. Just shovel out the foundations with this little book, and 'Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!' I hope you understand me, sir!"

"What?" cried Dill. "Have you no shame, no sense of decency? When my daughter hears of this, from me—"

"You'll oblige me by not mentioning her here, if you please," exclaimed the younger man with sudden heat. "If she hears of it at all, it won't be my fault. Whatever happens, she'll be spared that, so far as I'm concerned. Heaven forbid that I should cause her a second's pain, even—even for all this means to me!

"Be wise, I tell you. Come down, while there's time. Give in. Make good. I have no wish to take an old man and dangle him before the public as a symbol of dishonor. Much as I despise and loathe you, Dill, I'm going to keep this thing all dark, if you'll be reasonable. A little for your sake. One per cent, maybe. Ninety-nine per cent for her! Now you know where I stand. Well, how about it?"

He drew back from the desk, folded his arms, and quite patiently, quite calmly, waited for the old man's answer. But if he expected the astute lawyer to give in for any such reason, he had misjudged him.

"So, then," whined Dill, fumbling with his glasses to give himself a measure of self-control; "so, then, you use her as a whip to beat me with? You—"

"Not at all," replied Graham. "I just put it up to you in a straightforward manner. Do you or don't you value that money more than you do your own good name and your daughter's peace of mind? Do you choose a quiet settlement, or do you prefer a scandal and a yellow-journal campaign, with all that that means? Now, that's the question before the house!"

"That book, curse it!" fumed the lawyer, evading the issue. "If it hadn't been for that! Why, I thought that was sunk in the bottom of Lake Barlee, forty years ago, along with—"

He checked himself, but Graham had caught the hint.

"Along with the rest of my father's things, all except the dust, you mean?" asked he, in a tone of such bitter and contemptuous scorn that even the time-hardened old rascal winced.

"You thought, I suppose, that nobody in this world would ever know what happened at Dundas Hill, eh? That the solemn oath you swore there, to use my father's share of the strike for my bringing-up, and to hand me the principal when I was twenty-one, wouldn't ever come to light? That when you sailed away from Fremantle in that old three-masted windjammer, the Pandora, and saw the coast of Australia sink down behind the horizon, you'd left every decency and obligation buried deeper than your partner's corpse? Ugh, you swine!"

Dill leered up malevolently at him. Gone now was every pretense and sham; the man's face had changed; new lines seemed to have formed in it. His eyes glittered like a cornered rat's eyes; and like a rat's whiskers, too, twitched his gray mustache. His shiny forehead was all beaded with sweat. His teeth, as he tried to speak, clattered together uncannily.

"You—you can't—" he managed to stammer.

"Can't what? Can't prove it, you mean? Oh, I can't, eh? Well, maybe I can't prove that somehow or other you made way with

my father, poisoned him, or something, for the dust; but no matter about that. I'm morally certain a strong, vigorous man such as he was didn't die, out there, without some help from you; and that sort of certitude is sometimes better than proof. I can't prove you were bushwhacking, either, but I'll just let that pass.

"What I can prove, and *will*, too, if your regard for—for Agnes isn't strong enough now to bring you to time, is that all these years and years you've—the money, I mean, hang you—the money—and—"

Graham, his self-control slipping away in spite of him, became half incoherent. He shook the old, tattered diary in Dill's ghastly face.

"I don't want to prove anything else, don't want to know, for her sake!" the young man rushed on. "But, by Heaven, the thing I do know has got to be made right, or—well, you just refuse, that's all, and see what drops on you; just try, and see!"

"Sh-h-h! Sh-h-h! Not so loud!" entreated Dill, glancing about him in a frightened way, all his aplomb and dignity quite vanished.

"For Heaven's sake, be reasonable! Just think what might happen if somebody out there in the corridor should happen to overhear you! Sh-h-h! Keep your voice down; that's a good fellow!" And he raised a thin, clawlike, tremulous hand appealingly.

"Oh, very well—as you say," answered Graham, pulling himself together with a strong effort. "I've got some common sense left, even yet, I guess. Though, when I first found that book in the old hair trunk that father sent home, just before you and he started into the bush—when I found it in the attic at Greenwood, well—I saw red for a minute.

"It's a good thing for you, all right, that you weren't there just then. However, that's over and gone now. I'm no fool to wreck my life and hers with any such cheap, spectacular business as revenge. It's *justice* I want now, and mean to have, and am going to get, hear *me?* Justice—nothing more, nothing less. That's all. Now things are up to you. Well, what say? Your move!"

"But" and the old man forced a laugh through his pallid lips—"but, after all these forty years, more or less—bah! you can't prove it! It won't hold in law now. It's not actionable!"

"Oh, it isn't, eh? Well, look at this, will you, and this, and this!"

With trembling fingers he spread the old, time-yellowed leaves wide open on the desk, thumbed them over, and found a certain place.

"Read that!" he commanded, tapping the page.

CHAPTER III.

The Gray Wolf Bares His Fangs.

"READ it?" quavered Dill, unstrung by the actual presentation, there before his eyes, of the dim writing traced so many years ago, so many thousand miles away, by a dead hand—the hand of a man who, could the departed speak, must so bitterly have cursed him.

"Read it? I can't!"

His voice sank almost to a whisper, as he sat there, sick and shaken, not with remorse, but with an agony of fear. Fear at thought of losing now the golden hoard which all these years had been his crowning joy—fear at the prospect of exposure, of disgrace. Fear—nothing else.

"I said, *read!*" dictated Graham again. "There—right there!"

A moment's silence, while the old man's eyes sought the place, and while the faded letters, almost illegible in places where the ink had changed, seemed to dazzle on his sight.

The busy clock on the mantel still kept on its cheery *tock-tick-tock;* against the window the snow still sifted down. From outside in the corridor came a rattle as an elevator door slammed shut. Somewhere a whistle blew, in the distance; others followed, high-pitched or low; and the clock, with a sudden buzzing, struck six times.

"Well, why don't you do as I say?" commanded Graham sharply.

The lawyer, as if rousing from a sort of stupor, focused his blinking eyes, and read:

FREMANTLE, December 2, 1887.

In at last, after three weeks of Hades. No luck, so far, but still at it. . . . D. is very hopeful. Says we must surely strike it if we leave the coast and head for the country over back of Glenelg and the Yilgarn Hills. He may be right; he always seems to be, in everything he says or does. One in a thousand, Dill is! . . . At any rate, nothing in the north country. Yarra-Yarra and the Gairder Range haven't shown us a sparkle of the yellow stuff. . . . I'm not feeling quite myself, these days. Seem to be losing strength, somehow, though why I can't say. Asked D. about it, this morning. He said he felt the same way, too, but I never saw him looking

better. Very cheerful he's been, of late. Astonishingly so, considering our infernal luck. Without him, what would I do? God grant everything is right at home with Clara and the boy! My son! He must be over a year old now; yes, a year and two months—and to think I've never even seen him—never had but four letters from Clara in all this time. Wretched service, abominable, down to this corner of the world. What a place for a man to be! But, anything, everything, if luck only favors and I can do the things what I want to do for them both! Heaven knows this hardship isn't suffered for my own sake. . . .

"There, now, enough for that," directed Graham. "Now see here!" He turned a dozen pages. "This," said he. Dill read:

KILGOORLIE, January 11, 1888

Struck it at last, by Heaven! Rich? Oh, beyond the wildest dreams! The stuff lies thick for half a mile all up and down a little unnamed brook draining into Lake Lefroy. No digging. Just cradle it right out of the shining sand. . . . The buckskin bags are heavier, heavier, each evening. Oh, such success! If only Clara knew! Now she and the little chap are safe, whatever happens. . . . I feel singularly weak, it seems to me. Continual headache: sometimes nausea after eating. If it weren't for Dill, now, I'd be lost. He keeps well. . . . Sometimes I seem to have forebodings. . . . But if anything happens, *he'll* stand by. With such a man to leave things to, trust Clara and the boy to, why need I fear? A truer comrade never breathed. . . . Ah, this cursed land of deserts, hills, maddening sunshine, drought! What wouldn't I give for just one sight of the States again of them? . . . Next week, after the clean-up here, we leave for the East Murchison fields, beyond Lake Bailee and Spinifex. Great things hoped for—greater still! Then—

"Go on," Graham ordered, for the old man, blinking and stammering, hesitated, and made as though to stop.

"Go on? Now—ah—be reasonable, can't you?" asked Dill. In his cracked voice sounded an undertone as though of returning courage, almost of jubilation. "How *can* I read? Don't you see for yourself it's almost illegible? Faded so—and dimmer, dimmer, the farther it goes!"

He turned a few pages more. The writing toward the end of the book became, in fact, not only weaker and more irregular, but so pale that only here or there a word appeared at all. The lawyer's eyes sparkled with secret joy.

No one knew better than he how much depended on this fact. It gave him fresh hope, new stamina. But he was far too wise to voice his thought—the thought that, after all, Graham might not know the whole truth in all its blackness—the size of the fortune he had been robbed of, the actual status of affairs. Too old he, in the usages of plot and counter-plot, in the finesses of deception, to have lost hope even yet. So, with sudden inspiration, he looked up at Graham, and, with a voice seemingly tinged by the honest vibrations of remorse, asked:

"Why go on? Why, after all? I am an old man. You're young. Life's still before you; it's mostly all behind me. Suppose now that I should—ah—consent to your marrying Agnes? Would—"

"Would I drop this, *Shylock?*" cried Graham. "'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!'" he quoted scornfully "So, that's your much-boasted love for her, eh? Faugh! Don't you ever say a thing like that again to me, you hear? Never! What? Would you trade and barter the girl like a Kaffir selling a fatted daughter for so many cattle? You outrageous cur!"

"But wait—hear me!" exclaimed the lawyer, a flush mounting to his withered cheeks despite him. "You misunderstand. Suppose, at the same time, that I—ah—admit, you know—"

"Admit? What else can you do but admit it? You've got to!"

"Admit," resumed the lawyer, bowing his head and secretly cursing his inability to squeeze a tear from his dry eyes—a tear that might drop effectively on the blurred page. "Own the wrong. Repent. A great word that, repent ah! Never too late for grace, my young friend, however black the sin. Never too—"

"Cut that!" Graham snapped. "I don't want any of your driveling cant this time. I've heard too much of that—far too much—already. I'm here to deal with facts to-night, not hypocritical speculations. Suppose I drop any action against you—not for your sake, mind, but hers—what then?"

"Then? Why, restitution, certainly, certainly, my dear fellow. Restitution in full!" exclaimed Dill, his heart swelling with a sudden crafty joy. "The original sum, of course, was—I mean, you know, it's in bonds at present. All secure. The very best. Trust me for that!" And, with a chuckle, he rubbed his hands together. "Bonds. In my safe. With your permission, I'll show you, eh?" He nodded at the massive safe that stood in the far corner of the office.

"Go on; get them; let's see them," bade Graham. "It's a dirty business at best. I hate to touch or even see them; it's like taking blood-money—but it's mine, and I'm going to have it. If it wasn't for Agnes, I swear to you I'd have satisfaction out of you, too You'd go up for this, so help me—but my hands are tied, by her. Thank her for that! Go on; bring them. Let's see the cursed things."

Dill stood up, adjusted his glasses, and walked slowly over to the corner. In his devious brain a plan had formed—was forming even now. Every second's respite was precious as diamonds to him. If he could only hold the young man there a little while, parley with him, delay him, he felt that all might yet be well.

Never had he faced a judge or jury when one hundredth part so much had been at stake for him as now. He realized that this was a supreme crisis in his life; that every atom of his craft would have to come into play if he were to win out.

To his head he pressed a hand, and stood there a moment before the safe, thinking thinking with feverish haste.

"Well, go on," Graham cried. "Why don't you open it?"

"Wait—wait just a minute, please," quavered Dill. "The combination—ah—all this unpleasantness has quite driven it out of my mind. Just a minute you'll grant me, won't you?"

"Think away. But, mind you, I haven't got all night to waste on you!"

Dill leered craftily to himself, his back turned toward Graham. Silently to himself he mouthed a curse; then, his plan full-fledged, knelt before the safe. With lean fingers he spun the knob, stopped it, turned it back again, and once more reversed. The wards clicked. He tugged at the handle. The heavy door swung outward.

"Presently, presently!" he exclaimed. A glance over his shoulder assured him that the young man still stood beside the desk, and that from there he could not see the interior of the safe.

Certain of this much, he quietly unlocked and pulled out a lower drawer. In it lay a blue-barreled revolver, fully loaded. With a dexterity that would have done credit to Hermann, he slid this into his breast-pocket, then shut the drawer again and locked it.

"No, not there," said he. "Let me see, now, where did I put them last? This discussion has quite upset me: bless my soul, but it has!"

Graham, exasperated almost to the limits of endurance, stepped over to him.

"None of that now!" he exclaimed. "That won't go with me, you know. Come, produce them! I haven't any time to lose! You hear?"

"Why, how impatient we are, to be sure!" retorted Dill, his courage strengthening every second now. "Surely you wouldn't hurry an old man—old enough to be—"

"I'll give you just two minutes by that clock!" Graham interrupted. "After that—well, I won't guarantee anything. If I did the right thing by you—hmmm!—go on, anyhow. Get them."

Dill opened another drawer. From it he lifted a large packet wrapped in lawyers' tape and sealed with wax.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed, getting up painfully from the carpet and dusting off the knees of his well-creased trousers. "Now, then?" And, bowing to Graham, he gestured toward the desk.

Graham turned back toward it, automatically obeying the suggestion. A man less clever and astute than Dill might easily have shot him; but such was in nowise the old man's game. He knew a dozen tricks to beat that. All that he wanted for the moment was just to get Graham's eyes off him. And, as Graham turned, Dill stepped backward beside the safe. His arm went out. His hand sought and found the little knob of a messenger-call. Instantly he punched the knob; then, close behind the young man, came over to his chair again.

He sat down. Graham stood beside him, his face was pale, his eyes were like twin blue fires.

"Better draw up a chair here and make yourself comfortable while we settle things, hadn't you?" queried the lawyer, with mock hospitality.

Graham made no answer, save, "Go on! Open them!"

"In a minute—ah—certainly, yes, yes, indeed," said Dill, now sparring for every second's time. "Lord bless me, but they're tightly sealed, though!" And he made as though to break the wax. But, before he did so, he looked up again.

"The amount?" asked he. "Really, now, my dear young man, you haven't—that is, the amount, you know?"

"So! Forgotten, have you?" sneered Graham. "Mind, I'm not asking for a penny's interest I don't believe in it, anyhow, and I wouldn't take it from you if I did. Just the original money; that's all. The sum

you took from my father, and promised on your word of honor—as though you *had* any!—to give my mother. Just that; not one cent more. Well?"

The lawyer, sweating now with a soul-racking eagerness to hold Graham off for just a few minutes more, took up the diary again, turned the pages toward the end, and seemed as though seeking to refresh his memory. But all the writing there, traced in a mere scrawl, had faded so that it was nearly undecipherable.

The last few pages, as he thumbed them over, showed only a pot-hook here and there. Dill's face hardened

"So, then, is that all you've got to show?" he queried in assumed solicitude. "But, really, my dear boy—"

"Oh, you can't dodge that way," cried Graham, holding his temper only with an effort. He fumbled in his pocket again, pulled out a flat package, ripped it open, and tossed down onto the desk a score or so of photographic prints.

"There! Look at those!" commanded he.

Dill took them up, and, with deliberation, studied one or two.

"You—you've—but how the deuce, man?" he blurted, for the instant startled out of his self-assurance. For on each print appeared a page of the diary, and its writing, though uneven, as if done by a feeble hand, was perfectly legible.

"Nothing simpler," answered Graham. "Oh, I thought it all out in advance, never fear. I simply used a common method; took a half-dozen films of each page, laid them together, and printed through. A knowledge of photography isn't such a bad thing, after all, eh? Yes, Dill, I've got the goods on you this time. See there, for instance? Read that!"

He tapped one of the prints. The lawyer, amazed, yet still intent on using every possible moment of time, read slowly:

> MURCHISON, February 20, 1889
>
> I know, now, that the end is near. D. is all kindness and encouragement; he tells me I shall be myself again, once we get out of this blazing Gehenna, but I know better. Something tells me I never *shall* get out. . . . Well, a man can do no more than meet the inevitable bravely. Thank God the end has not drawn near without my having at least won a prize—what a prize! We weighed out the dust yesterday, last night, crouching in the tent, by lantern-light. Four hundred and sixty thousand dollars, so far, between us. My share, then, two hundred and thirty thousand dollars! What will Clara say when D. gives her *that*? . . . For he has given his word, and his hand to it, that he will faithfully carry out my wishes—look out for the wife and the little chap—assume—

Dill broke off sharply. In the corridor sounded the opening, the closing, of an elevator. Steps came quickly along the hallway.

"Go on!" commanded Graham.

Dill, in a gasping, nervous sort of voice, resumed:

> —the guardianship and the protection of—

A hand fumbled at the knob of the outer office door. Graham, with an exclamation of impatience, half turned toward it. Then he remembered that the door was locked and that the key lay safely in his pocket.

"Never you mind about that!" said he angrily.

But Dill, this time, did not obey.

Some one was rapping, was shaking, the door.

"Say, are you going to read, or not?" cried Graham.

Dill, suddenly defiant, stood up. Over into the back of the desk he swept the diary and the prints.

In Graham's face he snapped his fingers, then, with a loud voice, shouted:

"Not one cent, you dastardly blackmailer! Kill me, if you will, but not a penny—not one!"

"You mean—" began Graham, flushing with passion.

"Help! Help!" screamed Dill, throwing into the cry a shrill note as of deadly terror.

And, before Graham could move or speak a word, he flashed out from his pocket the revolver.

Graham saw it, and struck out; but not before the lawyer had pulled the trigger. Not at Graham, though. Dill shot; only straight down at the floor.

The explosion crackled and rang trebly loud in the confined space.

"Help! Oh, he's—he's killing me!" roared Dill, as Graham closed with him.

Other footsteps clattered along the hall.

Then came a crashing of glass, a thunderous shock against the door, and in burst, staggering, the elevator-man. Behind him, pale and staring, peered a blue-clad messenger-boy.

"Help, here! Murder!" howled the lawyer.

A sudden weight flung itself on Graham's broad neck.

Graham, Dill, and the elevator-man all went down together by the desk in a fighting tangle.

CHAPTER IV.

Whipsawed by Fate.

MADDENED beyond any human limits of endurance, Graham wrenched himself free, and staggered up; but again the elevator-man came at him, with his fists swinging.

Graham ducked the blow and landed hard on the man's jaw, driving him back, an instant. But now Dill was up. With surprising strength for so old a man, the lawyer snapped the messenger-boy round by the shoulder, cried "Run! Police!" and sent him flying toward the door. Then into his pocket he crammed the diary and the photographs. Graham caught a glimpse of this; of the old man striking his own face twice, thrice, with all the force of his clenched fist. But, beyond this instantaneous glance, he had no time to notice anything. For now the elevator-man, mad clear through and lusting for battle, drove at him again.

Graham tried to parry; but his long, wet ulster hampered him. He dodged back, stumbling over something. Dill kicked his shins viciously. Before he could pull together, the Irishman had landed a bone-breaking upper-cut. Graham fell. His head went crack against the corner of the desk.

"Here, hold on!" he tried to cry. "Let me explain—"

But suddenly everything seemed to spin round and round. The light dazzled in his eyes. Everything got black. A roaring filled his ears. All that he knew was that something brutal had him by the throat—that he could not breathe—that all his strength was ebbing, ebbing—that his lungs hurt him savagely. Then—nothing.

Consciousness dawned again with the feeling of some hard, cold substance on his wrists.

Feebly he blinked his eyes open, still trying to understand just what had happened, just what it was that hampered his movements. He sought to move his hands, but could not. He swallowed hard. It hurt him cruelly. His throat was lame and sore and bruised, and through his head shot brutal pains. On his forehead something warm and sticky seemed to be crawling—something that half-blinded him.

"I—I—let me explain—" he stammered again thickly. An oath and coarse laughter answered him. He felt himself being raised and shaken by the arm. Then all at once he perceived that he was standing limply in the middle of the office, hands manacled, with a couple of policemen gripping hold of him as though their very lives depended on the flesh-bruising intensity of their hold. One of them had a night-stick raised.

"Well, d'youse want any more?" gibed he. "If youse do, sure an' I can give it to ye, good an' plenty! Or will youse coom along now an' make no more throuble, hey? Speak up, or by Heaven I'll give youse somethin' to loosen yer tongue!"

Graham, not fully sensing as yet just what had befallen, turned on the man as though to answer; but the other cried, "Aw, cut it out!", and shook him roughly. A voice said:

"I think he'll go now, all right enough. But—ah—bless my soul—what a beast! On my word, man, in all the years I've—ah—dealt with crime, I've never seen his equal. He—"

"You lie, darn you!" cried Graham. "You—" But a big fist, shoved into his face, choked further utterance. Graham, vaguely conscious of a growing crowd in the office, of eager and wide-eyed faces peering at him as though from a great distance, of a buzz of conflicting voices, lapsed into silence. He closed his blood-clogged eyes and stood there, limp, sagging, as in a horrible nightmare.

"You see for yourselves," he heard Dill's voice go on. "Just—ah—take note now, will you? My clothes torn, face bruised in three places where he hit me; and the bullet-hole in the carpet, here, where he shot at me. If I hadn't been quick and wrenched his wrist aside, he'd have struck me dead right at my own desk. A brutal, cold-blooded, and premeditated assault. He, of all men! My former—"

"His own—gun!" panted Graham, forcing his eyes open more. "He fired it himself! I never—"

"Shut up!" roared the fatter of the two policemen.

"Stand back, you!" cried the other, driving the crowd out toward the door. "W'at business youse got here? Git out!"

Roughly he pushed the curiosity-seekers back. Through them came elbowing another policeman, purple-faced and short of breath, bursting with self-importance.

"Ah, lieutenant!" Dill exclaimed. "Glad you're here! A bad case—very!"

As though exhausted, he sat down heavily

in his chair and leaned his head on his left hand. The right he extended to the newcomer.

"I congratulate you—ah—on the splendid service of your men here," said he. "Without them this fellow would have murdered me in cold blood, here in my own office. I'll bear them in mind, Flaherty—yes, and you, too. Bless my soul but I'm glad to see you, though!"

Flaherty, foreseeing rich visions from the gratitude of a man so closely bound with corporate interests, and politically so potent, puffed up even more.

"Public duty, sir; that's all," he answered, twirling his red mustache.

"Hold him fast, men! You'll make a charge, sir?"

Dill pointed at his self-bruised features, then at the disordered room, the torn clothes of the elevator-man who stood brushing himself near at hand, and finally at the scorched hole in the carpet. He nodded toward the open safe.

"To-morrow morning I'll appear against him," he answered. "Till then—" and he finished with a wave of his hand toward the door.

"Run him in, b'ys!" commanded the lieutenant.

The two policemen, jerking Graham roughly, started away with him. The young man caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror that hung between the windows. For an instant he could not realize that it was himself he saw. His hair disheveled and blood-stiffened, his forehead smeared with blood, one eye blacked, his throat swollen—he made a hideous and grotesque appearance.

"Oh!" he cried desperately. "Hold on—wait! He—*he* fired the—shot! I only wanted—"

Dill stood up suddenly, and interrupted his halting utterance with:

"You hear? If that isn't insanity, or worse. I'd—ah—like to know what it is!" The old man, still shaking and trembling, seemed to grow black with indignation.

"Mark well, lieutenant, what he says! Every word!"

The crowd, jostling and surging, growing momentarily greater all down the corridor, set up a jeer. Graham heard catcalls and derision. Twisting around in the grip of the officers, he faced the many-headed beast. At it he shook his manacled fists.

"He did it, I tell you!" he cried. "I never saw the pistol in my life till he drew it on me!"

Dill laughed, then—a mocking and inhuman laugh.

"Search him!" he snapped curtly.

Flaherty stepped to Graham's side. Into the ulster pockets he slid his hand. He fumbled a second, then drew out a key.

"There! See that?" exulted Dill. "Locked the door, you notice, so there'd be no interference!"

"Faix, an' it was locked!" spoke up the elevator-man, proud of his momentary importance. "I had t' bust her in, so I did." He gestured at the shattered panels.

The lieutenant nodded, smiled, and slipped the key into his pocket. "Exhibit A, all right," said he.

Then he went on with his search, while the crowd gawked and pushed.

Graham, head up, dazed senses only half pulled together as yet, stood unresistingly, when suddenly he jerked back in alarm.

"What? What?" he shouted.

Flaherty had drawn from the right-hand ulster-pocket a blue revolver. Its barrel was fouled. Flaherty spun the cylinder. One cartridge had been exploded.

"Sure, I guess that settles *you!*" laughed he. "Exhibit B—oh, yes! You're done, me buck! Come on, now, b'ys—off wid him!"

"Why, he—he must have put it in there himself!" shouted Graham, beginning to tug and strain at his bonds once more, now wholly maddened.

But Dill, with a sneer, turned to Flaherty.

"You see for yourself?" asked he. "Do your duty—clear this office—take your prisoner! You'll see me in the morning at the station-house."

Clubs menacingly in air, the policemen drove the crowd like sheep out into the hall and along it. With them they dragged Graham, still struggling, while the onlookers gibed and hooted—some seeming to find humor in the situation.

The office was clear at last, and the broken door shut. Nobody now remained inside but Dill, Flaherty, and the elevator-man.

"Oh, you?" said Dill. "I 'mustn't—ah—forget *you*, my brave fellow! Courageous—very!"

From his wallet he drew a thick fold of bills, skinned off a yellowback, hesitated, replaced it, and took a V. This he handed to the Irishman.

"There, there; you needn't thank me, my man!" he hastily exclaimed. "It's I that ought to thank you. I'll remember you—

later. Only for you, where mightn't I be now? An excellent chap, this," he added to Flaherty, while the man, intensely flattered, threw out his chest and squared his shoulders.

"We mustn't forget him, by any means, eh? He'll be my chief witness, of course. You'll take his name?"

The lieutenant nodded, brought out his note-book, and wrote down the man's name and address.

"Now," said he, "youse can go. Just remember how it all was, and kape a close mouth, and you'll be all right—see?" He winked at the Irishman, who thankfully withdrew

"Now, then," said Dill, "suppose we go inside?" He pointed toward the inner office. Flaherty and he locked themselves in. Both men sat down.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the lawyer, as though trying to collect himself. "There was—ah—there was a messenger-boy, too We'll have to have *him*." He swabbed his forehead, which was really sweaty.

"I'll locate him, sir; never fear."

"Then the key, the pistol—and look here, will you? Here, and here?"

He pointed at the bruises on his face, then exhibited his wrists, still discolored by Graham's crushing grasp.

"Faith, but he was the divil an' all, wasn't he?" exclaimed Flaherty, genuinely impressed.

Dill nodded.

"I hate—ah—to admit it," he answered. "But—the facts, you know; the facts. And, too, that bullet-hole there—"

He glanced slyly at Flaherty as the lieutenant knelt to examine the perforation. Then he reached for the telephone, rang up his house, and told the maid to inform his daughter that a little unpleasantness had occurred, but that it was nothing serious, and that he had taken no harm. Above all, he commanded that Agnes should not worry. He could explain everything, he said, in a few minutes when he reached home.

For nearly half an hour the lieutenant stayed with Dill. Reporters knocked in vain None were admitted All had to content themselves with hearsay and the wreckage of the outer door. They made the most of the material at hand.

Dill was late at the meeting of the Bay State Charitable League His face was black and blue in three places, and his wrists swollen; but the society had never listened to a finer or more humanitarian speech They applauded it to the echo. Rumors of the trouble had already begun to leak out, and Dill received a score of solicitous inquiries, as well as great praise for his nerve and splendid courage. Nearly every paper in the city, realizing the news value of the speech at such a time, covered the meeting.

Long before it had broken up, John Graham had been booked at the Lagrange Street Station. The police-reporters covered that, too. On the blotter they read the entry: "Assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to kill."

Newspaperdom licked its lips. Simon Dill, lawyer, capitalist, philanthropist, politician, on the one hand; on the other, a protégé of his, an artist, a Harvard man, with a charge against him that, according to the statute-book, might mean twenty years in Charlestown—what more could the men of pad, pencil, and imagination long for?

Wires buzzed on the case that night, and typewriters clattered about it in the rookeries that pass for newspaper offices along Washington Street. The linotypes, slug by slug, clacked out all that was known or surmised or—invented. Life, activity, joyful anticipation there.

But, on the edge of his bunk, in a dark cell, John Graham sat all night long, his battered, wounded head gripped between his hands.

In his heart the blood had turned to gall. Into his mind had been beaten a knowledge, an understanding of some things that not all of us are given to know. With these, too, a scalding bitterness beside which fire is cool, and aloes nectar.

The long, pale, winter dawn grayed through the bars of the station at last; but still he sat there, motionless.

"Twenty years?" he breathed chokingly. "Twenty years? My God! It may be twenty years? And I—I have—no proof, no witness—nothing? Twenty years?"

Before him rose a vision of Agnes, whom now he felt he had irretrievably lost—Agnes, as he had seen her last, sweet, gracious, kind. And through his clenched fingers the tears trickled slowly, falling upon the cold stone floor.

CHAPTER V.

Doubts Unsatisfied.

EARLY next morning Graham was taken to police headquarters There, despite his futile protests, he was "mugged" and

had his Bertillons taken, as well as his finger-prints—three sets; the first, individual impressions of the thumb and left-hand fingers; the other two, simultaneous impressions of the finger-tips of both hands.

The preliminary hearing before Police Judge Sweeny was very brief. Graham, ghastly, bruised, and broken, merely had to face Dill for a few minutes. The old lawyer testified remarkably well for a man with the indications of having been manhandled that he had to convey. Sweeny took but little evidence before stating that probable cause existed, and that Graham was bound over to the Superior Court to await the action of the grand jury. He fixed the bail at $25,000, in default of which he committed Graham to Charles Street Jail. The old lawyer bowed and took his leave.

Graham, that forenoon, had two visitors. From the bottom of his heart he was thankful that his mother was not living to suffer the shock and horror of this tragedy. The blow, he felt, would certainly have killed her.

"I'm alone in the world, anyhow; there's that to be grateful for," he said through the bars to Martin Stone, the first of his callers. "You, old man—I hope you aren't going to mix up in this thing and queer yourself for me?"

"That's just precisely what I came for, Tad," Stone answered with a smile. "I got just one peek at this thing on the Herald Square bulletin-boards last night, after the show. Rushed Ethel and her mother home in C.Q.D. time, jumped the midnight, and made Marathon time to the Hub. I don't know the ins or outs of this, and I don't want to, yet. All I know is that you're in bad, and that my place is here. I guess that's enough for now!"

Graham bowed his head against the iron.

"I—I can't let you," said he brokenly. "Just because we roomed together at Stoughton, that's no reason you should wreck your —you understand—future in the law, and —all that."

"Rot!" ejaculated Martin. "I'm your counsel, now, by right of eminent determination. Even though I might as well tell you I don't believe I can scare up the bail, I can get on the job and stay there till we have What's-his-name beaten to a fine froth. No, you needn't go into any details, not just yet. I'm going to wait till you pull together a bit before we get down to business.

"I know him, and I know you, and that's all I need for the present. You just tie to me, that's all. The only thing I'm sorry for is that the grand jury won't sit for a couple of weeks yet. You'll walk out of here a free man, once it does. But till then, of course— A fortnight's nothing, though! Buck up!"

Graham stretched out a shaking hand, but the guard motioned it back. Stone laughed in the man's face.

"Oh, afraid I'll hand him a file or a bottle of 'peter,' or something, are you?" he queried. "Desperate pair of crooks, we are, eh?" Then, to Graham:

"Now, Tad, you just sit tight and don't think. Don't try to figure this thing out. I'm here, and that's enough, if I do say it. Two, with the right on their side, can lick—but there, that sounds like moralizing, so I'll cut it. I'm off now to see Barnard, up in Pemberton Square. We'll both be in this P.M. So-long, and keep your lip stiff. Don't talk. Good-by. All this will come out in the wash—you wait and see!" With a buoyant laugh, a hearty wave of the hand, he was gone.

An hour later Agnes came.

"John—boy—oh, what—what does this mean?" was all that she could manage to say at first, as she stood there holding to the bars. A brown chiffon veil hid her face; but only too well did Graham know her voice, her figure, her slim, gloved hands.

"You here?" exclaimed he, staring at her. "You?"

"Don't!" she pleaded. "He mustn't know! I got out this morning in the motor, shopping. Promised I—wouldn't—you understand. Left Edwards with the machine, waiting outside a drug-store two blocks away. Went out a side door—came here—mustn't stop more than five minutes. Can't! But, tell me—"

Graham steadied himself, stepped close up to the grill, and in an even voice said:

"Listen!"

"Yes? Yes?"

"Something terrible has happened. Something I never thought of, or foresaw—something I never so much as dreamed could happen! No, not what you think, though. Not that!"

"But what, then? He—"

"I understand. Of course, that's quite natural. But remember—and now I'm going to give you straight talk, as though you were a man—remember, that so far you've heard only one side. Seen only one—just one. Naturally—"

"So then, you didn't?"

"No Not what you think I did. It's hard for me to stand here and say that your father—your father—"

The girl nodded. "This is straight talk now, John!" said she. Her voice had become almost inaudible. John saw her tremble.

"Yes. Well, then, you haven't got the facts. Not as they were. I—he—"

"Go on! Tell me, for Heaven's sake! All I'm praying for now is just a chance to believe you!"

"You're getting all wrought up, little girl. This isn't right. It's making you suffer. You—"

"Go on!"

"Well, I did go there, then, to ask for—ask for—"

"Money?" groaned the girl.

"Yes."

"So it's true, then, after all? Oh!"

"Not as you think it. I had a right to ask! It—no, I can't tell you—not just yet!"

"Can't you tell me, John?" Her voice took on a different timbre. Graham felt the note of unwilling suspicion. He writhed, but held his impulses in check. Better, a thousand times, he thought, to wait for the vindication which Martin had assured him of, than of his own accord to fling back accusation at the father of the girl he loved. He bit his tongue to keep back the words that were crowding for utterance.

"You locked the door?" asked Agnes presently.

Graham nodded. "I had to," answered he. "Had to. Otherwise he wouldn't have listened."

"You threatened him?"

"Not with force. Merely with—" He would have said "exposure," but that word, too, he checked.

"Not with force?" repeated Agnes incredulously. Graham saw that inch by inch her faith in him was ebbing out, as the tide ebbs on a sandy shore.

"Not with force? Why did you strike him, then? Why did you strike him, an old man—my father?"

"I? Strike *him?* But—"

"His face proves it!"

The prisoner groaned. To him flashed the remembrance of how Dill himself, with clenched fist, had done that damage. But, at the same time, he realized the futility, the utter absurdity, of asking the girl to believe it So all he said was just:

"No, Agnes, I never struck him. I'm as innocent of that, so help me God, as of the charge itself that's brought against me. I can't explain, just now. Can't! For your own sake! You must just take my word. Believe me, trust me! If you can't do that, then there's no use my telling anything more."

Instinctively he felt that his appeal did not convince. That, rather, she took it as a sign of weakness, perhaps of guilt. He passed a hand over his maimed face, as though to hide it from her questioning eyes behind that veil which shut her away from him.

"You don't—you can't believe me?" he questioned wearily.

"How about the bruises on his wrists?" she queried, evading him. "The pistol? The shot?"

"I had to hold his hands, that's all," said Graham. "He was going to tear up—something. Something of great value to me—to us!"

"What was it?"

Graham struggled to keep himself from bursting out with the truth, with damning accusations which now, he knew, could do no good, could not be proved, could only harm the girl and cause her suffering.

"I can't tell you—yet," he answered. "Some time—when I'm free. Not now!"

"It must have been a thing of very great value indeed," said she slowly, in a tone that voiced more loudly than any words her growing incredulity. "Of enormous value, to have made you shoot! Oh! How could you—you—do a cowardly thing, a brutal thing like that? When I think of it—"

"Agnes!"

She did not answer, but drew away from the bars and turned as though to go.

"Listen to me!" he commanded sternly, bracing himself against the sickness that all at once leaped through him, made him sweat and tremble, as he realized her thought.

"Listen, now! That pistol, I swear to you by—by all we've ever been to each other, by my honor, by yours!—I swear I never saw it in my life till your father drew it on me! He fired it himself, down at the floor. He—"

But Agnes, with a cry, exclaimed:

"No, no! Impossible! Don't ask me to believe such absurdities! What? When I come here, hoping, praying you can explain, willing to be convinced, eager to be, you tell me things like these? You give no explanation! You—"

"Explain? God help me—I—I can't without—"

She shook her head and started to move away. John heard her breath catch, as though the tears were starting.

"Only believe me, trust me!" he exclaimed. "Some day I can tell you, tell you everything—you'll understand!"

"Till then, good-by!" her voice came to him, as from a long, long distance. Half maddened, he dashed himself against the steel, slid, sank to his knees on the stone pavement and remained there, his hands clutching the bars, all but fainting.

An iron door clanged. Agnes was gone.

With a sharp prod in the ribs, a guard roused Graham, and then, when he had staggered to his feet, thrust him back into the corridor leading to the cells.

A warder led him away, trembling and dazed. With a slam and a grating of metal, he was locked in his cell once more.

CHAPTER VI.

"Buried."

IN spite of Martin Stone's brave optimism and all the activities of Barnard, the grand jury at its sitting reported an indictment and placed the case on the trial-list of the Superior Court of Suffolk County. Stone had never been admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and could act only as an adviser and a stimulus to Barnard.

Though Barnard, when in the law school, had once chummed with both Stone and Graham, and was therefore now prepared to try every expedient for the release of his friend; and though few lawyers of the younger generation in Boston were equipped with greater shrewdness or skill, yet the fact that he stood on the wrong side of the political fence militated against him.

He was blocked, harassed, and in devious hidden ways impeded. For Dill stood as "right" as he did "wrong" with the hidden forces of the city's life; and where he could pull one string, the opposition could draw in a handful. So Graham, his reputation now shriveled and blighted by the scorchings of the press, continued in jail, waiting for trial at the April term.

Agnes did not come again. After the first fever of notoriety died down, almost nobody except Stone and Barnard came; and Stone could visit him but once a week or so, when he could get away from business.

He was arraigned before Judge McCafferty in the vast, gloomy county court-house in Pemberton Square, on January 20, and went through the formality of pleading not guilty. After that, nothing to look forward to till the trial itself should come with the tedious, maddening passage of the interminable days. Winter's snow gave place to the slush and mud of spring; the elms on the Common began to burst forth into leaf, as the sun, day by day, rose higher; the sparrows twittered, courted, nested by thousands in the tall trees of King's Chapel churchyard; Easter came and went, with its message of the year's new life, but still he waited.

Newspaperdom forgot him, for a while. There was nothing of public interest now in the high-bred, keen-nerved, sensitive man caged up like a zoological specimen, fed on swill, subjected—even with no crime proved against him, even with the legal assumption of his innocence intact—to the base rule of institutionalized hulks of humanity coarsened in every fiber beyond all possibility of heart or feeling, beyond all things save low and petty despotism.

The world forgot him—but he did not forget the world, or Dill, or the real reason of his being there. Forget? Does one forget a branding-iron, white-hot, keen, pressed down each day deeper, deeper, into one's scorching flesh?

Outside interest revived a little as the trial approached. When it was definitely scheduled on the calendar, when the day and hour was set, jury impaneled, forces all lined up on either side to damn or save him, then did the reporters begin to write again on rickety, pale inked newspaper typewriters, and head-lines to blossom out once more. The public mouth, always gaping, began to water for the tidbits of a blackmail case.

The case came to trial before Judge McCafferty, who, though weak on law, was strong on feudal allegiance to the powers that had made him. Dill was among those powers. McCafferty had helped him kill a bit of employers' liability legislation, so now he sat upon the bench. This fact, though known in Newspaper Row, somehow or other never yet had got itself into print, nor did it now. But columns, pages, were filled with the testimony of the two policemen, the lieutenant, the elevator-man, the messenger-boy, and Dill himself. Graham's testimony, too, was given, but it was very brief. There was no other witness for the defense.

Barnard was beaten from the start. He could tell by the look of the jury as, sitting beside the wan and haggard Graham, he conferred with the no-longer hopeful Martin Stone in the packed court-room, just how

little chance there was for a man in Graham's position

The character of the complainant was brought out powerfully by the district attorney in his opening. All the witnesses for the State told strong, connected stories. Barnard understood how carefully they had been coached. His heart sank; and Graham turned a shade whiter than even before, as they heaped Ossa on Pelion. Dill's own story, concise, circumstantial, positive, delivered as though totally without personal animus, but, rather, with reluctance, capped the climax.

"Mr. Foreman," asked the clerk, when the jury returned, in an even, time-worn voice, more toneless than a phonograph's—"Mr. Foreman, have you arrived at a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say you, Mr. Foreman?"

"The jury finds the prisoner guilty as charged in the indictment."

"This bein' the only case ready for disposal this afternoon," said McCafferty, anxious to get out to the South End grounds before the end of the game, "court is adjourned until to-morrow."

He rose fatly, gathered up some memoranda, and retired into his little dressing-room. The jury, in charge of an officer, prepared to go back to the hotel. The public jostled out. Reporters surrounded Dill. Everything was confusion.

"Come!" said a sheriff, touching Graham on the shoulder.

The young man started, looked around him as though startled from a dream, and got up slowly from his chair. He looked a full decade older than on the night of his arrest. His face was thin and deep-lined; his hand shook; his shoulders seemed bent as by a great weight. Stunned, he waited. The sheriff had to take him by the arm and lead him away.

Barnard was only mute. He only pressed his hand to his eyes a minute, shook his head, and swore a frightful oath under his breath. But Stone, with a ghastly mockery of a smile, exclaimed:

"Buck up, old man! We'll file a motion for a new trial right away. You're a long way yet from being sentenced! Never say die!"

Graham turned on him a lack-luster gaze, shook his head, and made no answer. The officer urged him along; separated him from his friends.

"See you at Charles Street, just as soon—as possible," gulped Stone. He sat down heavily and hid his face in his hands.

"So this is—justice!" he exclaimed.

The motion for the new trial was promptly overruled, and on the last Friday of the month Graham was brought up to the courthouse again, with a miscellaneous lot of offenders, to be sentenced. That was a job McCafferty enjoyed—dealing out penalties, one after another, like a country schoolmaster using the birch. Puffed with a sense of power, he sat there, surveying the wretches huddled before him in various stages of poverty, misery, and distress, and served the masters who had put him where he was.

One by one the victims stood up, as the clerk called their names, and listened to the few brief words that sealed and bound the knots of fate, words impersonally spoken by the clerk who served as proxy for the court. Rare sport, indeed! McCafferty enjoyed nothing better, save, perhaps, a quiet game of faro-bank in Bosworth Place, or a fast "go" at the Grapevine A. C. Rather a sporting luminary, he.

"John Graham!"

John stood up and faced the court. He looked far cooler and more collected than at the time of the trial. A new expression had come into his face—a quiet, even gaze; rather hard, but confident. He waited, self-possessed.

Through his mind was running the phraseology of the statute, learned long ago by heart, his constant comrade by day, by night, for weeks and weeks, that seemed to stretch back into eternity: "Whoever, being armed with a dangerous weapon, assaults another with intent to rob or murder, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison, not exceeding twenty years."

"John Graham!" said the clerk again, squinting near-sightedly.

"Yes, sir."

"Because of mitigating circumstances and the purely circumstantial character of the evidence, the court is inclined to leniency. It is the sentence of the court that you serve an indeterminate term, not to exceed five years."

"Thank you," said Graham, unmoved.

That afternoon he was taken in the prison-van to Charlestown, booked, shaved, bathed, given a close hair-cut, dressed in the coarse gray woolen suit of the Massachusetts convict, and, under the number of 2704, was assigned to a cell on the third floor of the western gallery.

(To be continued.)

The Fine Art of Running a Freight.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

JUDGING by the fuss that is made over them, it might be inferred that if one of those sumptuous through passenger-trains were to skip a trip this old earth would stop turning over, and we would all go straight to the demnition bow-wows. On the contrary, it is much more likely that if all the passenger-trains on earth were suddenly deprived of existence, all the railroads would continue paying dividends. For it is not the much-advertised passenger-train that earns the money, but the lowly freight which sneaks out into the darkness after the Pullman passengers are asleep, and rounds up the revenues in its modest way, never letting anybody but the auditor and the treasurer know what it is doing. It is the working-bee in the busy, bond-making railroad world.

In Handling the Freight Traffic of This Country, the Railroads Have One of Their Greatest Problems—How Time Is Made, the Biggest Trains, and the "Red Ball" Specials.

ACCORDING to reports made to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1909, the passenger earnings of the railroads of the United States aggregated $564,302,580, while the freight earnings footed up the grand total of $1,682,919,304. That is, the freight department earned three dollars for every dollar earned by the passenger department; or, to put it more precisely, the freight earnings constituted 68.88 per cent of the operating revenues, while the passenger earnings were only 23.09 per cent, the remaining 8.03 per cent being earned by carrying mail, express, etc.

Going back to the year 1908, for which more detailed information is available, it is found that the miles run by freight-trains aggregated 589,323,097, and the miles run by passenger-trains 510,699,062.

While the mileage of the passenger-trains was nearly as great as that of freight-trains, the difference in earnings per mile run by the two classes of trains is startling; for the freight-trains earned $280.15 per train mile, while passenger-trains earned $112.63.

Yet, the petted and pampered passenger-train had such tremendous advantages that the freight would have been warranted in refusing to enter such a one-sided competition.

The average pay for hauling one ton of freight one mile *was seven and sixty-five hundredth mills.* Now, the average passenger paid just under two cents per mile in 1908; and as average passengers will run about fourteen to the ton, the rate amounted to twenty-eight cents per ton per mile, roughly speaking.

The average haul for each ton of freight was 141.8 miles, and the average receipts per ton were only $1.0854. If freight could only be hauled at passenger rates, receipts for the average haul would have been $39.48. If you will just bear in mind that, while laboring under odds of 39 to 1, the freight-train is earning three dollars to the passenger-train's one dollar, perhaps you may take off your hat to the next box car you see.

Possibly this method of arriving at the relative merits of the achievements of the freight and the passenger-train may not be scientific enough to be passed by a certified accountant, but it will serve as a means of making clear an important truth, and, as such, it will be indorsed enthusiastically by any operating officer.

When the limited is due, the freight-train has to get off the earth. The through freight has to take the passing track even for a dinky local passenger hauled by a fussy antique old enough to be the grandmother of the magnificent modern consolidation engine on the freight, and passenger-trains are becoming so numerous that to move freight at all is something of a fine art.

Letting Twenty-Five Trains Pass.

On the double-track Hudson River division of the New York Central, it has happened that freight-trains have had to lie at anchor on some sequestered siding, far from home and supper, for five hours at a stretch.

On this division there are 99 scheduled passenger-trains and express and milk-trains having passenger-train rights, between Croton and Albany, New York.

Imagine a hard-working, well-meaning freight conductor trying to dodge his way through such a maze! Picture, if you can, his heartrending appeals to the despatcher for "help" against some of the numerous limiteds and near-limiteds.

To be sure, there are no meeting-points on a double-track road, but there are passing-points enough to satisfy any craving. Through freights have been passed on the Hudson division by as many as twenty-five trains.

Yet the New York Central, in 1909, earned only $27,377,491 from passenger traffic, while the freight earnings footed up $50,796,116. Even this was a pretty high proportion for the passenger earnings when compared with other roads.

Chopping Up the Freights.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford is the only road in the country on which the receipts from passenger traffic exceed the freight earnings. On other roads passenger earnings make up but a small part of the total revenues—in some cases 13 per cent, and even less.

The passenger earnings of the Lackawanna, a high-class road running through a thickly settled country, in 1909, were $6,630,053, as compared with freight earnings of $24,832,536.

But to return to the Hudson River division. Under the condition outlined in the foregoing, the division has to handle an average of 1,500 cars a day, while the number not infrequently runs as high as 2,600.

To handle traffic at all, it is necessary to chop the freight-trains into small bites, an average west-bound train consisting of 55 cars, and the east-bound 45 cars. On the Mohawk division, the same class of engine that hauls 55 cars on the Hudson division would haul 90 cars, because the Mohawk division is four-tracked, and thus there is room for a locomotive to swing itself.

Fortunately, the passenger traffic on the Hudson River division is bunched in daylight hours, thus making it possible for the freight-trains to slip out under cover of darkness. Between 1 and 8.30 P.M. no freight-trains leave the terminals, the whole road being surrendered to passenger traffic. Only the luckless way-freights are out, and they have to do the best they can.

The Men at Headquarters.

Railroading is a science in which many are called, but few are chosen for the big jobs at headquarters. It is enough to make an old-timer, brought up on a single-track road way out West, gasp to learn how the work of handling a busy division on an Eastern road is divided and subdivided and then cut up, and to see the swift gait at which everybody and everything travels.

The division superintendent alone has a staff big enough to have run the whole road in the "good old days." There is a chief clerk, and half a dozen other clerks; an assistant superintendent, with more clerks; a passenger trainmaster, with a chief clerk and more clerks; and a freight trainmaster, with a chief clerk and more clerks.

Of course, there is a chief despatcher and three trick despatchers. There might be more, if anybody could invent a way to employ more than one man to handle the trains on one division at one time.

Finally, there is that humble but highly important functionary, the car-service clerk, who distributes empties over the division for loading in such a way as to keep the kicks from shippers down to a minimum—if he can. No railroad ever furnished cars to suit all its patrons, and no railroad ever will.

In the evolution of the railroad, the train-order has been pretty nearly lost in the shuffle. Few train-orders are issued on a big double-track line now, for the block signal answers the purpose much better.

Side-Stepping Passenger-Trains.

When an inferior train should take a middle track or siding for a superior train, the engineer blows four blasts on the whistle while passing the block-station preceding the one at which switches are located. If given the clear main-track signal at such a block-station, the train may proceed, the engineer calling for switches at each successive block-station preceding the one where the siding or middle track is located until given switches and signals to turn out.

The proper clear signal given to a train at a block-station is all the authority needed to proceed on a main track ahead of trains about due or overdue, for it is given by and with the advice and consent of the despatcher, based on reports from the towermen. This relieves the conductor of the necessity of spending half his time in stations importuning the despatcher for "help ag'in thirty-seven."

Freight-trains are classified into way-freight, pick-up-and-drop, slow through and fast through freights. At least, the officers and the more dignified clerks so designate them in general terms, mentioning the train numbers when they want to be specific; but, among the trainmen and in the yards, they are known as "The Lemon," "The Rawhide," "The Yellow Dog," "Holy Ghost," and similar endearing terms.

A Regulation Slow Freight.

By way of illustrating the journey of a way-freight, which serves the people who have to ship in less than car-load lots, the New York Central send one out from the Seventy-Second Street yards, New York City, at six o'clock in the morning, and it puts in the rest of the day getting to Croton, thirty-four miles away. The train-crew consists of a conductor and four trainmen—they ceased to be brakemen long ago. They never touch a brake, and have only a nebulous idea of what a hand-brake is. Very few trainmen even carry a switch-key. Towermen or switch-tenders throw the switches, while the "pick-up-and-drop" trains set out and spot the empties and pick up the loads.

The "pick-up-and-drop" trains do all the switching at the smaller stations, the more important stations having from one to four switch engines assigned to them. These trains run through between New York and Poughkeepsie, 72 miles, in 9 hours, if they have good luck. They are obliged to do their work at night to keep out of the way of the passenger-trains. Another run for this class of train is between Poughkeepsie and Albany.

Through freight-trains run the length of the division between New York and Albany, the slow trains hauling ore, coal, grain, and similar commodities, and making the run of 142 miles in about twelve hours, the fast trains covering the distance in seven or eight hours.

Some solid trains of high-class freight, such as dressed beef, make the run in five hours. Sometimes a fast train gets over the division without a stop, taking water from the track-pans.

Strenuous Work for Trainmen.

It is difficult for an outsider to realize the hardships of the trainmen on a fast through freight. There are only two of them to do all the work. The head man has to sit on the fireman's seat-box the entire distance, watching the fireman's desperate struggles to keep her hot until he is fatigued and bored beyond expression.

On all Eastern roads where interruptions by passenger traffic are most serious, freight traffic is very heavy, averaging 20,430 tons a year for every mile of track in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, as compared with 2,636 tons per mile per year in the southwestern States.

Still, high-class freight is hustled through pretty lively. To cite some examples of regularly scheduled fast freight-trains, No. MC 1 makes the run of 957 miles from New York to Chicago, via the New York Central and Michigan Central, in 56½ hours, an average speed of 17 miles an hour for the entire distance, including all stops. An average train consists of 40 cars.

The Baltimore and Ohio's fast freight covers the longer route, 1,100 miles, between the same points in 61 hours, an average speed of 18 miles per hour including all stops, with an average train of 23 cars.

Some Fast Freight Runs.

A regular fast freight from Boston, via the Boston and Albany, New York Central

and Lake Shore, makes the run of 1,036 miles in 60 hours.

The Illinois Central runs a fruit-train, averaging 60 cars, from New Orleans to Chicago, 912 miles, in 50 hours, including all stops.

The Katy runs a daily through freight from St. Louis to Galveston, 1,125 miles, in 84 hours, an average speed of 13.4 miles per hour for the entire distance, including stops.

The Southern Pacific has a scheduled through freight running from Galveston to San Francisco, 2,182 miles, in 187 hours, an average speed of 11.7 miles per hour, including stops, for this long distance

The Wabash's No. 91, a through freight, runs from Buffalo to Omaha, 1,075 miles, in 80 hours, an average speed of 13.4 miles per hour.

The Northern Pacific nearly equals this gait in the run of 1,912 miles between Minneapolis and Seattle, making it in 145 hours.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy has a regular freight-train running through from St. Louis to Billings, Montana, 1,307 miles, in 86¼ hours, an average speed of 15 miles per hour.

The Frisco's banner train, No. 135, delivers freight from Kansas City in Birmingham, Alabama, 735 miles away, in 45½ hours, making an average speed of 16.2 miles an hour, including stops.

Striving for Records.

All this is mere daily routine which by no means measures the possibilities of handling freight expeditiously. For instance, the Erie, in July, 1909, believing the time for merchandise between New York and Buffalo was too slow, proceeded to shorten it. Thereupon the Lehigh Valley and New York Central took a hand in the time-reducing game by cutting the figure to 17 hours.

When the other roads had shown their cards, the Lackawanna, which has the shortest route, pressed express-cars into service in which freight was received at the New York piers up to 4.30 P.M. These cars were then whisked through to Buffalo in 13 hours, reaching the lake city before the teamsters had breakfast.

Dry-goods shipped from New York the preceding afternoon were put on the counters of department-stores in time for enterprising shoppers to get the benefit of early purchases. About this time somebody happened to remember that the money wasted on this foolishness could be applied to the payment of dividends, so they shook hands all around and agreed to forgive and forget the Dry-goods Limited.

After all, when it comes to real long-distance shipments in fast time, the Canadian Pacific took the bun some time ago. On December 27, 1901, a consignment was shipped from Yokohama on a Canadian Pacific steamer. It was transferred to Canadian Pacific box cars at Vancouver, January 9, 1902, and was reshipped on a Canadian Pacific steamer at West St. John, January 17, arriving in Liverpool January 28, covering the total distance of 10,391 miles in 33 days, at an average speed of 13.12 miles an hour, including all stops and two transshipments.

Some Serious Freight Blockades.

As for volume of traffic, the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, in April, 1902, moved 3,346 cars north in 24 hours in 75 trains, which was an average of a train every nineteen minutes. In November of the same year the Pennsylvania, goaded thereto by a blockade, for the first time in the history of the railroad, issued an order to the effect that until further notice passenger-trains were to have no rights over freight-trains, but were to make their schedules as best they could.

Under this rule, 6,700 cars were rushed out of Pittsburgh in two days. On November 19, 120 trains, aggregating 3,000 cars, were moved over the Pittsburgh division of the Panhandle. When all this had been done, 15 miles of freight-trains were waiting to get into Pittsburgh yards.

During a still worse blockade, in 1907, the Pennsylvania established the world's record for handling freight. In the week ending at midnight September 28, 41,332 cars passed Lewiston Junction, an average of 5,904 cars a day for the week. The following day, September 29, 8,360 freight-cars passed Lewiston Junction.

On June 22, 1909, on the Pennsylvania, engine No. 1113 hauled 105 steel cars, containing 5,544 tons of coal—gross weight of the train behind the engine, 7,644 tons—from Altoona to Harrisburg, 127 miles, in 7 hours 12 minutes, an average speed of 17.6 miles per hour. The Virginian Railway, one of the three roads in the United States having the heaviest traffic per mile of line, is a close second. In October, 1909, one engine hauled a train of 100 steel cars, containing 5,500 tons of coal—the gross weight behind the engine being 7,562 tons 125 miles, from Victoria to Sewall's Point,

in 8 hours 42 minutes, an average speed of 14.4 miles per hour, including three stops for water.

Minimizing Red Tape.

To handle the enormous freight traffic of a great railway system hindered by the exactions of the passenger traffic calls not only for clever executive work, but the cooperation of an alert and willing operating force.

The army of freight-handlers must finish their tasks on time, the agent's staff must be ready with seals and way-bills, and the yard-crews must get cars out of the way and make up trains the moment they are ready. The roundhouse force must have the power ready, and the train-crews must turn out promptly when called and devote their particular attention to getting over the road.

Much depends upon the yardmaster. Although no one but the superintendent and the paymaster are aware of his existence, the yardmaster works the miracles that save hopeless situations.

Various schemes have been evolved to simplify the task of moving high-class freight. One of these is the "red ball" system which has been adopted by a number of the big roads. The object of the "red ball" system is to run all-important freight through with a minimum amount of red tape.

The most conspicuous of the outward and visible signs of the "red ball" system is a destination-card about 7 x 9 inches tacked on both sides of the car. On this card a ball six inches in diameter is printed in bright red. Lettered in white upon it are the name of the station where loaded, the date, the number of the train in which it is to travel, and its destination.

Keeping the "Red Ball" Moving.

Red is the universal sign of danger on the railroad. In this case the "red ball" is a sure sign that any conductor who delays the car bearing it for any cause less than the loss of a pair of trucks is in danger of hearing something mighty unpleasant from the superintendent.

Other virtues of the "red ball" are that it facilitates the tracing of freight as well as its movement, and it relieves the auditor's office of a large amount of correspondence relating to movements and delays. The "red ball" is tacked only on cars containing perishable and other valuable freight. No "dead" freight, such as grain, cotton, coal, or lumber, is allowed to travel in a "red ball" train, except when taken to fill out the tonnage. The "red ball" cars take precedence over all classes of freight except live-stock, and, in any case, must be kept rolling right along to their destination.

Each of the more important stations is designated by a letter or letters, and each has a series of numbers beginning at "1" and running up to a certain figure. These letters and numbers are used in numbering the cards and way-bills. Some roads use a "red ball" envelope to contain way-bills for "red ball" cars; others merely use a red way-bill. There are blanks on the back of the way-bill for recording the car's movement. Each conductor, when the car is turned over to him at the forwarding or division-point, must enter in the space provided the number of the train and train symbol, station taken from and left at, date, and signature.

Records and Reports.

The agent at the forwarding-point reports by wire to the superintendent of transportation all cars forwarded in "red ball" trains immediately after the train leaves, giving all symbol letters and numbers.

This is known as a "consist" report. If a car has to be set out for repairs, a report explaining the cause is made out on a slip of a certain color and pasted on the "red ball" envelope or way-bill.

The report is wired to the superintendent of transportation. As the train proceeds, it is reported by wire from certain stations on a "passing report," which gives all the symbols for each car in the train. Arrival at destination is similarly reported. The car-service agent of the Chicago and Northwestern has a huge chart on the walls of his office on which a graphic record of the movement of "red ball" freight is displayed.

Running horizontally the length of the chart is a list of stations. Above and below are three rows of hooks on which boards seven inches square may be hung. These boards are full of holes, in which pegs are placed labeled with the code letters and the numbers assigned to the stations at which the cars in a train originated. Each board represents a train, and each peg a car.

As the train proceeds and is reported, the board is moved along the chart until its destination is reached. Thus the car-service agent can see at one comprehensive glance the position of all the "red ball" freight in transit on his road.

"IT'S NOT FOR DEAD ONES I AM DOIN' THIS."

SIMPSON'S SCENIC ENTERPRISE.

BY R. K. CULVER.

"Art Is Long and Time Is Fleeting, and the Jail Is Not Our Goal."

THE limited was at a standstill. We were waiting for the wrecker to clear away the remains of a freight piled along the track somewhere up the line. That is how we happened to meet Skip Simpson.

It seems he had been roosting underneath the freight. The accident had knocked him from his perch, and Providence had sent him down the track to us uninjured

We needed Skip Simpson. Inflammatory peevishness was setting in when he arrived. It disappeared as soon as he began to talk. A man of benign appearance, named Stilwell, invited him into the smoker and handed him a cigar.

"Unfold to us," said Stilwell, "the story of your life. Let us glean the knowledge you have reaped. Tell us what you held and what was in the draw."

"Sure," said the fast-reviving derelict; "sure I will. Life strikes me as a funny proposition. It is sad in spots, but I can't say this is one of them. Sometimes the cards go bad, and then again you fill. Here I am, jolted off a brake-beam, expectin' to wake up where a good story don't get you anything—but—here I am, shook loose from a dusty night freight-and-travel, wherein the luxuries of life are not what you would call numerous, and I'm set down soft and easy in the midst of peace and plenty.

"You may have noticed that when I stepped in here I reached into my pocket and made a motion toward that button in the wall. That wasn't any bluff; it was force of habit. I used to travel this way, friends.

"I might as well acknowledge at the outset that I was born with brains. Early in the game I grabbed my wad out of the general fund for frisky thinkers. I took to seeing North America and principal way-stations.

"Life was a movin' panorama, with Skip Simpson directin' whither it should move, how fast, and whence. I was the boss intelligent observer. When things didn't look

good to me I just closed my eyes and let 'em glide on by. But it seems I had a round-trip ticket on the route that I had taken. It wasn't long before I was back where I had started from—dead broke.

"While there wasn't any coin in my pockets, in my educated ears there was the sound of it, mixed with the jolt of trains and the rumble of the rails. I took to ridin' freights, where the jolt and rumble part was real enough, but the coin was imaginary.

"Ridin' freights gets on your nerves in time. One day I was hangin' to the bottom of a stray from some place where they build 'em low, and my horizon line was limited. 'This is no way for me to tour the continent,' I says. 'There's nothin' to it but a backache and cinders in your eye.'

"I began to think of all those trips that I had taken on the velvet. I remembered how I used to pay three dollars for a meal, and how I used to lean back and knock the ashes off a fat cigar with the tip of my little finger. I recalled the scenery, too.

"I recollected that the sights along the way were featured by one road in particular. It hired a loud-voiced party in a uniform to point out things to you. Strange things they were—rocks that looked like Indians, or animals, or buildings It was natural scenery that didn't look that way. When the road's surveyors ran across a rock or cliff that looked like Chief Rain-in the-Face, or George Washington, or an Indian squaw, they put 'em on the map, and later the tracks went in that direction. From the way folks rubbered at those freak effects in nature, I figured that scenery of that sort must get travel for a road. It made me think.

"'What's the matter,' I says to myself, 'with a wise man like yourself manufacturin' similar attractive sights along some railroad line? Why can't Skip Simpson get next to some passenger-traffic manager and spring a proposition to create, along the way of travel, attractive geological formations that will look like anything from the Venus de Milo to the Sphinx of Egypt at, say, five thousand dollars per?' I knew those things were classic and would take. They would make money for a road.

"When I got that idea I near fell off the freight that I was clingin' to, but I managed to hang on till I got to where the big talk could be made.

"When you wear a celluloid collar that has never seen a sponge and a fried-egg hat and a suit of clothes that's faded green, that is the time when gettin' next to the influential party that you wish to hypnotize makes breakin' into a bank vault at high noon on a busy day seem like an easy and a pleasant pastime.

"That passenger-traffic manager I was after inhabitated the fifth floor, which was also infested by the president and all the

"YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A MICHAELANGELO TO ME."

other big ones. There were guardians at every door that led in toward the main works. Each time they put me out I took another look up at the fifth floor and walked around the block and came back for another try. But it wasn't any use. I guess it was the green clothes and the celluloid.

"I began to know that it was up to me to take a chance. My eye kept travelin' up the fire-escape toward a piece of plate-glass, where I saw 'Passenger Traffic Manager' printed large and plain. I had gambled some before in my time, but this way of gettin' next was a game I'd never tried.

"I couldn't notice anything to stop me, so I started up. That was one time in my life when I was lucky. The window wasn't fastened, and the manager was out. But on his desk there was a half-smoked, smolderin' cigar. Knowing he'd come back soon, I stepped out into the waiting-room.

"I want to tell you, friends, that when I heard him comin' up the hall my old desire to travel got me strong. After climbin' a five-story fire-escape and enterin' a private office by the window route, a man has got to think some fast to make good.

"By the time he had showed up I had changed my plans three times. The third change bein' naturally the quickest, I had to hurry some in puttin' back the feather-duster I had grabbed to impersonate the janitor.

"'Honesty,' I says, 'is rare enough to go once in a while. Let's see how she'll work this time.'

"When he arrived he sized me up, celluloid and all.

"'How did you get in?' says he.

"I told him how I had got tired of bein' kicked down-stairs all day, and how I had broke in with a ripe idea worth big money to his road and ready to be picked.

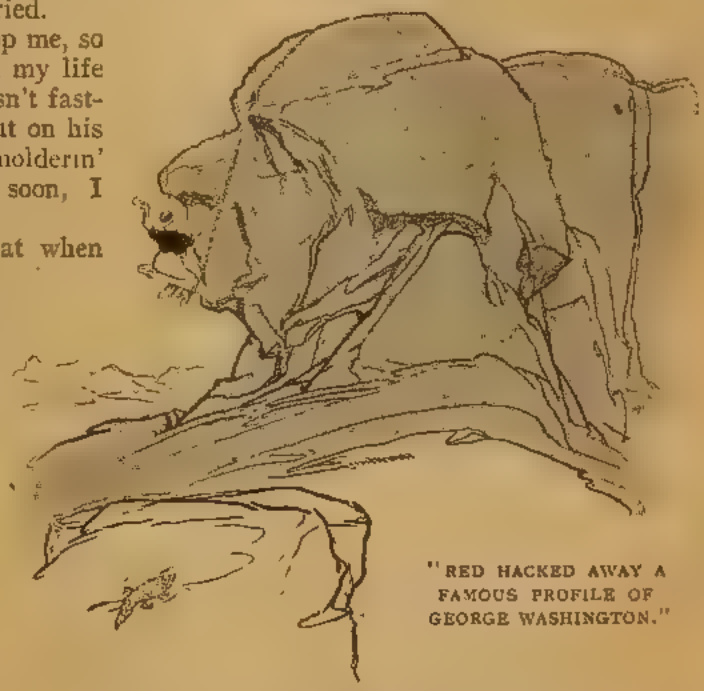
"'I know what I ought to do,' says he, 'but I'll wait a minute. What is your proposition? It must be a wonder. You're taking big chances; burglary will be the charge unless you come through with the O. K. stuff. Talk fast.'

"The way I spread out that scenic scheme of mine for him was pleasing to the eye. It made him behold grand bits of magnificent, manufactured natural scenery that looked like statuary and similar art relics 'eroded by the simple and continuous action of the elements,' as the guide-books say. Friends, there was class to what I said to him. I surprised myself.

"'You don't look like a Michelangelo to me,' he says.

"'I will look like a near relative of his as soon as I get busy,' I replies. 'The Venus,' I went on, 'would come a little higher than the others. I might have to study up her curves some, and maybe it would take a little extra practise to carve her out to suit your Boston travel.

"'But the Sphinx, now—say, just the bust and head—she would be dead easy. She's naturally an outdoor proposition, kind of rough-featured and rocky-looking, which is what you're after.



"RED HACKED AWAY A FAMOUS PROFILE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"'What do you say to five thousand dollars for an imitation of the Sphinx, gazin' about nine thousand miles into space, like she has forgotten Faro and the rest of the old card-sharps? Five thousand dollars, with an option of six months at six per cent? You'll know by that time how she hits the public. If a photograph of her fails to liven up your scenic catalogues and increase your first-class travel, I don't want a cent. Are you on?'

"After studyin' a while, he says: 'That sounds fair. I don't see how the company can lose. Go ahead, get up your scenic Sphinx. We'll see how she takes.

"Let me tell you that was a large order to come by the way of a five-story fire-escape, and to a man who knew about as much about sculpture as a coyote knows about music

I walked the streets a week, wonderin' what the answer was. Finally it came to me, and its name was Reddy Foster. Red was a tombstone cutter I had met once. I located Red, and told him what I wanted. I promised him one thousand dollars for the job. He was taken with the idea. He said he was tired of working for dead ones.

"'The proposition looks alive to me,' says he. 'It's high art, that's what it is; high art, *pro bono publico*. Me for it,' he says.

"Red came through with coin enough to land us on the ground, which was as wild a country as a buzzard ever sailed across. Everywhere you looked there were gorges, chasms, ravines, mountain peaks, waterfalls, cliffs, and rocks that stuck up all around like crumbled pyramids.

"We picked a clear half-mile stretch along the road, from which you could get a good view of a big rock away to the west, against the sky.

"'That's pretty close,' I says. 'You'll have to do a nifty piece of work at that range. Those tourists carry glasses, but you know your business better than I do. Remember, there's a cold thousand in it for you—fifty big gold pieces—if you carve a Sphinx that will look as if nature was on the job about ten thousand years ago. That's the sort of scenic wonder that I want something old, you understand, and classy.'

"'Fifty twenties!' murmurs Red. 'Why, I would be carvin' snow-white doves and rest-in-peace designs and angels for six months before I ever would see that much. Fifty yellow boys! Let me at this piece of ancient art before you change your mind. I can almost see it loomin' up there now. It won't take me long—about two days. By to-morrow morning you'll owe me twenty-five of those yellow pieces.'

"Red seemed to have the money-fever strong. 'Forget the coin,' I says, 'and go in for high art, *pro bono publico*, or whatever you said it was.'

"'All art,' says Red, 'has its incentive. Your real artist has to have an inspiration. Don't worry. I've got mine. This little job is going to please the public. It's not for dead ones I am doing this.'

"'That's the way to talk,' I says. 'You get the right idea. The old Sphinx, loomin' large against the sky among those natural obelisks and time-worn pyramids, ought to please the tourist eye, even if the rest of the landscape ain't exactly on the straight Egyptian level. You can begin to hack the old girl out any time the fancy strikes you now.'

"While Red was chiselin' out that bit of natural oriental scenery, I kept camp. He worked till dark. He said it was a tougher job than he had figured on.

"'It'll take a week,' he says. 'Swingin' in the air, carvin' a fifteen-foot profile onto that granite range is different from sittin' on a soap-box, chippin' off the marble from around a dove of peace.'

"It was a tough job, all right enough. I felt sorry for Red; but along about the fifth day I could see that he was getting things in shape. Our provisions were running low. There was only just about enough grub left to last Red till he got through, so that night I told him to go ahead and finish up the old girl and to meet me later in civilization at the foot of the grade. I caught a freight and landed in the little burg below, and began to kill time waitin' for Red to show up with his finished art report. It was a lonesome spot where that railroad hit the slope.

"One evening I was sittin' on a baggage truck, when a train from up the grade blew in. Red crawled out from underneath.

"'She's done,' says he, 'and a finer piece of natural scenery don't exist nowhere.'

"Just then, from the open window of a private car, I heard a voice I seemed to know. Sure enough, it belongs to my old friend, Mr. Passenger Traffic Manager.

"'Listen, Red,' I says. 'That's the same identical party we've been workin' for; but, from the sound of him, pay-day is a long way up the line for us.'

"I don't just recollect the exact words that came floatin' out of that car-window; but I got the sentiment which they expressed, all right. It seems our scenic wonder had got in bad. She was not winning any prizes in the natural beauty contest so that you could notice it. It turns out that, in the making of her, Red has hacked away and destroyed a famous rock profile of George Washington, the one choicest wonder of the scenic way!

"We also gathered from the language which kept comin' from that window that there wasn't any limit to the punishment for such a 'criminal act of vandalism'—that's the name he gave it—as we had 'wantonly committed'—that's the way he put it.

"'Simp,' says Red, in a husky whisper, 'let him talk his head off. I did a good job, all the same. She just kind of grew out of that rock for me. I sure was inspired.'

"'Red,' I says, 'don't make me laugh. Forget it. Art is long and time is fleeting, and the jail is not our goal, but it will be if we hang around this place much longer.'

"'How true that is,' says Red; and the last I saw of him he was divin' for a good hold on a fast freight going north

"Friends, that was the last time I was ever close to money—if you could call that close. It may not seem a sad event to you, my failin' to clean up four thousand dollars clear on that scheme of mine, but it depresses me sometimes. What do you know about that, anyway?"

for popularity beats anything on record. That Sphinx you tried to make is the finest imitation of the classic profile of the lady on a twenty-dollar gold-piece that ever happened. It lures more travel than all our other sights combined. In our scenic circulars we have a picture of her against the golden disk of sunset—the illusion is a wonder. Why, folks have cut that picture out and tried to buy things with it! Come with

"HE SAID HE WAS TIRED OF WORKING FOR DEAD ONES."

There was a painful silence in the smoker. It was broken by one Stilwell, the benign-appearing gentleman.

"I know," said he, "that I've been on your trail for the last five years—ever since you did that little job you mention. I usually come in on the finish of a story like yours. Most of the men I go after give themselves away in the smoker where your sort get confidential.

"Being a detective for the road whose property you fooled with, I have a little duty to perform. About a month after you did that piece of work, our road discovered that from a certain half-mile stretch there was visible a scenic wonder, the like of which

me and gather that five thousand dollars with accumulated interest; also, an annual pass You are it with this road."

Skip Simpson scratched his head, but not because it itched. He was meditating.

"Wouldn't that get you, friends?" he said. "Why, for five long, hungry years I've been wanderin' up and down the ties, nursin' the superstitious notion that carvin' hereafter mottoes onto tombstones had got Red into a kind of rut and queered that scheme of mine. But, now that you remind me, I do seem to recall that the image on those fifty twenties that I promised him did appear to be mighty strong on Red's mind when he chiseled out that Sphinx. He said he was inspired."

BOSS OF THE WRECKING CREW.

BY J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

THE fireman and brakeman and engineer
Are valiant fellows and true;
Oh, they're always on tap when it comes to a scrap—
And so is the rest of the crew;
But when there is trouble along the line,
Demanding quick action and brain,
You will usually find that the fellow behind
Is the Boss of the Wrecking-Train.

Oh, the Boss of the Wrecking-Train!
With tackle and block and crane;
When old trouble's around he's the man on the ground,
A plugging with might and main.

He is always expecting disaster,
And he's ready to face it, too;
Be the trouble a switch or a train in the ditch,
He knows the exact thing to do.
No doubt he's some rough in his ways of speech,
And says what he thinks pretty plain;
But the calling he serves draws some hard on the nerves,
Though he's seldom heard to complain.

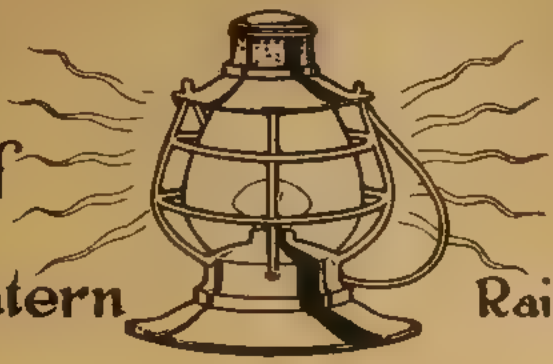
Oh, the Boss of the Wrecking-Crew!
He's trusty and tried and true;
With his derrick and crane, his replacer and chain,
He shows us a trick or two.

His path of life is littered with wreckage;
His passport is "W-K,"
When he goes for a ride traffic steps to one side
And gives him the whole right-of-way;
His stock in trade's nerve and good judgment,
Much hustle, big muscle, clear brain—
He's a stranger to fear and he keeps the track clear,
Does the Boss of the Wrecking-Train.

Mr. Boss of the Wrecking-Crew,
We're proud of the "stunts" you do;
You're as good as the best, and you've proved it by test,
And we take off our hats to you.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

By the Light of the Lantern



Questions Answered for Railroad Men

ASK US!

WE like to be as useful to our readers as we can; but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are forced to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered in this department. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials.

WHAT is the name of the C. R. and I. R. R., which enters Chicago?

(2) Does this road do any passenger business?

(3) How many engines and cars has the Jamestown, Chautauqua, and Lake Erie Railway, of Western New York?—T. P., Chicago.

(1) Chicago River and Indiana Railroad.

(2) No, it has 3 locomotives and 30 freight-cars.

(3) The mileage is 42, with 5 locomotives and 13 cars, of which latter 6 are passenger and 7 miscellaneous cars

G. W. P., Newcastle, Pennsylvania We can find no record of a journal devoted exclusively to the news of car *works*, but several technical papers in this country feature *car construction*. Prominent among these might be mentioned the *Railroad Age-Gazette*, the *American Engineer and Railroad Journal*, and *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, and THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. The address of all is New York City, New York.

HOW slow must a train run through an incorporated town?

(2) How slow must a train be going when passing a "slow" signal for a railroad crossing?

(3) If a mixed train approaches a railroad crossing, whistles to cross and at the same time a passenger-train on the other line whistles to cross, which has the clear track?

(4) Give a short history of the "Cairo and Poplar Bluff Branch." M. E. H., Dudley, Missouri

(1) It depends entirely on the speed restrictions of the town in question, and, of course, on the proportion of grade crossings to the distance which must be traversed within the corporation limits. Some towns are liberal to the railroads in this regard, allowing quite a respectable speed, provided that safety-gates, etc., have been installed Fifteen miles an hour is commonly regarded as fair to both parties, but it is nevertheless recalled that many six-mile-an-hour crossings still remain in the United States. On the other hand, should the railroad be elevated through the town, examples of which may be found on the Pennsylvania through Newark, New Jersey; Chester, Pennsylvania, or Wilmington, Delaware, there is nothing to prevent a train from proceeding at whatever speed is desired.

(2) In reality there is no such thing as a "slow" signal where two railroads cross, and the speed at which various crossings are to be negotiated is usually covered in special instructions which are to be found on one of the pages of the employees' time-table. In many States, there is an imperative rule that all trains must come to a full stop before crossing, no matter what system of signals may be employed, or even if the way is known to be clear to the engineer. This is merely in the interest of an additional precaution. Some

authorities considered it needless because the elaborate system of interlocking in vogue at practically all crossings renders it impossible for the operator to allow both trains to approach at the same time. The "derail" is open for the train on which the signals are against.

(3) In the event of such a situation the superior train is given preference. Should the latter be due even within a reasonable time the operator would likely hold the "mixed" and clear its line.

(4) We believe that this road was commonly called the "C. A. T." branch of the St Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern, but we are hazy even in this assertion. There was formerly a Cairo, Arkansas, and Texas, and also a Cairo and Fulton, and the road which you mention may have been either or both. In order to get it straight, and in the quickest time, we suggest that you correspond direct with some official of the Iron Mountain in your immediate territory.

E. F. L., Needles, California.—In regard to the railroads of Brazil, Argentine, and Peru, and for general information concerning them, the various American consuls in those countries should invariably be addressed. These gentlemen are expected by the government to answer any reasonable query, and that they understand this is evinced through the return of reports submitted at irregular intervals in which they define existing conditions. Such consular reports are largely intended to anticipate requests for information, and they may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of State, Washington, District of Columbia. From your brief letter we do not know what your idea is in looking up information about the railroads of those countries, but if it is with any idea of going to work there—*don't do it.*

From its beginning, this magazine has discouraged all aspirants for railroad honors in the tropics. Some of the roads therein are bad, others are worse, and, speaking always from the standpoint of an American engineer, fireman, or conductor, none of them offers any real appeal to a man. This does not mean that the roads thus criticized are lacking in the essentials of good railroading. On the contrary, they are everything which might be desired in perfection of equipment and thoroughness of administration, but they don't suit the ideas of the American workingman. The quicker they are forgotten the better

WHAT size of stack should an engine have with cylinders 17 x 24 inches, and how do you compute it?

(2) What is termed by the lap of a valve?

(3) What is termed by the lead of a valve?

(4) How do you find the heating surface of a flue?

(5) How do you find the heating surface of a set of grates?

(6) How do you find the area of a steam-port?

(7) How do you find the pressure on a safety-valve?

(8) How do you find the area of an exhaust-port?

(9) How do you find the pressure on a stay-bolt?

(10) How do you find the pressure on a piston?

(11) Which end of the piston has the most pressure, and why?—W. J., Waterloo, Iowa.

(1) For this size, the stack should have about the same inside diameter as the cylinders, or possibly an inch or two smaller. There is no hard-and-fast rule for determining the size of stacks, notwithstanding that the subject has been before the mechanical world for many years. Theoretically, the exhaust nozzle, if single, is supposed to be one-quarter of the cylinder diameter, but unless unusually favorable conditions are present, engines will not steam satisfactorily following this rule. To illustrate: this would mean a five-inch nozzle for an engine with twenty-inch cylinders. With the rather indifferent coal in general use for locomotives, the desired results would scarcely be attained with a nozzle larger than four and a half inches. The relation of the stack in size to this nozzle would be about four times the latter's diameter, or eighteen inches. It should also be borne in mind that the diameter of any stack designed for the best results is affected by the height of the exhaust nozzle. As the nozzle is raised the diameter of the stack must be reduced, and as the nozzle is lowered the diameter of the stack must be increased.

(2) The lap of a valve is that portion which overlaps the steam-ports when it stands midway over the valve face. This is termed "outside lap," and, ordinarily, in speaking of the lap of a valve, it means outside lap. Inside lap, when present, is the amount which the valve overlaps the inside edges of the steam-ports when the valve is in its middle position.

(3) Lead means the width of the opening of the steam-port when the piston is at the beginning of its stroke.

(4) Multiply the outside diameter by 3.1416, and this result by the length of the flue in inches, and divide by 144, which will give total heating surface in square feet. For example, in case of two-inch flue, twenty feet long:

$$\frac{2 \times 3.1416 \times 240}{144} = 10.472 \text{ sq. ft.}$$

(5) In common practise about 50 to 75 square feet of heating surface are given for each square foot of grate. There are, however, no reasons for the proportions of either grate or heating surface which are given, excepting that it has been found that they yield good results in ordinary working. The proportion of grate to heating surface is governed to a very large extent by the kind of fuel used. Anthracite coal and the poorer qualities of fuel require larger grates than good bituminous coal or wood. It is, however, quite certain that the larger a boiler is, and the greater its heating surface in proportion to the steam it must generate, other things being equal, the more economical will it be in its consumption of fuel. In other words, the more water it will evaporate per pound of coal.

(6 and 8) As these ports are generally of

rectangular shape, simply multiply the length in inches by the breadth in inches

(7) The pressure is determined *by multiplying the area of the opening for the valve in square inches by the greatest steam pressure in pounds, per square inch, which the boiler is intended to bear.* Thus, if the opening for a safety-valve is three inches in diameter, its area will be seven square inches, and, therefore, if the greatest steam pressure which it is intended that the boiler shall bear is 150 pounds per square inch, the valve must be pressed down with a pressure equivalent to 7 x 150 = 1,050 pounds.

(9) Multiply its diameter in inches by 3.1416, and this by its length in inches. This result multiplied by the boiler pressure in pounds per square inch will give the total pressure on the stay-bolt.

(10) It is generally assumed that the initial steam pressure on the piston is 85 per cent of boiler pressure. Consequently, to obtain the total pressure on the piston at the beginning of the stroke multiply the diameter of the cylinder by itself and the result by .7854. This will give the area in square inches, and when multiplied in turn by 85 per cent of boiler pressure in pounds gives the total pressure.

(11) There is a slightly less total pressure on the end of the piston to which the piston-rod is attached, as the diameter of the latter is an area which must be reckoned with in a close calculation.

A. S., South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.—In regard to positions in the New York Subway in connection with the signal service, we would suggest that you address A. L. Merritt, superintendent Subway Division, Interborough Rapid Transit Company, Ninety-Sixth Street and Broadway, New York City, New York.

F. C., Fort Monroe, Virginia.—The idea of oil-burning locomotives is shrouded in antiquity. As far remote as 1850, it was suggested on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but the Baltimore and Ohio never had any oil-burners, and can only lay claim to the first thought. Even the development of the oil burner is hard to follow, but it certainly lies between the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe. Although lacking in accurate statistical data at this writing, we are inclined to believe that the first-mentioned road was the pioneer.

(2) The Southern Pacific has employed this class of engine for, say, between fifteen and twenty years.

(3) The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad holds the authenticated record for the fastest mile. It was made by the Empire State Express. This was by the justly renowned engine, the 999, which on May 9, 1893, covered five consecutive miles at the rate of 102.8 miles an hour. One mile on this stretch was traversed in 32 seconds, or at the rate of 112.5 miles an hour. There are other records claiming to exceed the above phenomenal speed, but they lack the elements to render them entirely credible.

L. H. W., Galveston, Texas.—We have no record of any race between the two roads which you mention to secure a mail contract, and think that you must be misinformed. You will note that each road carries the mails and have always done so, according to the information which we have secured.

WHAT is the total mileage of the entire Santa Fe Railroad system?

(2) At what points does the Santa Fe have apprentice schools for machinists?

(3) If an applicant can pass the required examination can he start immediately to serve his time, or will he have to work as a helper on his entrance to the service?

(4) At what points does the Union Pacific have apprentice schools?

(5) Has the Southern Railway two roundhouses and shops at Knoxville, Tennessee?

(6) Where is the largest shop of the Southern Railway?—A. H. S., New York City.

(1) Santa Fe proper, 5,573 miles; coast lines, 1,974 miles; Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fe, 1,518 miles; Leavenworth and Topeka, 47 miles. Total, 9,112 miles.

(2) All along the line, notably at Newton, Kansas, and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

(3) Immediately.

(4) We haven't the full list, but the principal one is at Omaha.

(5) One roundhouse. It is situated in the suburb of Lonsdale, about two miles from the depot in Knoxville, going west.

(6) Knoxville, Tennessee, or Lonsdale, as mentioned above.

In regard to your questions 7 and 8, we have no means of determining just what differences exist in the amount of traffic handled by the roads mentioned in the same territory. To hazard a vague guess, however, we would say that it should be about an even-up proposition between those you mention.

O. W. T., Geneseo, Kansas.—The consolidation, or 2-8-0 type, is generally employed on the Rock Island between the points named. These engines weigh about 100 tons. Between Newton and Dodge City, Kansas, the Santa Fe uses one of similar type, weighing between 100 and 115 tons.

G. E. T., Kalamazoo, Michigan.—About the only way we can suggest for you to become a marine engineer is to enter as a cadet in the merchant service, or, failing in this, as an oiler, which always affords opportunity for advancement. In the consideration of this matter, however, it might be well to reflect that the carrying trade of the world is practically under foreign flags, with the English predominating in the ratio of

about three to one. This means that the wage scale is much lower than under the American flag, and that the service is amply recruited by persons of that nationality. Of course, there are many ships flying the American flag, but they are limited when compared with the others. The pay under the American scale is quite liberal—almost twice that of the others. Full information concerning pay can be secured by addressing the owners, or, possibly, the agents of the line under consideration

J. E. K., Lawrence, Massachusetts.—The Laramie, Hahn's Peak, and Pacific Railroad is 55 miles long, 4 feet 8½-inch gage, with 2 locomotives and 18 cars. We have absolutely no data relative to the prosperity of this company.

WHERE are the division points of the Santa Fe in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona?

(2) What type of locomotive is used in that territory?

(3) What is the average pay for a fireman, per hundred miles? J. C., Mendota, Illinois.

(1) La Junta and Trinidad, in Colorado; Las Vegas, Albuquerque, and Gallup, in New Mexico, and Winslow and Seligman, in Arizona. All of the above, of course, are mentioned in connection with the direct main line.

(2) In passenger service, the prevailing type has been the Pacific (4-6-2), and for freight, the decapod (2-10-0) tandem compound locomotive. These latter engines have cylinders 19 inches and 32 x 32 inches; working steam pressure 225 pounds per square inch, and total weight 267,800 pounds. The Santa Fe also uses in that territory in freight service the "ten-coupled and trailing truck" (2-10-2), total weight, 287,240 pounds. This class was also on the tandem compound plan, but, we understand, many of them have been changed to simple engines. In addition to the above prominent examples, they have many engines of the consolidation (2-8-0) type in service on the main as well as the side lines

(3) It varies considerably between different sections of the country, to such an extent, in fact, that it would be difficult to quote a general average. This might approximate $2 50 in the East, and $3, or more, in the West, per hundred miles, but it is only an estimate and is not intended to be assertive.

C. N. F., Hugo, Oklahoma.—(1, 2 and 4) Flagstaff, Arizona, is on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, and it is also the headquarters of the Central Arizona Railway. The elevation of the town is 6,885 feet. With the exception of small terminal facilities, no railroad-shops are located there. On the Santa Fe, the engines run from Winslow, Arizona, to Seligman, Arizona, and from Seligman to Needles, California; hence Flagstaff is not a division point The next large shop going east is at Albuquerque, New Mexico, 344 miles, and going west, at Needles, 234 miles San Bernardino, California, 484 miles west of Flagstaff, has very extensive shops belonging to the Santa Fe. The Central Arizona Railway has 5 locomotives and 100 freight-cars, operating on 24 miles of standard-gage road.

(3) The compensation for labor of all classes is much higher in the Far West than in the East. The writer recalls a rate of 42½ cents per hour for machinists and boilermakers in 1907, on the Santa Fe, west of Albuquerque, and this has no doubt since been increased at some points. Some so-called "handy men" received as much as 35 cents per hour, and good helpers were equally well paid. You must understand, however, that the points mentioned above, with the exception of San Bernardino, are in the heart of the desert country, and are not particularly attractive from a residential standpoint.

H. E. R., Waterbury, Connecticut.—The system of supplying a locomotive with water while in motion from track-tanks was first introduced into this country by the Pennsylvania Railroad. You are correct in the name of the road which you mention between Altoona and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

WHO publishes the code of rules of the Master Car Builders' Association?—W. R., Oakland, California.

They are published by the association. Address J. W. Taylor, secretary, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Illinois

WHAT is a Forney locomotive? In this type as well as in a double-ender, what does the third figure of the classification represent?

(2) Has the New York, New Haven, and Hartford any freight-engines larger than a 2-6-0?

(3) What is the tonnage of the 4-4-2 and 4-6-0 type of engines on the Boston and Maine Railroad?—H. G. L., Orange, Massachusetts.

(1) This type of locomotive was first suggested by M. N. Forney, author of the "Catechism of the Locomotive" It has four or six driving-wheels and a four or six-wheel swiveling rear truck, but no front truck. A small water-tank and coal-bunker are carried over the rear truck; hence the classification, according to Whyte's system, is 0-6-4 or 0-6-6, the third figure indicating the number of wheels composing the rear truck. The same explanation applies to the "double-ender" type, which is 2-4-4 or 2-4-6. In this connection, you will note that the double-ender has a leading truck; thus, the figure 2 is substituted for the 0 in the Forney type.

(2) They did have a few consolidations (2-8-0) heavier than their present standard freight-engine of the mogul type (2-6-0), but we are not certain if these are still in service. Those to which reference is made were known as class "P," and were

in service on what was known as the "shore line" division some few years ago.

(3) About 100 tons.

In regard to your query about the race, which we have omitted in the above enumeration of questions, we are inclined to view all such reports with extreme skepticism. The way schedules are screwed down now, you have practically to race all the time to hold your own. Our belief is that the man was thinking much more about making his own time than of that being made by the other fellow.

J. E., San Francisco.—Would suggest that you take up the matter of books desired with the *Railroad Age-Gazette*, New York or Chicago. That journal would be pleased, no doubt, to advise you in regard to the railroad pools, a matter concerning which we are entirely without information.

J. S., Waterbury, Connecticut.—We can find no record of an electric railway under construction in the territory mentioned, but if any such is in prospect the secretary of the Board of Trade, St. Paul, Minnesota, can definitely advise you.

WHAT is the relation of the curve of the track to its length? To state it clearly, in what length are degrees of curve to be contained? I understood it to be contained in one standard rail length, 30 feet. By this figure, the circle will be, if it is a one-degree curve, 360 times 30 feet, or 10,800 feet, and if it is a two-degree curve, 5,400 feet. Its diameter, by formula, will be 10,800 divided by 3.1416 equals 3,437, and for the other, 5400 divided by 3.1416 equals 1718.8. These figures vary somewhat from your answer to question in the July Lantern regarding curves.—B. M., Butte, Montana.

In our reply to "H. E.," in the July number, which you mention, we were fully aware that the answer about the curve was not absolutely correct, but we did not think that the gentleman referred to wanted micrometer measurements of a railroad curve. In the United States, it is customary to express curvature in degrees noted by the deflection from the tangent measured at stations 100 feet apart. In other words, the number of degrees of central angle subtended by a chord of 100 feet, represents the "degree curve." One degree of curvature is equal to a radius of 5,730 feet. Therefore, the number of degrees divided into 5,730 gives the radius in feet, or, *per contra*, the number of feet radius divided into 5,730 gives the number of degrees. This assumes that the 100 feet are measured on the arc instead of the chord, but the error is so slight on curves commonly used that it may be ignored for ordinary calculation. We gave "H. E." a one-degree curve as 5,730 radius, on a 100-foot chord, and a two-degree curve as 2865 radius, or one-half. Now, a one-degree curve being 5730 radius, a ten-degree curve is 573.7 radius, a twenty degree curve is 287.9 radius, a forty-degree curve is 146.2 radius.

In English practise, it is common to define a curve as so many chains (66 feet) radius. Thus, the radius of a one-degree curved expressed in chains would be 5,730 divided by 66 equals 86.81. Therefore, 86.81 divided by the degrees equals the radius in chain, or 86.81 divided by the radius in chains equals the degrees.

WHAT do the railroads pay for coal used in locomotives?—U. H., Baltimore, Maryland.

The cost of coal per gross ton on American railroads ranges from a minimum of $1 to $1.50 on roads obtaining coal at mines on their own lines, to a maximum of from $4 to $5 at the least favored points east of the Missouri. In some cases it is as high as $6 or more at points further west.

HOW much can a locomotive pull on a level road and 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 per cent grade? This locomotive mentioned above can pull 4 cars on a 790 grade, the 4 cars weighing 100 tons.

(2) How many empty cars can a locomotive pull around a 22-degree curve on a level track without pulling the middle cars off the track?—R. E., Hamilton, Washington.

The editor is somewhat nonplused to grasp what is meant by the 790 grade. It is easy enough to determine how much a certain engine with a certain tractive power will pull on different grades, but before we can arrive at any conclusion, it is necessary to be supplied with additional elements which are lacking in your query above quoted.

For example: given a locomotive with a total weight of 120,000 pounds, with 94,000 pounds on the driving-wheels—driving-wheels, 56-inch diameter; cylinders, 18 x 24 inches; working steam pressure, 180 pounds; tender, 3,500 gallons capacity; weight, 72,000 pounds—derive the number of tons hauled on a straight grade of one per cent with 9-40 adhesion. This question is now in proper form for solution. In the first place, we find that an 18 x 24-inch cylinder locomotive with 56-inch driving-wheels will develop a tractive power of 21,200 pounds. Now, 94,000 pounds on driving-wheels, divided by 9-40 adhesions, equals 21,250 pounds, and, therefore, this latter being equal to the tractive power, viz.: 21,200 pounds, the cylinders and weights are properly proportioned. Having established these facts, we find through a somewhat elaborate calculation that with 9-40 adhesion and 7 pounds resistance, 8 tons will be hauled for each 1,000 pounds on the driving-wheels on a straight grade of one per cent. Therefore, for 94,000 pounds weight, a load of 94 x 8 tons will be hauled, which equals 752 tons. From this amount must be deducted the weight of the engine and tender—192,000 pounds, or 96 tons. This will leave 752-96, equal to 656 tons of cars and lading which the engine will haul on the given grade.

We are giving this illustrative case simply to impress on many correspondents who neglect it

the necessity for furnishing complete data when their problems are submitted. It is impossible to answer many questions arising from the incomplete form in which they reach us.

(2) A twenty-two-degree curve, which is 262 feet radius, is very small, but if the proper cars are used it will not make any difference whether the engine is on the end or in the middle. The number of the cars is of little importance, provided you do not attempt to pull them around too fast.

WHAT is the smallest size and the largest size frog in general use?

(2) What is the simplest rule for measuring a frog to tell its number?

(3) What lead do you give each frog?

(4) What is the address of the *Roadmaster's Journal*?—P. B., Olympia, Washington

(1) For the main track of a trunk line it is not usual to use less than a No. 7 frog. The maximum is a No. 20. On side-tracks, even No. 4 frogs are sometimes used.

(2) Measure from the point of the frog to a point where the gage line is one foot apart. If it is 10 feet from the point to where the gage-line is 12 inches apart, the frog is a No. 10, etc.

(3) The lead for each number of frog is different. An easy rule to remember and one which gives very close results is as follows: Multiply twice gage (942) by number of frog, and this product by 7-10. This gives the stub lead; then add length of notch-joint, for that lead of turnout.

Example

942	Twice gage.
10	Number of frog
9420	Theoretical lead.
7	
6594	Stub lead.
1500	Usual length of notch joint.
8094	Lead of turnout

(4) 83 Fulton Street, New York City, New York.

I SENT you a letter on March 27, asking if the piston of a locomotive stops to make the return stroke, and have not heard from you. Will you kindly advise in the next issue?—H. S. P., Pittston, Pennsylvania

Your letter, and what we considered the proper reply thereto, appeared in the Lantern Department of the June magazine, page 124. We are glad to oblige at any time in pointing out past performances, but would appreciate it if our readers would look the numbers over closely. Frequently we receive letters on, say, *September* 15, asking us to answer a question in the *October number*, which is published on *September* 10. The November number is then on the press, so it is impossible to answer the inquirer before the December number. We must ask you to follow the magazine closely if you are interested in this department, and have a little patience if your answers do not appear for several months. Frequently, too, it is necessary to send a question some distance so as to get the most correct reply from the best authority—and that takes time.

"Don't shoot the fiddler (or the editor); he's doin' the best he can."

G. B. H., Merkel, Texas.—We do not know of any device in use for varying the brake force at car-wheels in proportion to the load on the car, although the idea, as you know, is not entirely new. We cannot, however, in this connection, speak with our usual positiveness through unfamiliarity with the subject, and would suggest that you give a brief outline of what you have to the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company, Wilmerding, Pennsylvania. This firm can advise more to the point than any other of which we have any knowledge.

DO railroads employ civil engineers who have graduated through a correspondence course, or is it necessary to take such a course in college?—J. T. J., Columbus, Ohio.

It is generally the case that division engineers of railroads, to which you no doubt refer, have the degree of civil engineer. There is no hard-and-fast rule, however, regarding the source from which the latter is derived, ability to perform the work at hand being the main requisite.

J. J. M., Manila, Philippine Islands.—There is no such position, of which we have any knowledge, known as a qualified flagman; that is a position so designated on the rosters of the various railroad companies. The flagman on the majority of railroads in this country protects the rear end of the train, and, as a rule, has no other duties to perform. We have never heard of a premium being paid for the cleanliness of a caboose, as your letter suggests.

J. V. C., New York City.—Do not know of any such school in the vicinity of New York. In fact, we do not know of any outside of the well-known correspondence institutes usually found in the advertising pages.

ARE the signals used on railroads standard on all roads?

(2) Is a trainman required to carry an open-faced watch?—F. T. R., Plattsburg, New York.

(1) Practically all railroads use the standard rules of the American Railway Association, especially the whistle, air-whistle, and hand signals.

(2) No, this is of little moment, provided that the watch has a lever set. Watches with pendant set are generally objected to owing to the liability of moving the hands in pulling the watch out of the pocket.

HERO OF THE HAIRBREADTH.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Honk and Horace Take a Wild Trip Down the Line with Dauntless Dick.

WHEN Honk and I built our gyroscope-car to gyrate around through the alleys of Valhalla, neither he nor I nor any one else thought much about it. The principle of the gyroscope is so simple and well known that nearly every kid in the country has one. They can be bought at any toy-store for two bits—so, the apparently wonderful stunts you can do with them have ceased to astonish or perplex even the rankest Jasper in this marvel-working age of mechanical miracles.

This car of ours was constructed more for the sake of economy and utility than to be a thing of startling interest to the devotees of rubberneck.

Honk figured that a monorail wasn't nearly so expensive in its construction and maintenance as a double-railed track, and that the car itself was no more complex than a common motor-cycle; in fact, a fifteen-year-old boy could, and did, operate the fool thing after it was built. It was used for the purpose of delivering parcels about town.

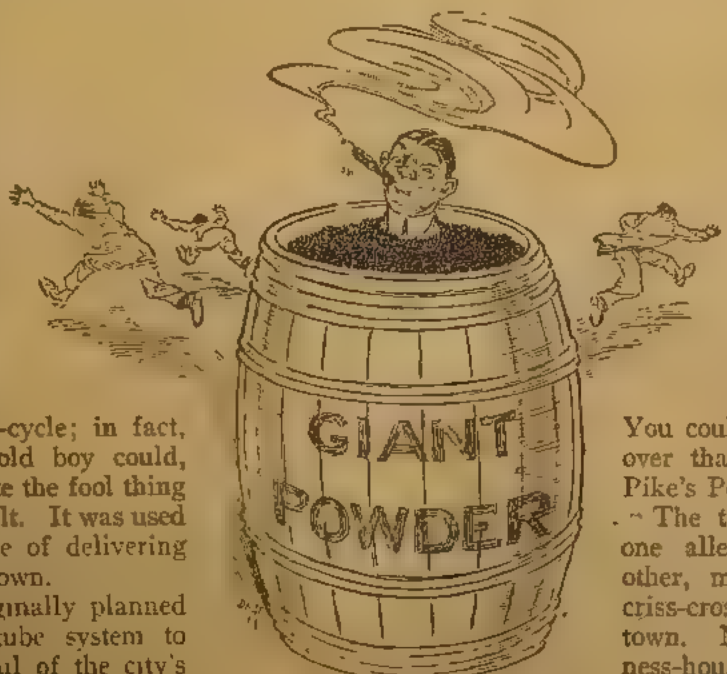
We had originally planned a pneumatic tube system to cover that detail of the city's needs, but the P. and P management got a bad attack of *chili con carne* in their pedal extremities when Honk submitted his estimates. The pneumatic tube scheme was punctured before it got out of the garage, to use a mixed metaphor.

We gathered up all the old scrap-iron, grain doors, truss-rods, and cog-wheels we cloud find along the main line for three or four divisions, shipped it in to Valhalla, and built the outfit ourselves evenings and holidays. Its motive power was electricity from storage cells, as simple as a dollar-and-ten-cent door-bell.

Steve Jonagan, at the Hutton shops, cast the gyroscope itself for us. It weighed a ton, and we fitted it on ball-bearings so fine that once you got the thing to sizzing it would run for a solid week, I do believe.

The kid would leave it standing all night anywhere, out in the open, unpropped, buzzing away, and there it would stand as steady as a furniture-car. You could no more push it over than you could push Pike's Peak.

The track was built up one alley and down another, making a complete criss-cross of the entire town. Not a single business-house or residence, flat, apartment, mansion, or cottage but had handy, com-



ONE OF DAUNTLESS DICK'S PASTIMES.

RICHARD THE LIONHEART WASN'T A BIT DIFFIDENT.

plete, and impartial service. The kid would load up his parcels of groceries, green, staple, and fancy, dry-goods, hardware, soda-water, jewelry, shoes, or laundry in station order—rush orders first, and use discretion with the petulant patrons, of course—and away he'd buzz, making deliveries right and left, leaving in his wake a smiling host of pleased housewives. As the saying runs, there was nothing to it; it was a cinch.

All this preliminary pow-wow being removed from our chest, we will now turn our attention to the main show-actor of this play, who, at this moment, is due in on the red motor-car from Millardsville.

He brought his own announcement. Richard Cœur de Leo Todd was the way he'd been tagged some twenty-six years ago, he said, and he was either a big staller or a reckless frivoler with long chances. He had his nerve with him in either case: there could be no doubt about that.

He had come out to Valhalla, on the advice of a friend, all the way from far-off Chicago—a breezy burg—to rest and recuperate and catch a few million rainbow trout. He had a month's vacation, and he was going to do it right, that was evident.

Richard the Lionheart wasn't a bit diffident—not any. He was calling the train-crew by their first names when he alighted on the station platform, and his face lit up when he saw me, like I was nothing more nor less than his long-lost boyhood chum. The United States of America is an airy country. Wind assails you from all sides in zephyrs, puffs, and gusts, but Dick was all to the chinook.

He was of medium size, big-nosed, wide-mouthed, and full-eared. His hair and eyes were of the Van Dyke shade of brown, and he sported a pince-nez. He wore a drooping cigarette pendant from his lip ordinarily, and you never were in doubt as to who was the hero of his stories—that party was R. C. de L. Todd.

His life had been a twenty-six-year long revel of adventure. Witness:

At the age of ten months, while ensconced in a large rocking-chair in presumable safety, he had fallen, chair and all, out of a second-story window into a concrete areaway which was surrounded by a spiked fence. No damage resulted except to the chair.

When a year and a half old he had strayed away and been lost in a sewer two days, alone with the rats.

At three he had been tossed by an infuriated bull—all bulls are infuriated, only some more so.

At four, he was dragged by a street-car; and, at five, trampled beneath the hoofs of runaway horses and stampeding elephants in a circus parade.

He admitted that accidents happen in the most conservative of families, and that little kids take chances because they don't know any better; but the proof of the intrepid soul is the courting of danger when arrived at the age of accountability.

To defy death and devastation, deliberately—there's euphony for you—to wade boldly into any old kind of peril, heedlessly, with sang-froid and ennui and sic semper raus mit 'em and all that—that's where you shine out as a hero, he said, like a comet with four tails. There was no mistaking the real article then.

In substantiation thereof, he said that

long before he had begun to shave, on the sly, with his pa's razor, and while he was yet in knee-pants and plaited coats he was a regular juggler with Fate. At the age of twelve, he said, he swam two miles out to a buoy in Lake Michigan, and, on the return trip, with a storm blowing off-shore, he battled fourteen long hours with wind and wave before he crawled out on the sand.

He asked me if I didn't remember reading about a boy hanging by his toes, on a wager, from the roof-coping of the Masonic Temple for twenty minutes. I confessed that I couldn't recall the hair-raising incident. He said that he was the boy.

In passing, he mentioned a few little eccentricities like going into a cage of tigers that had just arrived from Bengal; of smoking a cigar while buried to the chin in a barrel of gunpowder; of catching full-grown rattlesnakes with his bare hands, and of swinging down from the fourth story of a burning building on a live wire just before the walls fell in.

Since reaching his full maturity, this dauntless desperado had followed a line of hazardous occupations (to hear him tell it) that would queer his family as life-insurance risks for the next two thousand years. He'd been steeple-jack, lion-tamer, fire-fighter, member of the life-saving corps on Lake Michigan, looper of the gap, high-diver, trapeze performer, parachutist, and night-watchman in a powder-magazine.

At the present writing, he said, rather shamefacedly, that, when at home, he was holding down the humdrum job of mixer in a nitro-glycerin mill. He exhibited stains on his fingers which he said were caused by acids. I've seen the same kind from cigarettes.

Honk took quite a shine to the young man. He struck Honk as being most mild-mannered and unobtrusive Pretty soon you could see the two of them bobbing around together, as thick as cockroaches in a damp basement. Honk said he was trying to keep the boy from getting bored on account of the tiresome sameness of our dull little village.

"That young daredevil," he remarked to me—"that reckless young blade, Horace, simply snaps his fingers in the face of any risk. He tells me that the crowning ambition of his life is to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, or be lowered into the crater of Vesuvius when it's about to erupt."

"I've known one or two of that kind," I observed, without excitement. "There used to be a guy around Arkansas City who was eternally groaning and taking on about riding bad broncs; said the breed of real buckers had become extinct, and quelling 'em was his one grand passion.

"One day, with my assistance, Mart Brady, who helped around the station, borrowed a dray horse from old man Potter. We put a few cockle-burrs under the saddle, and got this buster aboard after a lot of palaver. That old swayback plug laid back its ears, humped its spine, and threw Mr. Rough Rider into a pile of rock, breaking his leg in three places. He couldn't ride a sawbuck that guy couldn't.

"Your real, bona fide, sure enough past-master of anything," I said, "don't go around yapping about his achievements through a megaphone. He perpetrates a few stunts and lets the admiring populace have ocular proof. This is a great age for having things demonstrated to you. Us Missourians—"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say," Honk interrupted. "I've heard the whole rigmarole, including the Ben Franklin and Abe Lincoln variations. But our friend Todd is a very sincere and serious-minded young fellow. He's no empty-headed, vapid braggart. You can't blame him if his life has been full of thrills. Don't be the human pickax, Horace!"

"Well, go ahead and soak up his yarns like a sponge. That is what tickles him. A greedy listener is all he wants to make him enjoy himself."

"He was asking me about grizzlies, yesterday," Honk said. "He wants to get two or three while he's here—"

"Alive?" I asked. "But, of course, he catches them alive—"

"I thought I'd take him out northwest into the hills a ways," Honk continued. "There ain't any grizzlies, but we might run across an old cinnamon, which would be better than none. Want to go along?"

"Sure thing," I said. "I want to see him perform, don't I, same as you?"

"I've borrowed a couple of wheels and some rifles from Gus up at the hardware store. We'll start about daylight. We can ride out that old Indian trail until we get into the breaks, then go on afoot. That will be better than hoofing it all the way."

"Anything is," I agreed.

We called at the hotel for Dick the following morning just as the sun was poking his red poll over the eastern rim. The dauntless one had about finished breakfast, so he joined us without delay.

"This morning reminds me of my boy-

hood days," he chirped. "I spent a year with my Uncle George up in the Saskatchewan country once, and we used to get up mornings like this and go after elk. Killed 'em by the hundreds for their teeth. An elk tooth is the same as ready money among the Indians."

"Ever use a telescope sight?" I asked.

"Very seldom," he said. "Only on very shy game like big horn and antelope. I'd rather pot a bear or a moose at close range, where you feel like if you don't stop him you're a goner. That's where the fun is—for me. Worst fight I believe I ever had was with a mountain lion—" and so on *ad nauseam*.

He claimed to be an absolute dead-shot up to one thousand yards with a 30.40, and, of course, laid it to the gun when he missed a few sage-hens at a hundred yards and a chipmunk I could have killed with a rock.

All you need to do is to go some four or five miles into the Mystic Hills in a northwesterly direction, and the country is as rough and wild-looking as anybody could ask for. But, saving a few bobcats and wolves, there isn't much big game rambling around.

The chances for running across that cinnamon bear Honk hoped for had about an even break with flushing a spitting pugnasticus or a wall-eyed wabbus. I feared that the worst encounter we would have would be with a ferocious rabbit or a man-eating woodchuck.

The three of us, trundling our wheels up the rocky trail, with our rifles slung over our backs like Arabs or Cossacks, or whoever wears 'em that way, began to labor at the exhaust a trifle. I was about to propose a game of three best hands out of five to see who went on after the game and who stayed and herded the bicycles. I'm no kind of a hunter myself. I never see the game until it's on its bounding way.

Dick declared he saw another chipmunk down alongside the hill. "A whopping one," he called it, "big as a dog," and he dropped his wheel and clattered down the steep slope through a growth of greasewood and thorn-bushes to get a shot at it. He made enough racket to scare all the game out of the county, but I was indifferent about that. It wasn't my game.

A minute later we heard a shot and a yowl and scratching and spitting. Honk unlimbered his gun and loped down to investigate. I moved on up a little farther to where the trail curved around a jutting rock, and where I thought I might be able to see what was going on below without too much physical exertion. I trundled the wheel up with me, laid it down, and assumed a reclining position myself. Then I peered over the ledge.

A drama was being enacted some thirty feet beneath me. Dick's chipmunk had turned out to be a big, rusty-looking bobcat, which he'd shot through one ear and made fighting mad. He must have dropped his gun down the cañon after the shot, for he didn't have it. Honk was behind, trying to get a bead on the cat, but couldn't because Dick was exactly in the way.

His rustiness was just mad enough to attack an army. He was coming, snarling and spitting, and that reckless galoot was just standing there rubbering to see where his gun had gone, as unconcerned as if kitty was coming to rub against his leg.

I was surprised. It takes a good one to stand still until a mad bobcat gets close enough to rip the features off him. I wondered if he was figuring on catching it alive. Then I remembered once having seen a man just after he'd had a free-for-all argument with a bobcat, and, as usual, I butted in.

I knew I couldn't hit the varmint with a Gatling, let alone one little measley bullet out of a rifle, so I reached around, got the bike, and dropped it, flat-ways, right plump on Mr. Bobcat just as he squatted to leap for Richard's throat.

Whang! Yow! Ss-s-s-st! Down the steep hillside went bicycle, bobcat, boulders, and bedlam!

"Hooray!" I yelled. "If he's shot between the eyes with a coaster-brake and twice through the body with a spoke, I'm the hero that shot him!"

"That's the system!" shouted Honk. "You fixed him!"

All I saw was a two-hundred-yard streak of rusty brown going up the ravine, clothed in expectoration. I was too weak to stand when they climbed back to where I was, after rescuing the lost gun and my bicycle. Dick couldn't seem to grasp the humor of it exactly; he looked bewildered more than anything else.

"Say?" I asked. "Was you going to take a chance at him slicing you, or was you too scared to run, or what?"

"It was great!" Honk mixed in before Richard the Lionheart could reply. "Nerviest thing I ever saw. For downright coolness, that took the pastry."

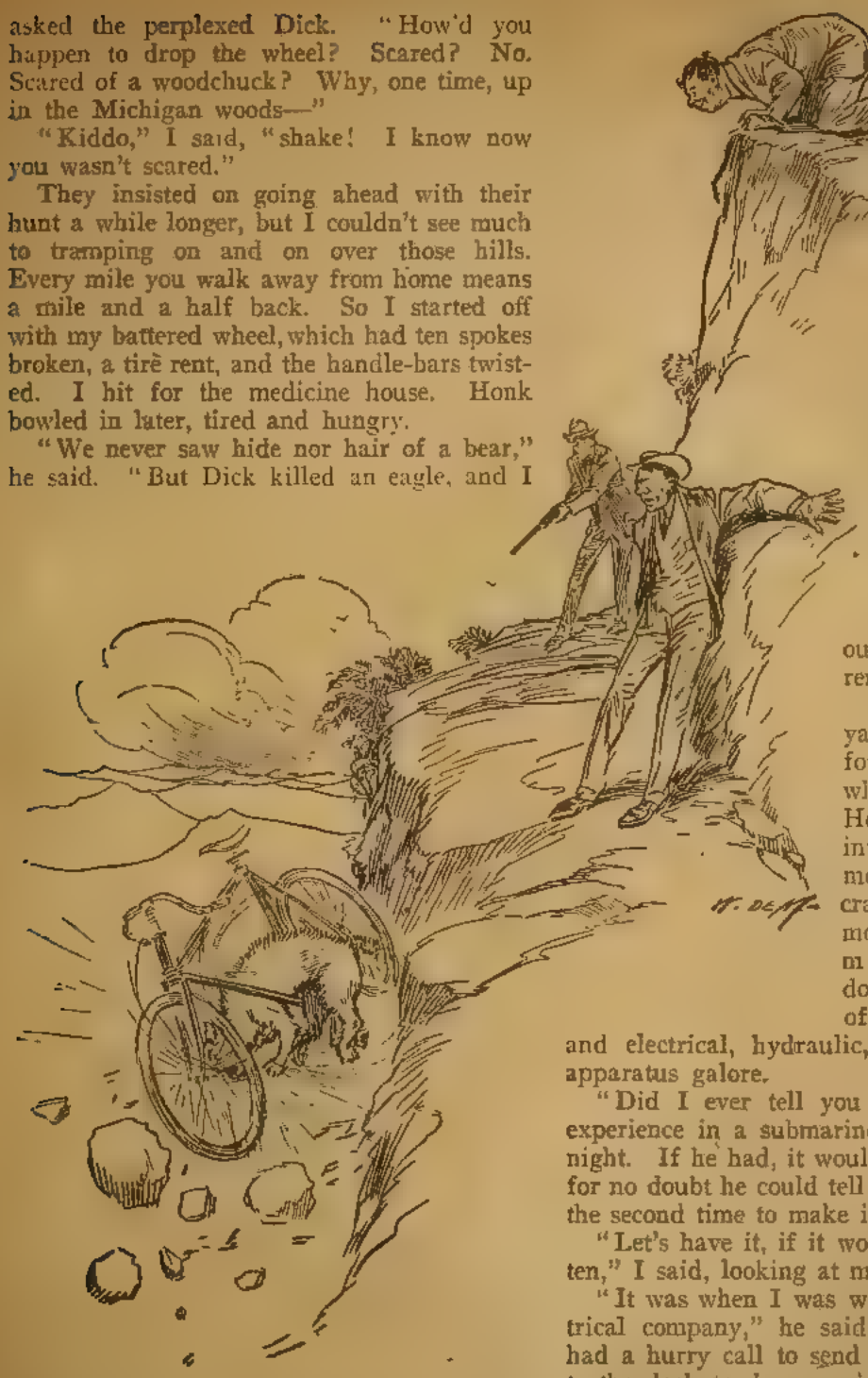
"What was the fuss all about, anyway?"

asked the perplexed Dick. "How'd you happen to drop the wheel? Scared? No. Scared of a woodchuck? Why, one time, up in the Michigan woods—"

"Kiddo," I said, "shake! I know now you wasn't scared."

They insisted on going ahead with their hunt a while longer, but I couldn't see much to tramping on and on over those hills. Every mile you walk away from home means a mile and a half back. So I started off with my battered wheel, which had ten spokes broken, a tire rent, and the handle-bars twisted. I hit for the medicine house. Honk bowled in later, tired and hungry.

"We never saw hide nor hair of a bear," he said. "But Dick killed an eagle, and I got two shots at a coyote. He laughed about that bobcat, and making you believe he thought it was a woodchuck. He says he's caught many a bobcat with his hands. He says they're the easiest things to handle he's ever tackled."



IT DROPPED ON MR. BOBCAT JUST AS HE SQUATTED TO LEAP FOR RICHARD'S THROAT.

Dauntless Dick got to coming down evenings and sitting in a little friendly dime-limit game with Honk and me for pastime. During these sittings he related his marvelous adventures. One reminded of another.

Often we had to yawn in his face before he would realize when bedtime came. He took considerable interest in Honk's mechanical idiosyncrasies — the solar motor, the perpetual motion, the half-dozen or so models of flying-machines, and electrical, hydraulic, and aerodynamic apparatus galore.

"Did I ever tell you bout my thrilling experience in a submarine?" he asked, one night. If he had, it wouldn't have mattered, for no doubt he could tell it different enough the second time to make it unrecognizable.

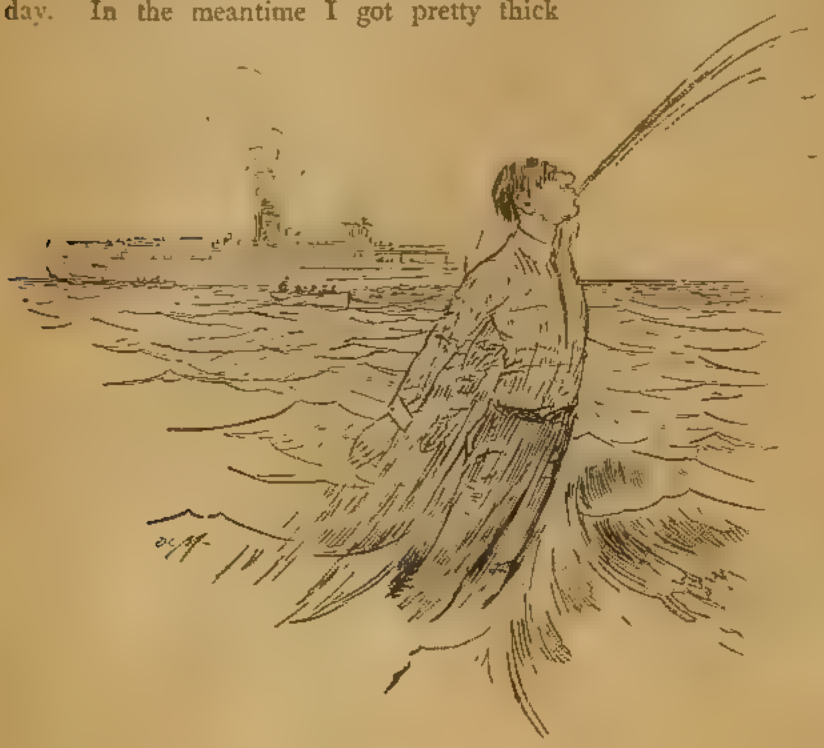
"Let's have it, if it won't last longer than ten," I said, looking at my watch.

"It was when I was working for an electrical company," he said. "One day they had a hurry call to send a man right down to the dock to do some inside wiring. The parties said it was a particular job, so they sent me to do it. I took my kit and went down.

"A rowboat was waiting for me, manned by four sailors and a bo's'n. I tumbled in, and was flicked across to where a short mast of a thing stuck up above a speck of deck fenced in with a low, iron railing, and lying flat on the water. I stepped out of the boat onto the deck, and the bo's'n led the way

down a stairway into the inside of the craft. It was as fine a boat as I ever saw.

"The job didn't amount to anything; wiring for a set of fans, some push-buttons to call the help from one room to the other, and like o' that. It didn't take me half a day. In the meantime I got pretty thick



"I LEAPED HALF OUT OF THE WATER. I SAW—"

with the captain, smoked his cigars, and swapped stories with him and such things.

"He told me the boat was one of the government submarines; she'd come all the way around through the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes without an accident of any kind. It was a fine boat, but I've forgotten the name of it; thought I'd never forget that boat's name, but I have. Just before noon, when I got the work all completed, the captain—"

"How'd they happen to be up in that neck of the woods?" I asked. "I didn't know they ever sent submarines around through the rural districts—"

"Oh, yes," said Dick airily. "They send 'em all over. This one was on a secret mission, the captain told me. He asked me if I wouldn't like to take a dive to the bottom of Lake Michigan. Would I? Well, rather. All right, sir! He just called in a lieutenant, or mate, or whatever they call 'em, and gave a few curt orders: 'Seal the hatches! Sink her twenty fathoms! Forward at half speed!' like that. 'Aye, aye, sir!' the mate said; and in five minutes I was gazing out a window, watching the big fish go by.

"You know a submarine attracts all kinds of fish. They follow along and gambol in swarms and droves after a submarine. It's wonderful to see them—wonderful! Some are almost as big as the boat itself.

"The captain said they crowded around the propeller very often so thick that every now and then a big fellow would get knocked in the head. The crowd would immediately gobble him up and race after the boat to help eat the next one.

"I was enjoying myself better than I ever can remember when the terrible accident happened. The propeller got tangled up in a school of fish—clogged, jammed, and snapped off close up to the hull. When the resistance ceased, of course, the engines raced themselves to ruin before the engineer could shut off the power.

"They wrecked themselves in the fraction of a minute. Having no engines, the pumps couldn't be worked, the water couldn't be pumped out of the ballast-tanks, and there we were, twenty fathoms down, and likely to stay there.

"I was the only cool head on board when it came to the pinch. The captain just sat in a daze, and the crew prayed and wrung their hands. I assumed entire command.

"'How long will our air supply last?' I asked the engineer.

"'Two hours,' he said.

"'What pressure have we available for the torpedo tubes?' I asked next. He found out, and I figured a minute. We had enough to shoot the seven men on board besides myself to within twenty feet of the surface. You know, at a hundred feet down the weights and pressures are enormous."

"Yes," said Honk. "Hurry up! What did you do then?"

"Do? I clapped those fellows into the tubes, one by one, and fired them up through the water to life and air. It took a full fifteen minutes apiece to load, fire, and set the mechanism for another shot. Of course, with each man out, the air supply in the

boat became better; but the unusual strain told on me so that it took me nearly half an hour to load and fire the last two men.

"The oxygen was all but exhausted then, and it was impossible for me to enter the tube, even if I had been able to manipulate the firing apparatus. Panting and half fainting, I staggered to the companionway that led to the upper deck Then, gathering my strength in one supreme effort, I filled my lungs with that deadly gas, burst the hatch open in a frenzy, and leaped upward into the water that threatened to crush me like an egg-shell.

"I shot toward the surface like an arrow! So great was the speed of my ascent that I leaped half out of the water. I saw—"

"You saw Baron Marcus Munchausen, Joe Mulhatton, and Opie Dilldock," I offered, "dancing a jig on the water."

Honk gave me a pained look. Dick resumed:

"No A large lake steamer lay hove to. Her boats were picking up our men as they came up. Every man was saved, thanks to my coolness and bravery. Congress voted me a medal for it The submarine lies there to-day, at the bottom of the lake—"

I took a turn around in the open air for a few minutes then. That last one had aged me. I felt rheumatic. I went over to the power-house for a while, and listened to Butch Poteet's artless prattle about Ernestine to get back to normal. A couple of hours later, when I returned, Dick had faded away, and Honk sat with the fixed gaze of one stunned.

"Well," I remarked, "what's new?"

"Dick wants to run the gyroscope-car over to Millardsville, some time." Honk said "He thinks it's a great invention"

"Don't let him," I admonished. "He'll take it to Europe and be doing the loop-the-loop with it when you next hear of him."

"I dunno. We might let the kid take him over. It must be dull around here for him."

"Say," I said, "I've got a scheme. You know the cañon southwest of town? About five hundred feet deep, ain't it, in one place? Run a rail out there and stretch a wire cable across, then let the kid take Dick over for a thriller."

"The kid wouldn't do it It'd scare him to death."

"I'll risk a good nickel cigar he'll do it," I said

"It's a bully good scheme," said Honk, with enthusiasm. "We'll make it a feature in our next folder advertising Valhalla The wonderful ride through the air!"

He was out at daylight the next morning, getting a force of men started on the happy project.

I took Buttsey Blair, otherwise the kid, with me, and we walked down to view the cable bridge across the chasm when it was completed. He looked it over with the air of an expert.

"Would you be scared to run the car across it?" I asked him.

"Me? Naw, I'll run her across, if Mr. Simpson'll guarantee it's stout enough. She couldn't fall off, you know."

"Buttsey," I said confidentially, "this windy Dick Todd up at the hotel wants to do something desperate, and we've fixed this up as a surprise for him. If you can sort of touch him up a little when you take him across, there'll be a birthday present in it for you; but mum's the word. Don't you hint it to him about this cañon before you get him out on the cable."

"All right, Mr. Horace," said Buttsey. "I've heard this mutt a braggin' a'ready, an' I'd just like to have some fun with him myself."

Dick came down one evening, after the ten feet of concrete had set thoroughly around the anchors of the cable, and we were ready to spring it on him. He sat and gased a while, mentioning a few improvements that would help the car. He thought it ran too slow, for one thing, and was as devoid of thrill as a wheelbarrow.

"We'll have the kid take you down to the South End Park, some of these days," said Honk carelessly. "There's some awe-inspiring scenery down there."

Dick said he would be tickled to see something of that character for a change.

The next day being favorable, and Buttsey getting his parcels delivered by ten o'clock, we hunted up our victim and set out with him.

When we reached the park, Honk and I got out, on a pretext of looking after some imaginary improvement or other, and told the kid to take Mr. Todd on out to the end of the line and back. He kept asking where the much-lauded scenery was.

"Wipe off your specs and get ready," said Buttsey. "We'll come to it just around this curve," and away they went. Honk and I made a cross-cut through the weeds, thinking to arrive in time to see them on the return trip When we came out on the edge of the cliff, we saw the car stopped about midway of the swaying cable and standing suspended over the abyss.

HONK HOOKED ON HIS LITTLE WAGON AND WENT JIGGLING MERRILY OUT.

Of the Lionheart we couldn't see even a rumpled plume sticking up, and the diabolical Buttsey seemed to be tinkering at his motor.

He looked across and saw me. I waved a friendly hand.

"Hey, Mr. Simpson," he called excitedly, "we're stuck out here. I stopped to let this guy get the wort' of his money. He was down on his hands an' knees a beggin' to be took back, an' now he's layin' here on the floor, croaked or somethin'. He flopped over when I couldn't start her again. Honest, I can't start her! What'll I do?"

"You're scared," Honk told him. "Try it again. Disconnect and examine your coils. Maybe you've got a hot bearing somewhere."

The Kid did some more tinkering, and swore that he couldn't locate the trouble, high or low.

"Why don't your friend take command, now?" I asked Honk. "He could fire 'em out of the torpedo tube." Honk glowed at me.

"You're to blame for this," he growled. "It's serious. It's just a question of the gyroscope running down in ten or twelve hours, and they will fall off."

"Go out and fix it, then," I said. "Take my umbrella, if you want to."

Honk seemed to be alarmed all right, for he set out on a dog-trot for town. In half an hour he returned on a wheel with a bag of tools and one of those little pulley-carriages the telephone linemen ride in when they're putting up overhead cables. Dauntless Dick had revived and fainted again, and Buttsey had partly lost his nerve.

Honk hooked on his little wagon and went jiggling merrily out. I doubt if he enjoyed it as much as I did. He didn't look it. It took him ten minutes to locate and adjust the hitch when he got aboard, and the hardest part was getting aboard.

Of course, it was dangerous, but I couldn't help smiling a little. Honk got sore because I did, too.

The car rolled on the solid earth again and stopped. We gave Dick the artificial respiration treatment, and rubbed and wallowed him back to consciousness. He was a reformed daredevil, and no mistake. He was gentle as a lamb.

"Look at his hair!" I exclaimed, horror-stricken. "He's getting gray."

It was true. When we got Richard the Lionheart back to Valhalla, his hair was as white as the whiskers of an amateur Santa Claus.

Flashes from the Headlight.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.

Here Are Some Railroad Stories that Are Spick-and-Span and New, Just from the Shops, Ready for Their First Run.

TIT FOR TAT.

TWO elderly spinsters were bound for Duluth. In the hurry and flutter of the railroad journey, they rushed aboard the train before thinking of the necessary formality of purchasing tickets.

After securing seats, the elder of the two bethought herself of the tickets, and hurried out to the ticket-seller's window. Fluttering with excitement, her nerves all on edge, she rushed up to the window, gesticulating, and shouted to the agent:

"Two—to—Duluth! Two—to—Duluth!"

The dispenser of the pasteboards looked up and, never batting an eye, waved back, and answered:

"Ta-ta, ta-ta! Oh, you kid!"

WHY HE WEPT.

CRYING bitterly beside the wreck of a derailed engine from beneath which the wrecking-crew were removing the bodies of the engineer and fireman, stood a small boy who had been stealing a ride on the pilot.

A kind-hearted conductor bent over the little fellow and sought to learn the cause of his grief.

"What's the matter, son?" he said. "Was your daddy on the engine?"

"No," sobbed the youngster. "I lost my hat."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A BOOMER brakeman being the only survivor of a rear-end collision, was called upon the carpet to tell how the accident occurred.

"You see, it was this way," he said. "We was mopin' around the curve about sixty-five miles per, when I looked out and seen a stack of reds on the main.

"I gave the grand hailin' sign of distress and notified the skillet-head on the front end. He throwed her into the breechin' on two pipes of seashore; he give her the secret works and began to sound the bugle-call.

"Then I makes a high dive and disappeared into the atmosphere."

"That will be all," said the superintendent. "You are excused."

SMOKE IN THE SMOKER.

ALL the cars being crowded, one hot day last summer, on the train which runs between Vallejo and Suisun, California, a number of women and children took seats in the smoking-car, with the result that all pipes went out and several half-smoked cigars disappeared through the open window.

"All but one, however," says the old Civil War veteran who tells us the story, "and that was a vile weed in the mouth of a young smarty, wearing a cheap suit, who stood in the doorway, letting the nauseating fumes of his cigar sweep back into the faces of the women and children.

"I finally became so disgusted that I went over to him, and said: 'Young man, if you will throw that stinker away I'll give you ten cents.'

"The young hoodlum only laughed, and said 'Now, if you had said fifty cents, I might do it.'

"'Well, fifty cents, then,' I replied, 'but, before I pay it, I want to tell you that if the Chinese who made that cigar was here to see you smoking it, he'd go home and tell his folks how proud he was that he wasn't a white man.'

"Smarty tried to answer back, but I had the whole car laughing at him by that time, and was ready to put on the finishing touches.

"'Young man,' I said, 'I have used tobacco for

more than fifty-five years, but I'll be hanged if I ever saw the time when I didn't have sense enough to quit smoking in the presence of women and children.'

"That was enough for Smarty, however. He had thrown away his cigar and darted into the car ahead to get away from the storm of laughter and hand-clapping which greeted my remarks.

"For the rest of the trip the smoker was smokeless."

A MIXED MESSAGE.

A FRIEND of a family residing in Mountain View, New Jersey, in which a death had occurred, sent the following telegram to an undertaker in a near-by town:

MOUNTAIN VIEW, N. J.

To E. R. RICHARDS, POMPTON, NEW JERSEY:
Come at once. Adult.

JOHN DOE

The message fell into the hands of a student operator, who delivered it to Z. Richards, a cousin of the undertaker, and a butcher by trade. On delivery it read as follows:

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

To Z. RICHARDS, POMPTON, NEW JERSEY:
Come at once, a bull.

JOHN DOE.

WHAT A ROADMASTER RECEIVED.

MR. J J WHITE, ROODMASTER,
Dir Sir in redgards to Mr Jones' lettr of July 6 about th Switch lamps, om my secon I am soire to say it but it is imposable for me to make this lamps burn with such oil as I am furnished With this month it looks more' like mudy Water then oil and it Wont burn 12 hors att ole I am liting all of the lamps daly and July the fifth I found 4 lamps out of 9 burning but since that time I hav not bin able to find aney att ole. I find the lamps failing so I claned out the Wicks and pord out the old oil and had a new can So i tried it it Was just the same if you will send me good oil I will keep them burning but with this oil it seems to be imposable to do it.

Yours respetifly
J BLANK.

THE ENGINEER'S JOKE.

NOT long ago a new road was built into Carrizo Springs, Texas, and on the day that the first train was run into town the farmers had gathered from all over the country to watch for its arrival, many of them never having seen one before. They were sitting on the platform and on the roof of the station when the engineer brought the train in at full speed.

As he slowed down he put his head out of the window and yelled: "Look out, I'm going to turn around!" and the farmers, badly frightened, scattered in all directions.

"I thought that if he was going to turn around, he would have to do like we do when we turn a wagon," one of them was heard to remark as he walked sheepishly back to the station with the rest of the crowd

Do you know a good story for "Flashes from the Headlight"? If so, why not send it to the Editor?

ENGINEER RISKS LIFE TO SAVE CREW.

With the Woods Blazing Fiercely on Both Sides and a Loose Rail Ahead, He Sticks to Throttle.

A RECENT forest fire at Park Falls, Wisconsin, has brought to light a hero whose achievement is believed to equal anything on record in the way of coolness, courage, and the exercise of good judgment, under trying conditions.

General Manager Atwood, with Superintendent of Logging Brackett, Railway Superintendent Wright, Superintendent of Motive Power Gregory, Head Car Repairer Overdahl, Chief Electrician Jacoby, and a crew of picked men from the company's shops here, took an engine and caboose and ran out to the fire zone.

They found a perfect hurricane of flame, the very atmosphere apparently being on fire on both sides of the track. Conditions seemed to grow worse as they proceeded, but they endeavored to push their way through the fire to where a train of cars was standing at Hollinger's spur.

Rounding a curve, they ran in between a large pile of ties on one side of the track and some timbers on the other. Both piles were a mass of seething flames. As they rode into the sea of fire, Engineer Emory Juneau, looking ahead, saw a rail kinked with the terrible heat. To proceed would derail the engine and car and would mean certain cremation for the entire party.

Quickly and coolly he applied the brakes, reversed his engine, and released the air again. Then, throwing himself flat in his cab, he succeeded in bringing the blazing car out of danger.

Although the whole proceeding took only a few seconds, it seemed like an age to all of the party, who were penned in like rats in a trap, and it was long enough for the car to catch fire, both inside and out, many of the party being severely burned in the interval.—*Green Bay Gazette.*

ON SHORT TIME.

BY HORACE H. HERR,

Author of "Being a Boomer Brakeman," and "The Evolution of 'Almost.'"

Bartholomew E. Goldsworthy Tries Hard to Please a Very Pretty Young Lady.

CHAPTER III.

Why Bart Was There.

I ADVISED Mr. Martin that the roadmaster would report to him in a few minutes, and as no one seemed anxious that I remain in the special car, I went over to my dog-house, where I knew I would be more at home.

Going through the private car, I caught another glimpse of the young lady and a dignified elderly woman, who, I found out later, was her mother. When I reached the caboose, Bart was in an awful stew.

"Where's your comb and hair-brush?" he asked, with a show of irritation

I removed my hat, bringing into view a dome which is as devoid of hair as a pool ball.

"Does that look like a loafing-place for hair?" I asked. Then, remembering that "Dude" Bowling always carried a kit of tools in his pocket, I volunteered to see what I could do for him. Bart finally got his crop of black locks placed to suit him, and although he didn't look entirely happy, he climbed over to the platform of the private car and went in.

If I could have cashed that mind bet I won during the night, I would have been glad to give up half of it for a reserved seat back there, for I felt sure that something was going to come off that would be worth watching, even if a fellow couldn't have a ring-side seat.

However, as it was an invitation affair, I had to crawl out on top of the cupola and let my feet hang over, and try to figure out what kind of a new game I had encountered.

Of course, a fellow forgets the ordinary things which occur on a trip just as soon as he has made out his trip ticket and figured up his overtime.

I had met up with a few unexpected and peculiar events in my time, but none of them resembled this one, and I couldn't help but wonder if Bart was really Count von Sneeze in disguise or an embezzling bank cashier hiding out

This was the one thing I was unable to put out of my mind.

When we rattled over the high switch at Winslow, Bart had not returned from the conference in the general manager's car. I took my time washing up, even polished my head, and tried to get a little mud off those good black trousers; and still Bart did not show up.

As my flue sheet felt as if it was just about to drop if I didn't get a cup of Java and a sinker pretty quick, I wandered up to the station, registered in, and proceeded to wrap my legs about a lunch-counter stool and order about a dollar's worth of ham and eggs.

And still Bart failed to show up.

Knowing that within a few hours the call-boy would be after me to serve the rest of my sentence on the cinder train, I went over to the adobe to grab what little shut-eye might be waiting for me. After I once got those tight shoes off my feet, and stretched out in bed, I started in to figure out just what this Bart Goldie affair really was and I'd be willing to bet a hundred hat checks that I would have figured it out inside an hour if I hadn't gone to sleep

When a fellow has been up all night wrestling box cars and fighting to keep himself from hitting some lop-eared wise-head like Bennett in the nose, no sentimental love affair, not even his own, is going to keep him awake.

You know the Honorable Charles Flynn used to hand out a morsel of wisdom as a premium with every sale, and the last pair of gloves I bought over there brought me this, without any extra charge: "A railroad man has just as good a job as a king, when he's asleep." However that may be, for the next eight hours I was satisfied with everybody and everything.

When I finally opened my eyes, Goldie had come in. When he saw that I was in my right mind again, he did a most unexpected thing.

"Why don't you hire that snore of yours out to the roundhouse for a whistle?" he asked.

I thought that was real fair for Goldie—the nearest to a joke he ever had approached voluntarily. Any one could see that he was in a festive state of mind. I couldn't have been more surprised if he had started to sing "Love's Old, Sweet Song."

"Don't get fresh, young fellow, just because you have been hobnobbing with an official. Where have you been all day?" I asked, in the hope that he would say something of vital interest.

"In Martin's car most of the time. In Arnold's office the rest of it."

"Well, anything startling?"

"Yes," he replied. "Several things." Then he went to playing "Marching Through Georgia" or "Who Killed Paddy's Goat?" with his finger on the table, and him a knowing all the time that the Sewing Society was waiting for a wee bit of gossip, so to speak.

"For one thing," he began after a time, "we are going to run the cinder pit one month longer this year than they did last, and I've asked Mr. Arnold to see that you have one of the work trains as long as the pit is worked.

"Oh, thanks, and again thanks, kind sir," I spouted at him. "For good behavior the prisoner will be allowed to serve another month after his regular term."

"After that is done," continued Bart, "we will put in a gravity pipe-line from the lake on Bill Williams Mountain to Winona and do away with the hauling of water over there."

"Why not tap Niagara Falls, or pump the water from the Colorado River into the Grand Cañon?"

"And if they follow out my suggestion, we will put in reinforced concrete bridges and culverts over the entire third division."

"Bart," I growled from the depths of my shirt, which refused to go on because the sleeves were wrong side out, "you talk like a rusty phonograph."

"It's no wonder. I've been talking all day. I had to convince every one that these things were possible and for the ultimate good of the road."

"Of course, all this conversation was very interesting to me, in view of the fact that I was thinking of the young lady. Bart dropped into silence, and seemed to have gone so far in that there was no chance of his getting out alone, so I threw him a line.

"By the way, Miss Martin isn't as good-looking as one would expect a general manager's daughter to be."

"What's the matter with her looks?" snapped Bart.

"Her hair is too gray, and the wrinkles in her face—"

"Oh, you saw Mrs. Martin. Lois has dark hair and brown eyes."

Well, that sounded a little closer to the real news, so I tried again.

"That's funny. I thought the young woman was the hired girl. She seemed rather interested in watching you at the wreck last night."

"How do you know?" asked Bart, with real interest.

"I saw her standing down near the wreck for almost half an hour."

"That accounts for it."

"That accounts for what?" I asked.

"For her lack of surprise when I—say what are you after anyhow, information?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Bart. I'm trying to save my life. If I don't get the straight of this affair pretty soon, I'm going to expire."

Bart Goldie threw has head back and roared. The roar gradually simmered to a cackle and ended in a series of silent spasms which shook all of his six feet of anatomy. If a fellow could sell that kind of a laugh by the can he could make a fortune. By the time he finished, I had inhaled enough of the fumes to produce a grin on my own face.

When he had enough of it out of his system to allow him to talk, he said:

"You old woman! The idea of a man

reaching the age where he speaks of the hair on his head as 'it,' and still being hungry for gossip. Well, Baldy, I have a mind to tell you all about it. I'll have to tell some one pretty soon, or there's going to be an explosion."

"Go as far as you like, Bart. You've got the main line all to yourself."

That's just how I came to find out that the Honorable Charles Flynn was absolutely correct, and Bartholomew E. Goldsworthy came to Arizona on account of his family troubles, and his family troubles came along as a second section and caught up with him.

It wouldn't be right to unload all he told me that evening, and I couldn't begin to tell it like he did, for there are no mandolins and guitars playing in the distance, no Arizona dusk, no great big sense of loneliness, to make up the proper setting.

After Bart Goldie had drifted through the sheep-skin factory, he apparently awoke to the fact that he had wasted about four years of his life and a whole lot of the governor's money, cultivating a football crop of hair.

As the governor wasn't in the mattress business he didn't have much use for hair, and I guess there must have been a little stormy conversation, after which the governor locked the safe which held the incubating bonds and went home, informing Bart that when he had amounted to something more than a village sport with its hair parted in the middle, he would be glad to have him come into the business.

It seems as if Bart grew real peevish about it, and informed the governor that he could get along without a parental helper, even if he had to double the hills, and they let the matter rest right there.

But I guess that while Bart put up a loud whistle the steam was really very low. He didn't say as much, but by plain addition and subtraction, I figured out that he was just about to ask a young lady to marry him, banking on father for the price of the marriage license and the first month's rent.

The young lady was Lois Martin. He had met her in college, and, having been the genuine football hero, he was a favorite in the betting.

After the governor cut the train line, Bart began to think it over. He couldn't ask the girl to live in a box car when she had been used to a Pullman, and he seemed to realize that he wasn't going to have a great deal of luck when he tried to persuade her father, when, technically speaking, he should have been arrested for having no visible means of support.

He knew that Martin was a railroad official, and at that time he was connected with an Eastern trunk line, and believing if he, too, went out and made good at the railroad game, papa would be more apt to favor him, he started out gaily as a light extra for the West.

A year passed without seeing Bart made president of a road. He kept going farther West until he landed at Winslow and fell into the place of roadmaster of the third division. In the meantime, the Eastern trunk line, by one of those juggling stunts, came into control of the A. and P., and Martin was sent out in the capacity of general manager to improve the property and bring it up to the standard of the Eastern road.

That's about the how of it. I'm not saying that Miss Martin could not have given the why of it in a very interesting way, for an innocent bachelor who don't know more than enough to enable him to sign the dotted line on the orders and copy car and seal numbers, should never speculate on what a woman might say.

I will venture this much: that if she had known that Bart Goldie was doing his lapse, working day and night like a heathen, forgetting to go after his pay-check about half the time, just in the hope of some day amounting to something more than a section boss or a roadmaster, she would have been mighty proud of him, no matter what kind of a woman she was.

"I'm going to have this woman, some day," remarked Goldie that evening when he saved my life. I'd have died if he had not told me. "And before I have her I must make good. Make good in a big way, Baldy. I'll do it some day, but it has to be soon. I'm afraid some one will rob me of the one woman in the world. I'm running on short time—that's what worries me."

Of course, I'm not much at advising in a love affair, but Bart was so earnest about it I had to say something.

"Yes, I understand," I said, although he knew I didn't understand, and I knew it, too. "You're on short time, Bart, but the track's straight, and if she ain't asleep at the switch, she'll see your headlight coming and keep in the clear until you arrive."

I don't suppose that meant very much to him in the way of encouragement, but if he had known that I was so cock-sure that he was going to pick up the girl that I bet my

self a million dollars against my last insurance receipt, he would have felt better.

Yes, sir, I made that odds-on bet, just on form. If I had waited another month I would have doubled it, for after Bart Goldie found that Lois Martin was in our neck of the woods, he began to make things move.

When he started he went some place. You never found him waiting on a siding. He was always on the main line, and he had a way of making things go that made a hit with every man on the division.

You know just how nervous a fellow feels when he finds he's on short time. You leave the last station with more than running time in which to make your meet, and get about half-way over when you find a box so hot it has to be packed at once.

Again, the hog gets to slipping or won't steam, and one minute follows the other until you look at your watch and find that you have just enough time to get there without figuring for the five minutes in the clear. You do the hurdle race over the tops for the head-end and find the eagle-eye with his watch in his hand, and the fireman just about to get down and push. By that time you have eight miles to go in eight minutes on a grade that would be steep for a flying machine. You know you should run for it with a flag, and you're not sure but that even then the old man is going to present you with a bunch of brownies or a tin can, and finally you decide to take a chance.

There is just one more curve, and then it's straight track, and you keep chugging away, promising yourself that if you get out of this without losing a piece of your cuticle, you will establish squatter's rights on the next side-track, if you haven't enough time to make the next station and clear by a week.

You get around the last curve onto the straight-away, you see the other fellow fogging into the station four miles beyond, and you wonder if there is any possible chance of his having gone blind since the doctor examined his eyes. Of course, the other fellow is just as anxious to avoid a main-line meet as you are, and while he blusters around a bit when you crawl in over the switch with your tail between your legs, you know that he knows that the next day you will probably be waiting for him and he will be dealing in short time.

I suppose Bart felt the same way. Martin's headquarters were in San Francisco, and the family made its home there. A large number of fellows in San Francisco are in the market for housekeepers, and there was always the chance that some fellow would come along and take Bart's running orders and go ahead of him.

While he never said as much, I'm sure that worried him as much as anything else.

A few days after Bart and I were back on the cinder-pit work, we were in the clear one morning at Bellemont for No. 7. We happened to be standing at the east switch when the varnished wagons came in, and when they stopped, Martin's private car, which was on the rear, was just opposite us, and Miss Martin and her mother were out on the observation platform.

Bart saw her just as quickly as she saw him. She beckoned to him and he went over for a chat. No. 7 had cleared our switch by fifty feet, and if I had been a real conductor I would have pulled out, but I waited for Bart to have his little talk, and when No. 7 began to move it looked for a time as if Bart was going to hang on the end gate. However, he finally let go, and with a wave of his hand came back to earth and the cinder train—his face glowing like one of those electric signs.

I never had to work so hard in all my life as I did the rest of that day. It looked as if Bart wanted to pull down that cinder mountain and haul it away to ballast the track from Bellemont to Albuquerque, not less than three hundred and fifty miles, before quitting time.

That was on Friday morning. I know, because we had mackerel for breakfast and sardines for supper. Sunday morning, Bart said he was going over to Williams for the day on a little personal business, and that he would not be back until the local Monday morning. He told where he wanted the work to begin on Monday, and I promised to have a string of loads ready to leave when he came in.

I knew that the Grand Cañon was just sixty-three miles from Williams, and that No. 7 connected with the plug which went out of the cañon in the morning, coming back at night in time to catch the night limited, which went through the cinder pit like a fellow who never had smallpox going by a pest-house.

But I didn't say a word. If he wanted to go around spending Sunday in riotous living, when he should have been resting up so that he would be able to earn his money, that was his business.

Just to show how valuable a man he was, the pit opened Monday morning the same as if he had been there. I told him when he

got back that he hadn't missed him a bit, and, so far as I was concerned, he could take every other Sunday off if he wanted to I had forty loads coupled up and the engine on them a long time before the local showed up.

However, when the local did come, Bart was on it. At first, when he dropped off the caboose I wasn't sure it was Bart, for he looked more like a traveling man from a gents' furnishing-house than he did like Bart Goldie or a roadmaster.

He had a brand-new outfit, from his shoes to the black hat, a real white shirt, and a stand-up collar that reminded me of the sand fence down near Hardy; a gray suit, which, while it wasn't as noisy as some I've seen, was pretty loud for a quiet little hamlet like the cinder pit, where about the only things of color were the cook, the water-flag, and the semaphore.

He was carrying a suit-case, one of those kind which keep a fellow guessing whether it's full of thousand-dollar bills or interest-bearing bonds, and he wore the clothes and carried the suit-case just as if they belonged to him.

He didn't go over to the pit after he alighted from the local. Walked up to me first, and asked:

"How's everything? How soon will you be ready to start out with your train?"

"Everything is in better shape than it's been this year," I replied, taking off my hat and standing on one foot. "My train has been waiting since daybreak for you to show up."

I thought that might take some of the starch out of his shirt He only smiled and started for the caboose.

"Let's go then. I'm ready," he said, and a few minutes later we were bumping over the switch, and with that once closed and "Dude" Bowling in his usual roost on top, I went inside, took my hat, and began dusting off the office chair and making things just as tidy as I could.

But my efforts failed to appeal to Bart. He opened up the fancy carpetbag, took out his old khaki suit, and started to change his clothes. During the operation I endeavored to extract a few morsels of information.

"How did you find everything at Williams?" I asked.

"Oh, all right," he answered.

"Be quite a place if it had more houses, don't you think?"

Bart was trying to get out of that white shirt without using a can-opener, and he failed to reply. After he had solved the puzzle, I continued.

"Nice place to spend Sunday?"

"Yes," he replied, and I didn't know whether it was a question or an answer.

"Have a good time over at the Grand Cañon?"

I naturally expected him to show a little surprise, for he had never told me he was going to the cañon, but he took it very common-like.

"Fine. It's a great place."

"Yes," I replied. "It is quite a hole in the ground. I remember when old man Cameron started to build it. Did you see Cameron?"

"No," answered Bart, which was rather surprising, for Cameron runs the one hotel, and if you eat there you have to see him.

"Go down the Bright Angel trail?" I asked.

"No, I didn't have time," explained the roadmaster, which is rather peculiar, for everybody who goes to the Grand Cañon goes down the trail, because it's about the only place to go.

"Did you see that mountain of green rock right at the end of the spur, where they always set out the special cars?"

"Yes," replied Bart. "I believe I did."

Now, there never was a mountain of green rock, so far as I know, and I was thoroughly convinced that Bart had not seen much of the scenic landscape.

"Mr. Martin's car was supposed to be at the cañon, Bart. Did you see it?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"You mean you saw her, don't you?" I questioned, determined to show him that I was a pretty wise old head, even if I had never been in a divorce court. Bart looked up at me with a sheepish grin, and I'm sure he would have confessed, if it had not been for the fact that when the engine hit the grade beyond Bellemont, the slack run back and one of the drawbars came out, bringing with it an end-sill.

Bart found himself looking for minnows in the water-keg, and I went to a finish, catch-as-catch-can, with the caboose stove. Of course, I was giving away lots of weight, but I think I could have won the match if the stove hadn't put a toe-hold on me, and when Bart pulled the stove off, I couldn't get up. My leg was broken in two places. That was once I didn't have to help chain up.

"I'll go over and help them tie the cars together, and as soon as we get to Riordan

we will take you in to Winslow and they can fix you up at the hospital," said Bart as he left the caboose.

CHAPTER IV.

The Other Man.

HAVING found the United States of America rather small and crowded at times, a hospital made a big hit with me. I guess I had been sleeping on a board bunk so long that I couldn't appreciate a little white crib with lace on the blankets. A fellow who has grown accustomed to tying his legs in a slip-knot round a lunch-counter stool doesn't relish his rations when they are dished up on a tin boiler-head alongside his bed. As they had one of my legs strapped to a railroad tie, I wasn't in a very good position to make much of a protest.

It would not have been so bad if I had not realized that there were things going on up around the cinder pit and the Grand Cañon which, while they didn't exactly touch on my future happiness, made my condition a little restless. It was just like missing a couple of chapters in a continued story.

Denny Reagan dropped in every now and then to tell me the news—but when a fellow is feeling seven kinds of pain in his leg and has a chronic grouch, he can't become interested in such common little things as the stripping of the 660, and the smashing of Tim Jones's caboose

After I had been hanging around the nursery for about a week, Bart came in over Sunday, which was all the evidence I needed to convince me that private car No. 8 and the general manager's family had left the Grand Cañon; and while Bart said very little about the young lady, he did keep me pretty well posted on what was going on along the third division.

By the time I had been cribbed up on crutches so that I could hobble about, the ballasting was almost completed and Bart was starting in to build the concrete bridges.

Every man who came around the hospital had something to say about the quality and quantity of work which had been done by the new roadmaster since he came on the job, and when a fellow does a whole lot of good work it's a safe bet he has an inspiration back of him. I knew that, so far as Bart was concerned, he still had hope.

After about three weeks, I began to get accustomed to my hospital surroundings and decided that they were not half bad. For several years, I had been paying one dollar every month from my check for the hospital fund, and while I had the chance, I made up my mind to get my money's worth.

It grated on my nerves to think of a big rough-neck like myself being waited on by a trim miss in a blue-and-white striped dress and a fussy little marker in the way of a white cap.

At first, I really balked, but while I was flat on my back I had to stand for it, and by the time I was able to sit up, I rather liked it.

Miss Fowler was one of those trained nurses who knew more about people than the doctors do. She came from some cross-road town in Kansas. As I passed through that State once, we felt like we were old acquaintances. She knew the Union Depot in Kansas City, and remembered the big linseed mill at Fredonia, and she had a brother working in the shops at Newton—well, you know, I knew all those places like a book.

It was just like meeting somebody from home, and we would talk about old times whenever she could leave the other patients.

I reached the place where I thought she was a real amiable little woman, and when I hobbled over to the Harvey House for dinner the first time, I asked her to go along, and I'm a goat if she didn't go. We had something to eat and quite a bit of conversation, but I don't recall any particular item on the switch-list.

Mending a broken leg, especially where there is only one nurse and a doctor to help, keeps one awfully busy, and for a few weeks I almost forgot to worry about Bart.

I felt mighty ashamed of myself when he came strolling over to the hospital veranda one Sunday afternoon after I had served six weeks of my time. He looked just as big as he did the first day I saw him. He had burned almost copper, but aside from that he was all right—just the kind of man who would set a woman's heart palpitating like an overworked air-pump, and I was glad Miss Fowler was busy inside the building.

Bart put in an hour giving me a train-book record of events on the third division. He was just popping off with enthusiasm, and I was somewhat surprised, but none the less pleased, to note that his affair had been progressing very satisfactorily, even though I had been asleep on the worry job. I think Bart was just about ready to crack a joke, when our little lodge meeting was rudely interrupted by the arrival of something.

I'm not sure to this day what it really was. It wore one of those greasy black stacks, a walking-stick, varnished kicks with gunnysacks wrapped about the tops of them, a bartender's vest, a preacher's coat, and its trousers might have come from Holland—or may have been bloomers.

I felt rather sorry for the fellow at first, for he had lost one of the glasses from his specs, and he sure had a hard time keeping the one remaining in his eye.

He came up on the veranda and asked one of the bad-order squad if Mr. Goldsworthy was about. Bart spoke right up and pleaded guilty to being the party.

"Ah, indeed. How fortunate," said the bunch of clothing, as he cocked his head to one side and squinted at Bart through that one bull's-eye. "I am Mr. Smartley, consulting engineer for the western district," and he announced the fact as if he fully expected Bart to kneel at the mention of the name.

After Bart had acknowledged the introduction and pulled up another chair, the two men sat down and Bart introduced me.

I can't say that I had any ambition to make the gentleman's acquaintance. Knowing that the two men would probably want to talk over official matters, I excused myself, and, taking my props, started out to see if Miss Fowler didn't think it was a beautiful afternoon. Just as I was leaving I heard the human show window say:

"Ah, Mr. Goldsworthy, I am out heah to look ōvah the ballasting work, you know. Mr. Ma'tin wished that I should come out, you know, and see that the work was progressing. Mr. Ma'tin's very particular about track-work, you know; and I assured him, prior to my leaving San Francisco, that I would see that everything was all right out this way."

He talked as if he had a pound of waste in his maw. I made bets with myself that every time that fellow got real mad he swore like a boomer switchman. I can hear him standing up straight and angrily nibbling the end of his walking-stick and muttering, "Oh, crowbars!" or some other vulgar word.

I never could like that hog-head Rigley from the second district. He doesn't know enough about running an engine to turn one on a "Y." He's as homely as a mud-house after a hard rain, and if he don't use cylinder oil as a hair tonic I'll swallow half a dozen car-seals, and I don't claim to be a human ostrich.

He certainly robbed the farm of a good plow-pilot when he went railroading, and I can't see what any woman could find to admire about him. He's so tight, he has to use a cold chisel on his pocketbook every time he opens it, and he buys a new suit of overalls every other year, whether he needs them or not.

The day he bought his last pair he was looking into the front end of an engine to see what pushed the smoke out the stack, when he slipped and fell. He landed square on his back, got up, and was all right until he looked down and discovered he had ripped his new overalls, which cost him six bits over at the Honorable Charles Flynn's emporium.

Immediately he got so sick that he had to go to the hospital. He was just about over the shock and ready to leave the nursery, when he got to figuring how much money he had lost by being off for two weeks, and when he had the figures where he could see them he suffered a relapse.

When I came into the big ward and found him sitting beside Miss Fowler, smiling and showing how crooked his face really was, I didn't say "Oh, crowbars!" I guess it's nobody's business what I said; but any fellow who will thrust his acquaintance on an innocent nursegirl ought to have his face punched. I sure would have wanted to do the job if it hadn't been that, watching them, I didn't notice that some fellow had left a chair standing on the main line, and my bad-order peg collided with it.

That bump hurt so bad I could feel it in my teeth, and before I knew it I'd yelled right out in meeting, "Hang that chair!" which is a Hungalusian word a fellow can't translate into polite English.

Miss Fowler rushed over and helped me to a chair, and said more by keeping her mouth shut than most women could by talking all day. But Rigley—well, he came over, bringing that homely mug of his along, and asked:

"Did it hurt much?"

"No," I replied. "Hurt? Why, that's part of the treatment for broken legs. I do that three times a day, after each meal; it tickles like Old Harry, but it's mighty good for the digestion."

I guess that woke him up to the fact that there were red lights hanging out for him around my station, and he went on out to the veranda and left Miss Fowler to tell me how sorry she was that I had stubbed my to[illegible]d as I didn't want her to be troubling

her mind about me, I let on as if it did not hurt, and we went to talking about the weather and sand and things, and an hour later I was feeling so good that I would have been willing to kick the stuffings out of every piece of furniture in the nursery if Miss Fowler had asked me to.

When Miss Fowler finally had to go to the private ward to give a patient his chocolate candy, I put my one good wheel into action and headed for the place where I had left Bart talking to the big "what-is-it."

That fellow was the real human phonograph — yes, and then some. He was a pianola, a moving-picture show, and a steam-calliope, all in one. It seemed like his safety-valve had stuck, and he couldn't quit popping off.

I thought he would talk himself to death before he got away. He told Bart all the inside plans of "our road," and gave him a personal history of every official, from Aki Angazawaza, the Jap janitor, to the president of the road. To hear him tell it, he was the confidant and chief adviser of them all; and as for old man Martin—well, it seemed that, after all, Martin was only a feeble-minded old maid, and that if it had not been for Smartley he wouldn't have been able to hold his job a minute.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Goldsworthy," he said to Bart, after I came up, "I am very close to Mr. Martin, you know. Dine at his home quite often—in fact, rawther one of the family, you know. His daughter, Lois, and I are rawther old chums, you know. Which reminds me that Lois insisted that I give you her greetings and express her wish that you are doing well in your new—er—job." And it kept rambling about that way until I began to look for the lever to shut it off."

Finally he got to the end of the record. At least, he began to slow up a bit. I think he must have caught sight of Bart's face; it looked like the off-side of a cyclone cloud just before it starts in to make an omelet of the village church and the town hall, hang the fish-pond on the picket fence, and put the garret two stories below the basement."

"Quite an enjoyable talker," I said to Bart, after the eye-glass got out of hearing. "What is he, Bart, missionary or insurance man?"

"That," said Bart, talking more to himself than to me, "that must be the other man in the case." And then he told me he would be in town for a few days, and would see me again before he went out on the next inspection trip. As he walked away, I thought there was a sort of droop to his big shoulders.

Just the same, I sized up the situation, and, just taking a chance on form, I bet myself four million dollars' worth of pennies that if the man with the one eye-glass was really the other man in the running, Bart would beat him to the station, have his train put away, be washed up and ready for supper before the other fellow whistled for the high switch.

It looked to me like a mogul racing with a steam shovel. I says to myself: "Miss Martin, if it's between those two men, just give me one guess and I'll tell you what your other name will be after the matrimonial orders have been signed up."

Then I went back into the big ward to see if Miss Fowler had changed her mind about it being a beautiful afternoon.

CHAPTER V.

I Make Another Wager.

WHEN I finally got my discharge from the hospital, being unable to go back to work at once, I put in most of my time as chief cook and bottlewasher over at the adobe. Between that and endeavoring to see that some fellow didn't hang around the hospital too long, I was fairly busy.

Bart spent more time in the terminal after the ballasting had been completed, and as he had insisted on making our housekeeping experiment a permanent arrangement, we were together a great deal. In fact, almost every evening that I wasn't reporting to Miss Fowler he and I sat out in front of the adobe and discussed the policy of the road. If some of the officials could have attended our little meetings they would have received a great deal of valuable information on how to operate a transcontinental trunk line.

It was a good thing that there was no paint on the adobe, for there were times when Bart came home from the office working steam through the stack and so all-fired mad that he could have bitten the head off a ten-penny nail.

He'd sputter and blow until he reminded me of an engine on a frosty morning, when you can hardly see the head end on account of the steam. He'd bring home a cloud of indigo language that would hide all of his six feet of anatomy. Two hours afterward I would be able to glean, from choice particles of language, that he had received a letter from Mr. Ellington Wallerheit Smart-

ley, who, besides wearing a walking-stick and a monocle, drew a salary for being advisory engineer for the western lines.

According to Bart Goldie, Smartley didn't know a knot-hole from a gasket, or a crow bar from a hat-pin. Bart said that if Smartley worked twenty four hours a day for a full year, including holidays, and was paid for just what he earned, he wouldn't have enough money on pay-day to buy a gingham apron for a lady-ant.

Whether that was true or not, it did seem reasonable that a fellow in San Francisco could not see the conditions in Winslow, a thousand miles away, as well as the man right on the job, especially so when the fellow doing the long-distance seeing only had a half-pair of eye-glasses.

I know just how I feel when some newly-promoted clerk sends me a two-page exhibit of large words, telling me why I should be able to switch every car in Ash Fork yards in thirty minutes, when, if he had to do it himself, he would have a lifetime job.

I've come home more than once feeling as if I wanted to knock the cobwebs off the ceiling with the furniture, and I guess Goldie felt the same way.

Far be it from me to give my approval to insubordination, but if Bart had told that fellow in San Francisco to go fishing for salt in the sea, I would have said "Amen."

But Bart didn't come home wanting to scratch the varnish and kick down the door on all occasions. It seems as if he got other letters than those which came in his railroad mail.

I saw one of them on the table one day, and it was addressed in a hand too light for a man and too heavy for an old maid. In trying to read the post-office stamp on it, I got so close that I caught a whiff of perfume, and I just gave myself three guesses as to who wrote that letter, and then never used two of them.

If the writing and the San Francisco postmark were not sufficient evidence to convince me that Lois Martin was the writer, some of the fool things Bart said and did after he got that letter cinched my belief.

The night he brought that letter home with him we took our chairs out in front of the adobe, and Bart began to talk of building railroads down the Grand Cañon, double-tracking to Mars, and swinging a suspension bridge between New York and London. That night he would have taken a contract to put in a subway between Los Angeles and Denver.

He told me, positively, that the man who picked out the right-of-way for the third division should have been surveying for a rail fence. He said the third division was just fifty-three miles longer than it really ought to be, not counting several miles wasted in going up and down. He started out by showing me that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. He went on for an hour about hypotenuses and hypodermics and epileptics, until I began to think that Bart really knew something.

He went on to show that, other things being equal, by adding the wheel-base of the locomotive to the length of the rail, and multiplying the result by the number of toothpicks in a tie, plus the square root of the number on the caboose, gave a sum equal to what a Baldwin hog could pull on a twenty-per cent grade, provided the conductor and the rear shack didn't drag their feet.

This sum, when gently mixed in a bucket of warm water, would leave a residue, which, when divided by the number on the engine, would be the cube root of the price of beans when Mississippi went Republican.

Having explained these elemental truths to me, Bart went on to say that if the track from Supai to Ash Fork was built in a straight line, it would be shorter than it was running around the neighborhood without its parents.

"Now," says Bart, "I propose to suggest to Mr. Martin that we build a cut-off from Supai to Ash Fork, running the track down the left side of Johnson's Cañon—"

He said a few other things, but while I was willing to indulge him, there was a limit. When a man begins to talk about building a railroad down the side of Johnson's Cañon, I pass the book and ask for a new deal. Johnson's Cañon is three hundred feet deep, if it's an inch, and a Rocky Mountain goat would stand more of a chance to walk up Bunker Hill Monument on its horns than it would to climb out of Johnson's Cañon on its feet.

Not only that. Half-way down the cañon, if you are on the left side, the big crack turns sharply to the right for a half-mile and doubles back again, making an imperfect "V." Not only was Bart planning to build a railroad along the wall of this cañon, but he was dreaming of tunneling almost three-quarters of a mile across what would be the top of the "V" in order to avoid the extra mileage out to the sharp point of the "V" and return.

When he went to stringing me with that kind of stuff, I thought it was time to flag him.

"Bart," I said, "that's a fine piece of track you're building. A train would go down it like a sled down a steeple; but what I can't see is how you're going to get back up."

Bart looked at me in amazement. There was an element of pity in his look, too.

"I gave you the figure to prove that the grade would only be four per cent, when I started out," he said, and I detected an element of bitter disappointment in his tone, just as if he realized for the first time that I lacked brains.

"Oh," I replied. "Those figures—yes, I remember. I thought you were trying to beat a differential rate without violating the laws of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

Bart looked at me a moment, and, even in the dusk, I could see that undershot jaw of his set.

"Baldy," he finally remarked, "don't think I'm joking about this matter. I've been all over that cañon up there, and I know it can be done. I can shorten the third division over fifty miles and decrease the grade. Some day we will build that piece of track."

When Bart Goldie said "we will"—well, I thought so well of the proposition that I just bet myself a bushel of twenty-dollar gold pieces against a peck of Gallup coal that "we would."

Of course, after I met Bart Goldie I won a lot of money-making mind bets, but I couldn't cash my tickets at the Harvey House, so just as soon as the bad-order card was taken off my leg, I joined the "first-in first-out" squad, and went back to making out trip slips and signing orders, leaving as much of the work as possible to the brakeman.

A month or so rolled by, and then the orange crop began to move, and I stayed mighty close to my dog-house; for every time you got fifty yards away, the call-boy would run you back.

That fall I hardly had time to register at the hospital between trips, not to mention getting over to the adobe and spending an evening with Bart. A man who follows his caboose when she is making better than six thousand miles a month, is too busy to give much attention to love affairs, especially when they belong to some one else.

For that reason, for several months Bart Goldie had to meet his battles alone and without the wisdom and guidance which I might have been able to donate, had I been less necessary to the general welfare of the road. Those months slipped by unnoticed, because they brought nothing exceptional except the pay-checks, which, as I didn't have time to spend them, I carried around in my wallet.

There were few minor things to engage one's time. Miss Fowler, being so far from home and so much alone in the world, really became a source of concern, and I just had to take time to drop by the hospital semi-occasionally and see that she was getting along all right.

One evening, when I went into the hospital office she came in from the general ward, her poor little eyes swollen and red, her face streaked with tears, and, although she tried to hide the handkerchief and greeted me with a smile, I knew that she was being mistreated, and, durn me, if I didn't make a vow to whip the man, just as soon as I found out who he was.

We went out on the shady side of the porch and talked a while, she insisting all the time that everything was right, and me knowing that she was bravely trying to hide something. Finally, I just couldn't stand it any longer.

"See here, Miss Fowler," I began, determined to have the truth at any cost, "we've been friends for a long time, and I want you to feel that you can trust me. Now, you're in trouble—"

"What makes you think so?" she asked, trying to dodge the point.

"Well, I'm old enough to know the symptoms. Things have been going wrong either here or at home, and I—er—well, if there is anything I can do, just ask me."

With that, she pulls out the handkerchief from that little pocket in her uniform and presses it to her eyes again, and didn't answer, so I continued:

"I'm old enough to know you don't cry that way for nothing—"

She just threw back her head and laughed like a flock of bells on New Year's night.

"I'm not crying. What makes you think I am?"

"Can't I see? Didn't I notice how red your eyes were when you came out of the ward? I guess I know tears when I see them."

"No, no, Mr Murray," she says. "You don't know a real tear when you see it. About an hour ago, in the medicine closet, I

knocked a bottle of ammonia off the shelf. It broke and some of it splashed in my face, and I got a real good whiff of it. Did you ever take a real good, long smell of an ammonia bottle?"

I never had; but, just the same, I was so sorry about the accident and so concerned about her eyes, that I laid out Red ball 33, just forty-five minutes to tell her how sorry I was. As the call-boy had given me a good hour-and-a-half call, I couldn't kick when the old man hauled me up and gave me ten brownies.

It just convinced me that a hospital is a mighty dangerous place for a young woman, and Miss Fowler being so far from her relatives, I made up my mind to look after her a little, and looking after a young woman that way, and making every trip your caboose makes in the orange season keeps a fellow who isn't a twin awful busy. I just had to let poor old Bart do the best he could.

First thing I knew, spring had followed winter, and the A. and P. had lost the big transcontinental mail contract. The government gave three roads a chance to make a trial trip for speed, with the understanding that the best time won the contract.

The division had advance notice of the mail special, and everything was lined up for a clear track. The special came out of Albuquerque right on the dot, topped the Big Divide, and came rolling down the second division like a winning thoroughbred. It left Pinto right on the dot, and showed up at Huk's tank, just eleven miles away, six hours late. Old man Brumble, with Skinny McCeary on the head end, left Pinto with plenty of time to make Huk's tank and clear by a month of Sundays, but when Skinny threw the air into them to slow down for the east switch, a quick triple valve, about two-thirds the way back on the eight-car train of empties, got in its work.

When the mail train got down there, it looked as if they had pulled up on the team track in a junk yard. There were draw-bars and end-sills all over the country. That train only broke in seven pieces. Several of the cars were derailed, and with everybody working as if they were trying to keep out of jail, it took six hours to get Brumble's train in the clear and the scrap-iron off the right of-way.

Everybody felt real cheerful about that little stop. Over at the terminal, the old man was doing double flip-flops, skating about the office on his ear, and juggling the waste-basket on his feet.

He ordered every train on the third division to stop right where it happened to be, and get into the clear and stay there. The order caught me over at Crookton, one hundred and twenty miles from the terminal, and I went right into the clear and stayed there. By the time that mail train came by, I had proved up on my claim, had the ground platted into town lots, and was just starting to put in the paving.

When I finally got into the terminal, I found out just how it was. When the mail train lost six hours over at Huk's tank, the old man cleared the road, ordered the 422, a big prairie, called "Smoke" Kelley to run her out of his turn, and none too gently informed "Smoke" that if he didn't pick up three hours of that time over the third division, he could quit when he got to Seligman.

That was just like a train-load of cash fares for "Smoke." When he went by Falstratt, he had picked up an hour; when he shot by Supai tank, he had picked up fifty-four minutes more; then he hit that piece of track down Supai Mountain, where a snake would break its back in seventeen pieces if it went faster than a walk.

Just to add to his troubles, there were slow orders out at two places. Down on the Fairbell curve he hit a piece of soft track, and, by throwing her into the big hole, barely got enough air to keep the cars on the track, the pony truck of the engine dropping down to the ties.

That hour and fifty-four minutes which he had picked up, and another hour, too, went by before "Smoke" brought them on down to the Forks. Of course, he burned the rails from there over to the end of the division, but he couldn't make up very much, and the mail train went off the third division, as it had come on—just six hours late.

They say that the A. and P. lost the mail contract by seven hours.

You know how it is when something happens like that. The general manager writes a sassy letter to the general superintendent, and asks *"why?"* The general superintendent finds some new words in the dictionary, repeats some old ones, and says, "Please note and answer immediately," and passes it on to the division superintendent.

When this worthy gets over his chill, he presents it with his compliments to the trainmaster, who slings a little ink on a nice, clean sheet of paper, and thrusts it on the chief despatcher, who turns down a corner and scratches "Please explain" on it for the benefit of the operator. Then it goes

back up the line, and comes down on another lead until the division master mechanic has a chance to see it.

The roundhouse foreman then passes it to the night foreman, who interviews a machinist, who says it was the fault of the night watchman who is no longer in the service, and the four hundred and eighty dollars' worth of paper and seven bottles of ink goes back to the general manager, who, by that time, being unable to tell whether it is a tracer for a bunch of hair-pins or a requisition for postage stamps, orders it filed in the third story of the basement.

That's the way it usually goes—but not in this case. The papers came into the hands of one Bartholomew E. Goldsworthy. First out in the file was a letter from Ellington Wallerheit Smartley, which, besides insinuating that some people didn't know the first principles of track building, ordered the roadmaster of the third division to report to him in San Francisco as soon as possible, if not sooner.

It seems that Superintendent Arnold had received the same order from General Manager Martin, for his private car was coupled onto the same passenger train which carried Bart out of town.

I happened to be over at the depot that morning. Just before Bart got aboard, he showed me the file of papers, with Smartley's letter on top, and said:

"I'm going into headquarters, not because that fellow orders me in, but to start something. I'm going to show these people where they can save seven hours on this division. I'm going to convince this Smartley, before I get through, that he don't know how to build a street-car line, and when I come back I'll either have no job, or I'll be fixed so that fellow can't come in with an insult like this every time he feels like it. Somebody's going to find a lot of trouble in his back yard."

After the train had pulled out and I had time to think it over, I just entered a little note in my train-book which read:

"One thousand to one offered that Bart Goldie makes Smartley look like a hat-check full of holes.

"No takers."

(To be concluded.)

COST HIM A BREAKFAST.

IT cost Jack Inglis, of the San Francisco office of the Union Pacific, just forty cents to become a sanitary inspector recently.

Every one around the Flood Building knows of Inglis's custom of reaching his office before the sun had risen. Not very long ago as he passed through the hallway, at about 4.30 A.M., he noticed three packages of lunch on one of the window-sills.

The packages were varied, and after noticing them for a week he finally decided that it would not be long before the rats would be attracted. He figured that the janitor had not noticed them, so threw the entire bunch into the center of the court where the janitor couldn't fail to see them.

He had just settled himself in a chair in the Union Pacific offices when he was interrupted by a loud knocking at the rear door. He opened the door and was met by a man of very large proportions.

"Good morning. What can I do for you?"

"Say, are you the guy wot threw my breakfast away?"

"Threw your breakfast away? Who are you?"

"I'm de night watchman."

"Why, I threw a couple of packages away that have been out on the window-sill for a week."

"For a week, say, wotcher givin' me? It was my breakfast, and 'ud only been there about five minutes. Youse is de only guy wot gets around here dis early, so I figured it must 'a' been you wot done it."

"So I had to take him across the street and pay forty cents for his breakfast," said Inglis, when he told the story.—*San Francisco Call.*

TELEPHONES FOR TRAINS.

THE freight-trains of the Lehigh Valley Railroad are being equipped with portable telephone outfits. In case of a breakdown between stations it is often difficult to communicate with the despatcher, and many delays are due to this.

It is expected that the telephones will do away with such delays, as they may be connected with telephone wires at any point along the track by means of an extension pole which is hooked over the line. The telephones will also be used on passenger-trains, to permit passengers to communicate with friends while a train stops at a station.

Furthermore, it will be possible to reach a passenger by phone, provided one is aware of the train on which he is traveling, by calling up the next station ahead and having a page call the passenger to the train telephone as soon as the train enters the station.—*Scientific American.*

HELP FOR MEN WHO HELP THEMSELVES—NUMBER 35.

PASSENGER-CAR CONSTRUCTION.

BY JOHN WALTERS.

Ross Winans's Eight-Wheeled, Two-Truck Columbus, Designed for the Baltimore and Ohio, and How It Gradually Developed into the Model of Later-Day American Car-Builders.

HEN the first mile of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was graded west of Mount Clare, the board of directors, unable longer to restrain their eager desire to revel in the rapture of railroad travel, had the scrap-iron rails laid, and, hastily constructing a car which looked very much like a farmer's market-wagon, hitched one horse to it, and prepared to open the road. President P. E. Thomas, William Patterson, Alexander Brown, and other directors, and, of course, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who, as his fellow citizens perpetually reminded him, signed the Declaration of Independence, piled in, and away they went.

Up and down that mile of track those distinguished citizens rode, as happy as boys with a new sled. After they had satiated their appetite for railroad travel, the no less eager common folk were permitted to step up and gratify their curiosity at the moderate price of twelve and a half cents a head.

The Baltimore and Ohio has never since equaled the record made that day in the volume of traffic moved in proportion to its facilities, for its entire equipment was constantly loaded to three hundred and fifty per cent of its capacity in both directions.

The taste for travel thus engendered lasted long and spread far, as may be judged by the following excerpt from the Baltimore *Gazette* of July 29, 1840:

> Notwithstanding the great heat of the weather for three weeks past, the amount of travel on the railroad has not diminished, the average receipts being much above a thousand dollars a week. In the hottest time of the hottest days the quick motion of the cars causes a current of air, which renders a ride at all times agreeable. In many instances strangers passing through Baltimore, or visiting it, postpone their departure for a day, and sometimes longer, to enjoy the pleasure of an additional ride on the railroad. We only repeat the general sentiment when we say it is the most delightful of all kinds of traveling.

So keen was the public interest in the railroad and everything pertaining to it that, in 1832 and 1833, the arrivals and departures of freight-cars, or "waggons," as they were then called in imitation of the English custom, were chronicled as the movements of ships are now set forth in the marine department of a daily paper.

Thus it was recorded in the Baltimore papers that, on February 18, 1832, there arrived on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, "68 waggons containing 872 barrels of flour, 2 tons of soapstone, 40 bundles of leather, 38 tons of granite, and 42 tons of wood. Departed: 59 waggons with lumber, plaster, bricks, groceries, merchandise, coal, etc."

Series began in the August, 1907, Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

Having aroused a slumbering appetite that could not be controlled, the board of directors was in desperate straits for means to gratify it. The great question which confronted the directors after that first ride was: What is a car?

They tried again, and this time produced a rude clapboard cabin set on four flanged wheels, without springs, holding ten passengers, and with a perch for the driver outside. This contraption shocked the esthetic sensibilities of Richard Imlay, the famous coach and carriage builder, of Baltimore, who offered to provide something better. The board was only too glad to have him do so.

Imlay's Masterpieces.

Imlay's first idea of a railroad car, naturally enough, was simply an overgrown stage-coach with leathern braces, C springs, and a capacity of nine passengers. For some time these were all the fashion. Imlay felt so proud of his handiwork that he nearly wiped out his profits in putting on extra flourishes of gaudy paint.

Each new triumph of his skill was set out in Monument Square for the admiration of all beholders for several days before being turned over to the railroad company. One of Imlay's masterpieces, named the "Ohio," built in August, 1830, was described by the Baltimore *American* as being very elegant. It had seats for twelve inside and a seat at each end for six, including the driver, while on top was a double sofa, placed lengthwise, with room for twelve more. A wire netting kept the passengers from falling off, and an awning protected them from the sun.

Such handsome vehicles, of course, only whetted the public appetite for railroad travel, and the time inevitably came when something more capacious was demanded. Ross Winans, the great locomotive builder, who never failed to step into the breach when the Baltimore and Ohio needed an idea, thereupon built the first eight-wheeled passenger-car, which he named the "Columbus."

It was simply a large box with benches inside and on top, reached by a ladder at the corner. When the design was first submitted to the board of directors they argued long and earnestly whether the new car should have an aisle down the center, or a narrow ledge along the outside on which the conductor could walk. The advocates of the center aisle won the day, and the rough draft of the American type of passenger-car was given to the world.

Its essential features were all there, and it seems now as if it should have been a simple matter to develop the details as they were required, but it was not. On the contrary, the passenger-car reached its present state only after a long struggle.

As in the case of every other feature of the railroad, the volunteers were prolific and persistent in their proffers of solutions for all problems pertaining to cars. Louis Wernwag, an architect, of Harper's Ferry, proudly exhibited at the office of the Charleston (Virginia) *Free Press*, in August, 1832, a model of his "self-regulating, or self-directing railroad-car." Wernwag's idea was to produce a car that could run around curves.

To accomplish this end he used six wheels, the center pair being the regulators. From this center-axle hounds, or guiding poles, led to the other axles to guide them around the curves. The axles of the main wheels were jointed in the center so that the outside wheel, in going around curves, could travel the faster. The enthusiastic editor of the *Free Press* declared:

"We verily believe a car might be constructed on this plan to run around a common-sized haystack."

But haystacks not being a usual feature of railroad equipment, Wernwag's car did not make a hit, though six-wheeled cars quite as extraordinary were actually operated on the Baltimore and Susquehanna in 1844. These six-wheeled cars had wooden springs, consisting of white-ash planks 2 by 6 inches and 16 feet long. It was the proud boast of the builders that these cars carried a much heavier live load in proportion to their dead weight than the cars, or section-boats, which alternately floated on the canals or trundled over the State railroads of Pennsylvania.

The Only Armored Cars.

The Baltimore and Susquehanna achieved the additional distinction of running the only armored cars ever used in regular service in America. The armor consisted of a sheathing of one-inch oak boards beneath the floor to prevent passengers from being impaled on chance "snakeheads," or strap-rails that took a notion to curl up under the weight of passing trains.

Speaking of springs recalls the fact that the original car-builders thought such refinements of luxury quite superfluous. Herein, however, they differed from the passengers. The patrons of the West Chester Railroad, a branch of the Philadelphia and Columbia,

complained that the constant tremor of the springless cars made their heads itch, while others maintained that frequent indulgence in travel would surely addle the brains of travelers.

Innovations in Springs.

Air-springs were extensively used in the early fifties. These were simply cylinders without a bottom in which a piston worked compressing the air in the cylinder, but the air invariably leaked out, leaving the spring useless. Then, in 1857, some unknown genius improved on the air-spring by substituting a diaphragm for the piston and pouring some sugar-house molasses into the cylinder as a seal. Air was then pumped into the cylinder with a hand-pump just as bicycle tires were inflated at a later day, and the result gave the car a motion warranted to be very gentle.

After the air-spring, rubber was very extensively used in the fifties and sixties, and even continued in use until well along in the eighties, although its unsuitability was recognized almost at the outset by the more practical part of the railroad world.

So difficult was it for the people of early days to realize that vehicles of any description needed or could with propriety possess more than four wheels, that four-wheeled cars continued in use for years after Winans had shown how to build them with eight wheels.

Each road in its turn timidly experimented with the eight-wheeled cars as with an original discovery. Then for a time trains were made up of both four-wheeled and eight-wheeled cars, but as the old four-wheelers wore out they were replaced by the more modern eight-wheeler until the four-wheeled type exists nowadays only in the cabooses of some Eastern roads.

Close Quarters for Passengers.

The first passenger cars on the West Chester road were four-wheeled, and had five seats inside and one at each end outside, into each of which five passengers were supposed to squeeze themselves. One horse furnished the motive power. When the Philadelphia and Columbia was opened in 1834 it had four wheeled cars, seating sixteen on longitudinal benches like the street-car of to-day.

The Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad, open for traffic in July, 1832, had a six-wheeled locomotive, the "Saratoga," which hauled a train of eight "carriages," with a total capacity of one hundred and sixty passengers, and three "baggage-wagons," over the entire twenty-two miles of the line in an hour and a half. According to the Saratoga *Sentinel* of July 24, 1833, "the spectacle is of a truly imposing character, and will for a long time prove a novelty of much interest to our inhabitants."

The first passenger cars on the Allegheny Portage Railroad were primitive affairs, with four wheels, and seating twenty-five passengers, and were designed by Lot Dixon, the assistant engineer of the road. They made the trip of thirty-seven miles, including ten inclined planes, in five hours. Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, who made a trip over the road, was enthusiastic over the experience.

Real luxury in travel was first provided by the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown, which made an eight-wheeled car by joining two stage coach bodies and cutting a center-aisle to connect them. If accounts are to be credited, these palaces had a barroom at one end and a ladies' saloon at the other, and were models of elegance and comfort.

Early Railroad Freaks.

One of the curiosities of those early days was the Gothic pleasure car on the Erie and Kalamazoo, the pioneer railroad of Ohio, opened from Toledo to Adrian, Michigan, thirty-three miles, in September, 1836. The Gothic car had a sort of mansard roof built crosswise of the track. There were three compartments, seating eight passengers each, two being on the ground floor, while the third was in the attic under the mansard roof in the center of the car. The motive power at first was supplied by one horse. The fare for the thirty-three miles was $1.50, with a free allowance of fifty pounds of baggage, which was raised in 1837 to $2.25.

Of all the freaks produced in the evolution of the car, however, the barrel-car, used on the South Carolina Railroad, originally the Charleston and Hamburg, in 1840, deserves the palm. It was appropriately named, for it was modeled after a barrel, 30 feet long, 9 feet in diameter at the middle, and 8 feet at the ends. The staves, 1¼ inches thick and 6 inches wide, were tongued and grooved and held in place by six iron hoops, 2 inches wide and ½-inch thick. There were twenty windows on a side, and a little portico 2½ feet wide at each end.

Louis Wernwag was not the only man who

worried about the wheel on the outside of the curve being obliged to travel farther than the wheel on the inside. From his time to the present day inventors have expended a good deal of gray matter to overcome this difficulty, and many and curious are the devices they have produced for that purpose.

Weak Axles Cause Accidents.

On the Little Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania, the first cars, which had stage-coach bodies, had wheels 3 feet in diameter, and were loose on the axle on one side so they could get around the curves without trouble. Another invention consisted of one axle inside another. Each carried a wheel on one end and revolved independently of the other. A lug on one axle and a groove in the other were supposed to keep the wheels from spreading.

The real fault of the early axle, its weakness, was suffered to go unheeded for a long period, with the result that more wrecks resulted from broken axles than from any other single cause. President Franklin Pierce's only surviving child, Benjamin, aged thirteen, was killed in a wreck caused by a broken axle two months before his father's inauguration. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce and their son were going from Andover to Lawrence on the Boston and Maine on January 6, 1853, when their car was dashed against the rocky wall of a cut by the breaking of an axle, and little Ben, who had been entertaining his parents with his merry chatter, was instantly killed. His parents escaped injury, but his mother never recovered from the shock of her boy's death.

No other accident was so much dreaded for years as a broken axle. Instead, however, of adopting the obvious remedy of making the axle stronger, the railroads at first only looked for some means of averting the consequences when they broke. For a time a "safety beam," invented by Joseph S. Kite, superintendent of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown in 1838, was used on a number of roads. The safety beam was simply a beam lengthwise of the truck on each side to hold up the broken ends of the axles in case of failure.

Types That Soon Departed.

Wheels, too, often failed, with disastrous consequences. Nothing was done about it, though, until October 11, 1851, when the practise of tapping the wheels with a hammer to ascertain from the sound whether they were cracked or not, was introduced on the New Haven road.

In 1840 a coach was built at a cost of $2,000 for the Tioga Railroad that achieved the remarkable record of forty-three years of continuous service, in which time it traveled 1,100,000 miles. It was exhibited at the Chicago Railway Exposition in 1883 before being honorably retired. It was 36 feet long, 8 feet 4 inches wide, and 6 feet 4 inches high.

The only ventilator was a ten-inch flue in the center of the car. The windows, which were very small, could not be raised, but the panels between the windows opened. The wheels were outside the bearings. Light was furnished at night by a candle at each end.

In 1845 the editor of the *American Railroad Journal* complimented the management of the Harlem Railroad on its enterprise in providing "several superior new cars so high that one can stand erect when he cannot find a seat."

The First Compartment-Car.

In 1853 Eaton & Gilbert, of Troy, built some "saloon cars" for the Hudson River Railroad which were regarded as "most magnificent." They were a foot wider than any coaches then in use. There was an aisle at one side, opening off of which were four saloons seating eight each and one seating four. In the larger saloons were a sofa, five chairs, a center-table, and a mirror. Landscapes were painted on the panels regardless of expense.

An extra fare was charged on this, the first example of the compartment-car, but one need not have minded this extra seat-fare, for the rate then between New York and Albany was only $1.50. The Hudson River Railroad in those days ran the fastest regular train in the country, making an average of thirty-six miles an hour, including stops.

The fastest long-distance run of that period was made by the "Telegraph Express," on June 9, 1852, which covered the 144 miles from the Chambers Street Station in New York to Albany in 2 hours and 52 minutes, and to Buffalo, 472 miles, in 14 hours and 25 minutes, though the actual running time was only 11 hours and 29 minutes. The schedule time from New York to Chicago then was 48 hours. The slowest train was run by the Sangamon and Morgan Railroad in Illinois, which consumed 6 hours in running 54 miles.

While the Hudson River road was indulging

in the luxury of saloon-cars, the Michigan Central, in 1853, built twenty two of the finest ordinary coaches that had been seen up to that time. They were 60 feet long, had six-wheeled trucks, and seated seventy-two passengers. The ice-water tank made its début in those new cars, passengers up to that time having been served by a water-boy who carried through the aisle a painted tin can resembling a teakettle, from which he poured water to order. Three years later the Erie built some coaches that were 60 feet long, 10 feet 9 inches wide, and 7 feet high, with twenty windows on a side, and seated 74 passengers. The seats were upholstered with plush at $5 a yard.

Illumination and Heat.

The first car-stove was the invention of Dr. McWilliams, of Washington, first used on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad in 1836. The first light was provided by candles, one at each end of the car. Many attempts were made to provide a better light, but as late as 1867 the Camden and Amboy was still using candles, though numerous scars on the inner walls showed where some patent lamp had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The Camden and Amboy tried illuminating gas pumped into tanks under pressure, in 1859, while the New Haven and the Boston and Lowell attempted to use gas in tanks at the ordinary pressure in the mains, forced out by a clockwork arrangement, but both attempts were failures. Other roads tried illuminating gas with no better success.

As for seats, the first were mere planks, though Imlay provided cushions for his masterpieces. By 1846 some of the more enterprising roads had progressed to haircloth cushions. Any one who has ever tried to hold his seat on an old-fashioned, broad, haircloth sofa, safely anchored in a parlor, can imagine what a time of it the passengers of 1846 had in trying to stick to the narrow, angular car-seats lubricated with haircloth, while the clumsy car with poor apologies for springs and lots of slack throughout the train bumped and jolted over the rough track, innocent of easement curves.

If the passenger attempted to recline at ease he would find himself on the dirty floor before he realized that he was going, or if he attempted to catch himself he did so at the imminent risk of a broken back. The only thing he could do was to brace himself with both hands and feet and pray for deliverance.

While the haircloth car-cushion was at the height of its ravages, Davenport & Bridges began building cars nine and a half feet wide, seating seventy passengers in separate armchairs upholstered in red plush, but nowhere were there cars enough to handle the traffic. Trains were overcrowded, filthy, and uncomfortable.

The steamboats of those days were bad enough, but they were so much better than the cars that every one traveled by water whenever there was any choice of routes.

The reversible-back seat made its appearance in 1852. Under date of January 1, 1852, F. M. Ray had advertised an offer of $3,000 in prizes to inventors "to promote safety and comfort in railroad travel." Of this sum $300 was to go to the inventor of the best "sleeping, or night seat," to be exhibited at the American Institute Fair.

Perhaps the patenting of the first reclining-chair for cars by John T. Hammit, of Philadelphia, in the following year, may have been brought about by this prize offer. It was not called a reclining-chair, however, but a "night seat." In December, 1854, the editor of the *American Railroad Journal* made a night journey over the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore in one of these "luxurious" easy chairs. He waxed very enthusiastic over them and pronounced them "the perfection of railroad sleeping arrangements."

This would seem to indicate that the sleeping-car had not then been thought of; but as a matter of fact, the first sleeping-car in the world, the "Chambersburg," was first run on the Cumberland Valley Railroad between Chambersburg and Harrisburg, in the winter of 1837-1838, and for ten years thereafter.

It was such a success that a second car, the "Carlisle," was immediately placed on the opposite run.

There Was No Bedding.

Yet neither car would have come up to modern ideas on a sleeper. There were twelve berths in three tiers, but no bedding. On October 31, 1838, a sleeping-car was open for public inspection in Baltimore, which was put in service that night on the run to Philadelphia, a trip which required six hours.

In January, 1859, Nathan Thompson, of Brooklyn, exhibited at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, a full-sized model sleeping-car 48 feet long, containing eight compartments 6 feet long, with an aisle running the length of the car on either side. The seats ran lengthwise of the compartment, back to back.

and each was expected to accommodate four persons. Attached to the sides of the car were two seats which could be let down out of the way when not in use.

At night the back of the seat made one berth, and the seat made another. A third was made under the seat, and an extra mattress could be laid on the floor for the fourth sleeper, while above the upper berth was a rack for small children. It was pointed out that "the fastidious traveler can, if he choose, take along with him a pillow, or other bed-clothing"; but somehow this privilege, even with the addition of the baby-rack, did not seem to appeal to the traveling public, though the proud inventor announced that he was to provide one of his cars for the Emperor of Russia.

A little more attractive to railroad managements was the Central Transportation Company, of Philadelphia, G. W. Childs being its president. This company, having bought the patents of Woodruff, Knight, and Meyers for seats and couches, was able to make arrangements, in 1863, to run sleeping-cars on the Pennsylvania, the Northern Central, the Bellefontaine Route, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and a few other roads, but it did not meet the requirements of the traveling public, and its career was brief.

In 1853 the first vestibule, the invention of Waterbury & Atwood, was introduced on the Naugatuck Railroad in Connecticut, and was given a year's trial before the management could decide that it would not do. The first vestibule, which was not called by that name, was a flimsy affair of wood and canvas, shaped like the original, narrow Pullman vestibule, and was but an incidental feature of one of the numerous plans for ventilating trains by taking air from about the back of the tender and conveying it through chutes to the cars.

Gradually cars were provided with more or less comfortable seats and suitable springs, which did much to mitigate the horrors of travel. By the end of 1863 the clearstory began to be introduced, which afforded better means of ventilation than had been available up to that time. The wooden cars were very frail, and in collisions were almost sure to telescope, with frightful loss of life.

An attempt was made to introduce the La Mothe iron car, the first metal passenger-coach, seating sixty passengers, and guaranteed to be cheaper, more durable, lighter by two tons, and stronger and safer in collisions than wooden cars; but railroad men would have none of it, although a number of iron passenger-cars were built in 1855 at Hamburg for the Russian government, and the Reading Railroad began using iron coal-cars as early as 1844.

In fact, coaches seemed to be especially designed to facilitate telescoping, for the coupler and buffer were placed below the car-sills so as to offer the least possible resistance. Ezra Miller, a well-educated, prominent citizen of Wisconsin, undertook to remedy this fault. In 1863 he obtained his first patent for the Miller platform, coupler, and buffer, which was hailed as "the greatest life-saving invention of the age."

The Miller platform was placed on a line with the sills, where it would have the greatest power of resistance. Every old-time railroad man will remember the "Miller hook coupler" and its spring buffer, for the inventor lived to see it adopted by every railroad in the United States. It not only made Miller rich, but, by reducing the space between platforms, it enabled people to pass from car to car in a train without risking their lives, and it greatly increased comfort by taking up the slack in trains.

With the adoption of the Miller platform and coupler, and with the safeguards afforded by the Westinghouse air-brake, and the luxuries introduced under the leadership of Pullman, as already described in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, the evolution of the passenger-car was brought up to date. To-day, all the big roads are considering the all-steel car as the future passenger-coach. The Pennsylvania now uses them almost entirely, as does the New York Central, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford is putting them in service as fast as they can be built.

ANDERSON'S FOUR KINGS.

BY S. O. CONLEY.

A Story About the Laws in Lagunitas that Govern Poker and Pugilism.

HIS name was Anderson. He stood six feet two in his stocking-feet. His hair was as red as a sunset, his face was freckled, and his hands and arms betokened the strength that comes of an out-of-door life. Big in bone and brawn, he was easily the master of any situation that came up for settlement in the little camp at Lagunitas.

As for Lagunitas, it was a mining-camp that nestled in the foothills of Calaveras County, California. Not being on the map, it was not dignified in the official archives at Washington, D. C., as being worthy of the visit of the census-taker. However, it had a population of exactly 1,747—and they were all Americans born. Lagunitas boasted of this fact.

One thousand of the population were of the masculine gender, and, in that goodly number, Anderson was the king.

He was king because he could settle any dispute; he was king because he could have his way in practically any old thing, and he was king because there was not a man in the place who could land on Anderson's solar plexus.

Many had trained and tried but the result was always the same. When the count was given they failed to rise. Though he was forty years old, Anderson never failed to "come back" whenever he had to fight.

Now, it so happened that Anderson never "fell" for the fair sex. Many a young woman of the camp had admired him for his "shape" and his pugilistic prowess, and had let her feelings become known to him in the coyest of coy glances, but to all of them Anderson simply said, "Beat it"—not in so many words, but with the look of disgust and disdain for which he was noted and which meant more than words.

Anderson had a run-in with Tim Logan, and all because the two men could not agree which should deal in a very exciting poker-game. It was a game with a twenty-five-dollar ante and no limit as to time. You could "sit in"—provided you had money—and once "in" you could play for days, perhaps

This particular game had run for nearly two days and nights. An agreement was made that a recess of thirty minutes would be taken in order that the inner man might be replenished with a goodly supply of fried ham sandwiches and beer. When the recess was called, Logan had been winning

Anderson losing, and the other three players had whipsawed between good luck and bad luck like so many ping-pong balls.

At length, when the game was resumed, Anderson went at it with a mind that was ripe for any kind of trouble. After the first round had been dealt and he had lost, he doubled up his fist like a Janney coupler and brought it down on the table with a bang that sent the cards in all directions.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "I'm going to win or lose something here before the night is over. Take my word for it."

"Make a side bet with you that you lose somethin'," remarked Slim Condon.

"What's your limit?" asked Anderson.

"Fifty bones," replied Slim, whereupon Anderson dug down into his overalls and produced the amount.

"By heck, boys, it's all I've got," he said with some degree of surprise. "If I lose this, I'm broke, and it's the first time I've been so situated in many a day."

Slim produced his fifty and laid it alongside Anderson's on a corner of the table which was conveniently reserved for side bets.

The game went on. One or two hands were dealt. Anderson bluffed a small "jackpot" and raked in seventeen dollars. A smile played over his face, for he thought that his luck had changed. Then the deal was passed to him. He ran out the cards with the agility of long practise, and when the final one of his five had fallen in front of him, he picked them up gingerly and ran his eye over the corners.

To his astonishment, he discovered that he had dealt himself four kings.

Just for the merest phase of an instant a lump came into his throat. He was about to cry out with joy. It was only a flash, however, and he regained his composure before the other four players had examined their hands

Anderson picked up the pack and called, "Cards."

One of the players chucked his hand in the discard and passed. Another called for three cards, and Anderson knew that he was drawing to a pair. The third hesitated a long time, and then called for one card, and so Anderson naturally surmised that he wanted to fill out a flush. Then he looked at Logan, and Logan simply said, "Two."

"He's got three of a kind and is trying to draw the fourth," said Anderson to himself. "But this time I've got him."

He picked up his own hand and scanned the edges again. He could call for one card for himself. He knew that he could not give himself any advantage by so doing, but it might lead the other players to think that he was drawing to a flush. If he stood pat, they would surmise that he had a big hand and, perhaps, stay out.

So, when he said, "The dealer takes one," two of the players went into the discard. This left Anderson, Logan, and a third man in the game. It was up to the third man to open the betting.

"Guess it's worth a ten," said this individual, as he threw a shining ten-dollar piece to the center of the table.

"Raise you ten," said Logan, throwing in a twenty.

"And ten more," said Anderson, taking six five-dollar pieces from his pile and placing them with the rest.

Be it known, in Lagunitas chips were never used. For sundry and obvious reasons, it was "cash on the table." That was the inevitable, the unalterable rule. Each player was his own banker. If he hadn't the "color" with him, then there was no need of him "sitting in;" and, once in a game, there was no credit when a player went broke. It was for him to quit.

Anderson's raise was a staggering blow to the third man. He seemed to waver between hope and despair for a minute, and then said, "I'll come in," as if he were sorry. He placed twenty dollars on the table as if he fully expected never to see it again.

"I'll raise it twenty-five," said Logan, throwing in the necessary cash.

"And twenty-five more," responded Anderson, as he counted out his fifty.

Then the third man threw his into the discard and pushed back his chair.

"See you and raise you fifty," said Logan.

"And fifty more," replied Anderson.

"And make it another fifty," continued Logan, as he counted out the coin without a quiver.

"Hold on, I ain't got fifty," said Anderson, as he dug into his pockets. All of his searching revealed nothing. The fifty that he had put up with Slim Condon as a side bet was the last money that he had, save what lay before him, for the game. That had now dwindled down to the insignificant sum of twenty-two dollars.

"This is my limit," said Anderson, counting out the twenty-two, "unless I can withdraw that side bet with Slim."

Slim, who had simply been observing and saying nothing, looked at Anderson for a

moment, and then said: "I prefer to let it go as it lays."

"Let me draw down twenty five of it," suggested Anderson.

Slim didn't move a muscle. "Let it go as it lays," he repeated.

"I'll bet you your limit—in cash—and then—" said Logan, reaching into the pot and counting himself out twenty eight dollars.

"What do you mean by 'in cash'?" asked Anderson.

"I mean that, as we are the only two in the game, I'll bet you anything, aside from cash, that you want to put up."

"That goes," replied Anderson, tightly gripping the four kings in his Janney fists. "I'll bet you my three roan mares."

"Against my chestnut stallion? They're worth it," said Logan.

"Good. Here, Buck," and Anderson called to a young miner who was intently watching the game, "you keep these bets on paper. We'll lose track of them."

Buck sat in as recording secretary.

"I'll put up forty head of my two-year-old steers," Anderson went on. "Can you meet that?"

"I'll put up forty head of mine against them as a raise," replied Logan.

The betting between the two continued until the pot contained, besides the several hundred dollars, six hundred head of cattle, fourteen saddles, several hundred head of sheep, twenty acres of land, four heavy farm wagons, the three mares, the chestnut stallion, two gallons of red liquor, and six revolvers.

Buck had recorded each bet carefully. Several onlookers had gone about spreading the news, and soon the little room back of Casey's, where the exciting contest was being waged, was thronged with miners.

The two players sat opposite each other. Each had seen the other's bet with a grim determination. Neither had faltered. But now Anderson had bet everything that he possessed except his ranch—a matter of some thousand acres or so nestling in the Lagunitas foothills.

He had undying faith in his four kings. He honestly believed that they were not to be topped in this particular game. Logan had a big hand, or was only bluffing. His four kings were as safe and sure as the eternal hills.

However, he didn't want to put up the ranch or any part of it unless Logan would agree to put up the equivalent in something besides land. Anderson had all the land he wanted. It was no object to him to add any more acres to his possessions; and, furthermore, there were great unclaimed ranges not fifty miles away where he could graze his steers at will, and fifty miles is only an easy jaunt in the vast Western region that claimed Lagunitas as its center.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Anderson, looking at his four kings to see if a fifth had not silently slipped in while the betting was going on—"tell you what I'll do. I'll put up my ranch against anything you've got, except land."

"'Cept land?" echoed Logan.

"I've got all the land I want," replied Anderson.

"You must think you're going to win," said Logan.

"I wouldn't bet this way if I wasn't sure of it." There was meaning in Anderson's face as he spoke. "You don't want to call me, do you?"

"If I did I would say so." Logan also spoke to show that there was no fooling so far as he was concerned.

"Well, what have you besides land?" queried Anderson.

Logan got up from his seat and stretched himself.

"Let me see," he said, somewhat uncertain. "I've got about everything in the pot now except my land and—and—"

"And what?" interjected Anderson.

"Four hundred dollars in the Lagunitas Bank," answered Logan, reaching into the pocket of his shirt and producing a faded bank-book.

"My ranch is worth fourteen thousand," said Anderson.

"Do you want to bet it all?" asked Logan.

"All. No part of it. What can you put up to represent the other ten thousand?"

"I don't know," said Logan cautiously.

"I do," replied Anderson with his customary bruskness.

Logan looked at him for reply. The spectators stood widemouthed and awestricken. Not one dared to breathe a sound.

Anderson looked steadily at Logan. There was not a quiver in the big man's face. He arose and stood just across the table from his opponent, one hand clutching the four kings, the other resting idly on his waist.

Logan was mustering all that he possessed in a mental inventory. What in the name of all that is could Anderson mean? What had he overlooked? What did he possess of tangible quality of which Anderson was aware and he was in the dark?

"What do you refer to?" he finally asked Anderson.

There wasn't a man in the room who wasn't just as anxious to hear as Logan.

"Lucy Ames," said Anderson.

Every eye was turned on Logan.

The woman-hater of Lagunitas, the only man in camp who had withstood the wiles and guiles and snares and sentimentalities of the fair sex, had asked Tim Logan to actually make the woman he loved and had asked to be his wife part of the stakes in a poker game!

"Lucy Ames!" Logan spoke her name, and then began to gather his senses. "Why—why—she is engaged to me."

"You heard me, Tim. I ain't here to argue your matrimonial affairs. I'm playing poker."

"I can't do it, Anderson. You're asking too much."

"I'm playing poker," was all that the big man would say.

"Why don't you call me, if you've reached your limit?" asked Logan.

"I've got my ranch; you've got the girl and four hundred dollars. I want the girl."

"Well, you can't get her in a poker game!" Logan slammed the table as if he meant it.

"All right," went on Anderson. "I'll withdraw my property and you withdraw your bank-book. I'll call you—and then we fight for the girl."

Logan wanted time to consider this proposition—and he took it. He walked back and forth a few steps. He was turning it over in his mind. He was one of the few men in the camp who had not gone up against the fists of Anderson, and largely because he was a peace-loving creature. Fear, however, had no place in his heart, and, though he lacked four of Anderson's inches in height and twenty of his pounds in weight, he would "give him a go," and Lucy should be the stakes.

He stopped, looked Anderson squarely in the face, and said:

"You're on!"

The crowd gasped and shuddered. One or two muttered something. If there was any excitement it was not centered in the two players. Both were as cool and collected and game as true Westerners must be.

Anderson suddenly broke the buzz and hum with:

"I call you. What have you got?"

"Four aces," said Logan.

Anderson's mighty frame shook and the color came to his face as he glimpsed the four winning spots and a ten of diamonds which Logan spread out before him.

"It's yours," he said.

He sat down and pushed the four kings into the discard.

Two or three of the spectators ventured to ask Anderson what he held, and Logan, too, would have given part of the pot to have known, but Anderson said not a word. He simply took the discard and shuffled it idly for a moment, then threw it into the middle of the table. Logan's hand was thrown on top and the pack completed. The two men sat down, and the deeds of conveyance from Anderson to Logan were quickly made, for it didn't take long to transfer property in Lagunitas.

The poker game was ended.

The preparations for the fight were made with the customary precision that attended such events. When two contestants had decided on a mill, it didn't require a year on the vaudeville circuits, followed by six months' training, with newspaper interviews, ex-prize-fighters for trainers, and the other accessories that adorn a professional battle.

Nearly every Lagunitas lad who could scrap was in trim at all hours of the day or night, and it so happened that Anderson, with his record for pugilistic supremacy, was ready then and there.

Logan, on the other hand, asked for a day. The long siege in the poker game—three days without much food and no sleep—had not left him in a fit condition to tackle the biggest punch-artist in the camp. Added to this, the stakes were his girl—his own best girl—and he wanted some show.

"I'll meet you to-morrow at Dick Stanley's. I'll be there at ten o'clock in the morning—sharp," said Logan.

"I'd rather pull it off now," answered Anderson. "I want to get through with this matter."

But Logan insisted. He wasn't in condition. It was unfair for Anderson to be so headstrong. Finally Anderson realized that the other man's objections were based on what was right, and he consented.

Dick Stanley's was just a plain, ordinary frontier saloon, where the most prominent happenings of Lagunitas were usually discussed. Back of it was a long, level field of some twenty acres, surrounded by shady oaks. In its center there had been erected a twenty-four-foot elevation of plain pine boards, appropriately roped in, and on this historic platform some of the greatest fistic encounters of the town had taken place.

The news of the Anderson-Logan bout spread with the rapidity of a frontier flame. Before it was fifteen minutes old, the news had begun to spread. In an hour most every man and woman in Lagunitas knew it; by night and the next morning, it had reached the near-by camps. In consequence, the crowd began to gather early the next morning, and long before the appointed hour some twenty acres of humanity—men, women, and children—were jostling one another for vantage spots on the sward.

Logan slept that night as never he slept before. He resolved that the meeting with the champion was not going to bother him. Though Anderson had vanquished every man who had stood before him, perhaps, in the parlance recently produced at Reno, he "couldn't come back." At any rate, it wasn't Logan's style to lose his head or worry. He would stand before the giant and take his medicine like the man he was, and, if he lost, he would say good-by to Lucy and wish her well.

As for Lucy, she had nothing to say in the matter. It had long been the Lagunitas method to fight for a woman, and it was the pride of the Lagunitas women to be pointed out in their society as the chosen one of a pugilistic victor.

Lucy took it philosophically. She had no doubt that Anderson would land a wallop on Logan's jaw that would drop the smaller man, and, with this in mind, she was prepared to accept the inevitable.

For the moment she was the center of attraction. Many from the neighboring camps who had never set eyes on her, came around to the little house where she passed her humdrum life with her parents, just to "take a peek," as they expressed it. Born eighteen years before in Kentucky, she had been brought to the camp with the rush of gold-seekers. She was a comely girl, with the blackest of raven locks and a wonderful smile and the most bewitching black eyes. For miles around she was the belle.

That is why Anderson, who had shunned all women, wanted to claim her for his own.

To do Anderson justice, he slept, too. Both men were awake early and both walked down to the cool, fast-flowing creek about a mile from town and cavorted in its invigorating water till the blood tingled and the appetite was put on razor-edge. Then each went to his home, ready for the frying bacon and eggs and the steaming coffee, which never taste so good as on the plains.

When the respective breakfasts of the contestants had been put away, it lacked just one hour of ten o'clock. Just what filled out this space of time is unnecessary here, save that Logan smoked his pipe and counted over his newly-acquired riches, and Anderson chewed on a mouthful of plug tobacco and wondered how he was going to start all over again to regain new wealth.

Both men entered the ring promptly on the moment. There was no array of trainers and ring-attendants; there were no fancy trunks and highly-colored bath-robes; there were no buckets of water, no sponges, no bell to toll off the seconds when one or the other went to the floor; there was no referee to keep the men within the rules, and count off the fatal ten when one of them struck the floor; and—there were no gloves.

No rules governed boxing-bouts in Lagunitas. It was simply a case of fight and fight fair—but fight. Foul tactics only rendered publicly unpopular the man who indulged in them. He was liable to be treated with the contumely that would make life a burden.

Anderson was the first to climb the paling that separated the ring from the crowd. He threw off his coat and hat and stood with bared and brawny arms while the crowd cheered. In a second later, Logan was also inside the ropes, hatless and coatless, the sleeves of his blue shirt rolled up to his armpits. In another second, both men had advanced to the ring and were squaring off.

Anderson looked more than a match for his rival. Big he was, and the strength in him showed in every movement of his body. Bets quickly ran through the crowd. The odds were ten, fifteen, even twenty to one, that Anderson would win. But there were those who did not hesitate at the short end.

Anderson feinted with his right, and Logan drew back. Then Logan came to the front with a strong right swing, which Anderson ducked, and the smaller man fanned the air in such a manner that it seemed as if he had lost his wind. Anderson, quick as a cat, sent a short left to Logan's head, and Logan caught it full on the jaw and staggered. The men holding the "long-end" bets began saying "I told you so."

Logan circled around Anderson with a neat and agile step. The blow in the jaw had been felt, and he was a trifle dizzy, and didn't want to mix it up again until he felt a little better. Anderson was trying to force the fighting; that was plain, for once or twice he rushed at his opponent, but Logan was too spry.

"Land on his right, Andy!" "Go in and slug, Andy!" "He's got no show, Andy!" were some of the encouraging sentiments hurled at the champion—but there were no cheers for Logan.

Anderson sparred cleverly until he had his man in a corner, and then he aimed to plant a right which would have ended the sport then and there—had it landed. But Logan anticipated it and ducked, and as he ducked his right shot up with stupendous force and landed square on the unprotected proboscis of Mr. Anderson. The champion reeled back, and the faces of the crowd turned pale as a small trickle of blood seamed his face.

Anderson gritted his teeth, for he was mad. He came at Logan with a terrific rush and a well-aimed right, but Logan was only too keen, and again he ducked and both men clinched.

At short range, Logan managed to land a few telling body-blows—and to receive a few—and as Anderson did not care for this style of give-and-take fighting, he fairly hurled Logan from him, and he struck against the ropes. Logan now knew that his best scheme was to wear his man out. So long as he could do so, he might have a chance.

So, whenever Anderson rushed, Logan took the opposite tactics, and there came a point when the champion started to end it all.

"I've got you now, Tim," he said, as he stepped back several paces and raised his Janney fists.

"Come on!" answered Tim, and Anderson came. He raised both clenched fists in the air and brought them down with the force of a pile-driver, but again the little man swerved out of the way. The force of the blow weakened the man who delivered it. His intent was to strike Logan on the head and end it, and now he was out of breath.

Logan rose to his full height and, while the champion was wondering what had happened, he received a rain of sharp, well-directed blows on his face that sent him staggering. Before he could come back, Logan sent in two to his stomach, and Anderson doubled up and went to his knees.

When he regained his feet he made another desperate lunge at Logan, and one staggering blow met the little man's jaw, but Logan had him going, and he knew it. Again and again, he played on Anderson's wind, and again and again Anderson landed on him. The crowd marveled that he could stand such punishment. At length Logan saw an opening. One faultless swing went straight to the champion's eye and closed it; another caught him where he feared it most—in the wind. Anderson swung powerfully but futilely, and then a swift one from Logan caught his solar plexus so neatly that he reeled over and went down on his back.

The mighty Anderson was vanquished. He had failed to "come back." He lay prostrate for a few minutes; but, according to the code of Lagunitas, those few minutes were sufficient to count him out.

The crowd had begun to disperse, and a new luminary had appeared in the person of Tim Logan. The "short-enders" were cashing in their bets.

Logan, still calm, still the same cool, collected individual, reached for his hat and coat, put them on, and then assisted the fallen idol to his feet. He held out his hand, which Anderson took and shook with hearty feeling, for out there in Lagunitas no man could harbor a grudge, even after defeat.

In the general excitement that followed, a dark-haired, dark-eyed Kentucky girl made her way through the crowd and beamed the most wonderful smile on Tim Logan as he stepped down from the ring. Tim beamed in return.

"I wanted you to win, Tim," she said. "All night I prayed for you."

Then she put her arms around her hero, and kissed him. And Tim drew her close to him and kissed her.

"I went in to win, just as I went in to win you the first time I ever set eyes on you," he replied.

Late that afternoon, just as the last rays of the sun were slipping over the mountains, a solitary horseman might have been seen riding down the lone, dusty road that stretched from Lagunitas to the west. He wore a sad, dejected look—like some mighty conqueror who had fallen after fighting the fight that would have made him a hero of the ages.

It was the mighty Anderson making for pastures new.

Sleap is the strongest cuppler on the markit, but it's orful hard to uncuppel it.—The Call Boy.

Told in the Roundhouse.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

WORK on a construction-train that is constantly pushing ahead over a new, uneven road-bed is apt to carry with it some rough-and-ready experiences that differ somewhat from the every-day run of railroad routine found in an old-established division.

Contractor Mallory, concerning whose exploits a number of yarns have been spun, seems to have a faculty of bobbing up wherever any rough-house was about to start or a prank was being played. Two hoboes also figure in some rough-and-tumble tales that start the laugh-valve going, and help to pass the idle moments spent waiting for the cry of the call-boy.

And Mr. Seaver knows how to tell these tales

Startling and Amusing Situations that Developed from a Tendency Among Frontier Railroad Men to Keep Things in the Construction-Camp Constantly on the Move.

"SEVENTEEN'S off again!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Tommie Maddern is pulling her with the deuce. Of course, the deuce had to break a back spring-hanger on her rear drivers and lift her trucks off the track."

"She is getting to be as bad as though she was No. 13, instead of the deuce."

"We had an engine on the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic with the same number, '2,' and everybody spoke of her as the deuce, and the three-spot as the tray This Denver engine was well-named the deuce, for if there was any tricks calculated to make an engineer or fireman swear that she didn't know, I never heard of them.

"Mason, who came to us from the K. P., was about as good a runner as ever sat on the right side. He was a little reckless, it is true; and if he got behind time, which often happened, he would turn 'em for all that was out.

"The road had just been completed from Winfield to Belle Plain, and had not been fully surfaced. Mason got an order to take the deuce and pull a special, consisting of the private car of Vice-President Mallory and the private car of Chief Engineer Thayer, of the Fitzgerald and Mallory Construction Company, from Winfield to Belle Plain, in Sumner County.

"The commissioners of Cowley County had been invited, as the trip was intended to be one of inspection. If the commissioners were satisfied with the road, the bonds on that portion of the line between Winfield and the Sumner County line, which was just east of Oxford, would be delivered to the contractors. At this place the road crossed the Arkansas River, and the bridge was a pile concern, only a temporary structure, as the iron bridge was to go in later.

"Now, as every railroad man in Kansas knows, the Arkansas is a treacherous stream. There was no bottom, and the piles were simply stuck in the sand. As a result, all trains had to crawl across. The road from Winfield to Oxford was full of low joints and high centers, and, taken all around, was about as tough a piece of track as could be found anywhere. How those commissioners ever accepted the road in that shape I never could understand.

"Mason had crawled over the new road carefully, and at Oxford got a clearance for Belle Plain. This part of the track had been well surfaced, and was in good condition for a new road-bed. He pulled out of Oxford, and told one of the officers of the railroad company, who was riding on the engine, that he was going to shake the hay-seeds up a bit.

"Billy got her down in the corner and opened her up, and away he went. Mallory

"MALLORY WAS NERVOUS, SO HE PULLED THE BELL-CORD."

was a nervous kind of a duck, and did not care for fast riding, so he pulled the bell-cord. Mason had unhooked the cord from the gong, and knew that he was being signaled to stop.

By some mistake, a material-train, loaded with iron for the new bridge at Oxford, had been let out of the Belle Plain yard, and met the special about half-way. At this point there was a bank on the left side, and the Arkansas River was on the right, the road being laid along the west bank of the river.

"There was a stretch of straight track at this point, and one engineman saw the other about the same time. The tray and the deuce were sister engines, both eight-wheelers, and nearly alike in weights and everything else. Norris had charge of the tray, and was pulling the material-train.

"Both men sounded their whistles, plugged their engines, and went overboard. Mason went out through the right gangway, and the railroad official was close behind him, while the fireman went overboard through the left gangway. Mason and the railroad officer struck the edge of the fill, both alighting on their feet, but the new-made ground was treacherous and gave way, and the two rolled down the bank and plumped into the river. The fireman landed on his head in a sand-bank.

"Norris and his fireman went off on the left side of their engine—which was the river side—struck the edge of the bank, and tobogganed down into the water. Old man Mallory went out of his car over the rear platform, and landed on the ties in the middle of the track, in a sitting posture, with a dull thud which shook all Sumner County and caused the inhabitants to imagine that a shock of earthquake had occurred.

"Thayer was in his car, in the act of taking a drink of brandy, when the two engines came together. He sat down on the carpet, and poured his brandy out on it. The county commissioners were thrown out of their chairs, but were not hurt.

"The deuce reared up and tried to climb over the tray, which had also reared. Both engines were locked so close that they could not be pulled apart; but, aside from smashing the pilots and headlights, knocking off the stacks, and battering the front ends, neither engine was seriously damaged, both cylinder saddles standing the shock without fracture.

"When the engineman and the railroad official crawled out of the water and got back to the road, they were met by Mallory, and the remarks that he made were inclined to be scandalous, and not at all suited for a class of Sunday-school scholars.

'Mason and Norris did not pay any attention to the old man. They knew his ways, and simply went about examining their engines to see the amount of damage that had been done. The deuce and tray were sent to the Fort Scott and Wichita shops, two engines were borrowed from this road, and Mason and Norris sent out on them.

"Every man connected with the road at Belle Plain, from section-hand to train despatcher, was called up on the carpet by Mallory, but that was all that it amounted to. After that, Mallory sent Thayer, who was his son-in-law, out with all specials on inspection of new track, and when it became necessary for him to go over the road, he did his inspection from the tail end of a material or construction train. Possibly he thought that his daughter could better afford to be a widow than he could take chances on leaving her fatherless.

"Mallory lived at Chariton, Iowa, and was one of the best-known railway contractors in the West, so that it was rare that a time came when he was not handling a heavy railroad contract somewhere in the Trans-Mississippi country.

"He had a force of men in the various departments that he took with him from contract to contract. These men were always putting up some job on the old man, yet there was not one of them but would have gone through fire and water to serve him.

"One day Mallory was out on the work, and had the train stop on the Grouse Creek Bridge, while he went ahead to examine it. Mason was there with the deuce, and when the train stopped he lit his pipe, and proceeded to take things easy.

"Will S. Cartter, of St. Louis, had the contract for the bridges, and he and Mallory went out on the bridge. Cartter stands six feet in his stockings, and is bald as a billiard-ball. The two men stopped on the center of the bridge, and Cartter was pointing at something. Mallory was a short man, and, standing beside Cartter, he put one in mind of Sydney Smith's remarks about the mile and the milestone

"When Mason saw those two fellows there the deuce got into him, and whistling 'Brakes off,' he rang the bell, pulled the throttle, and started toward them. Mallory yelled at him, and the[illegible]urned and sprinted for the other end of the bridge. Cartter was right behind him, and lost his hat at the first jump, his bald head glistening in the sunlight.

"Cartter had the advantage of Mallory in the length of legs, but Mallory's little tootsies twinkled in and out with twice the speed that Cartter could get up as they hit the ties. Mallory got to the end of the bridge, and did not stop to see where he was going, but tumbled down the bank. Mason swore that Cartter's first step took him down to the berm, and the second clean across the borrow-pit, while Mallory got stuck in the mud.

"Long before they reached the end of the bridge Mason had stopped, and he, with the fireman and conductor, were fairly doubled up in a paroxysm of laughter. Mallory made remarks about fool enginemen, and the more he articulated the harder the gang roared. Then, to add insult to injury, Cartter, when safe beyond the borrow-pit, joined in laughing at Mallory.

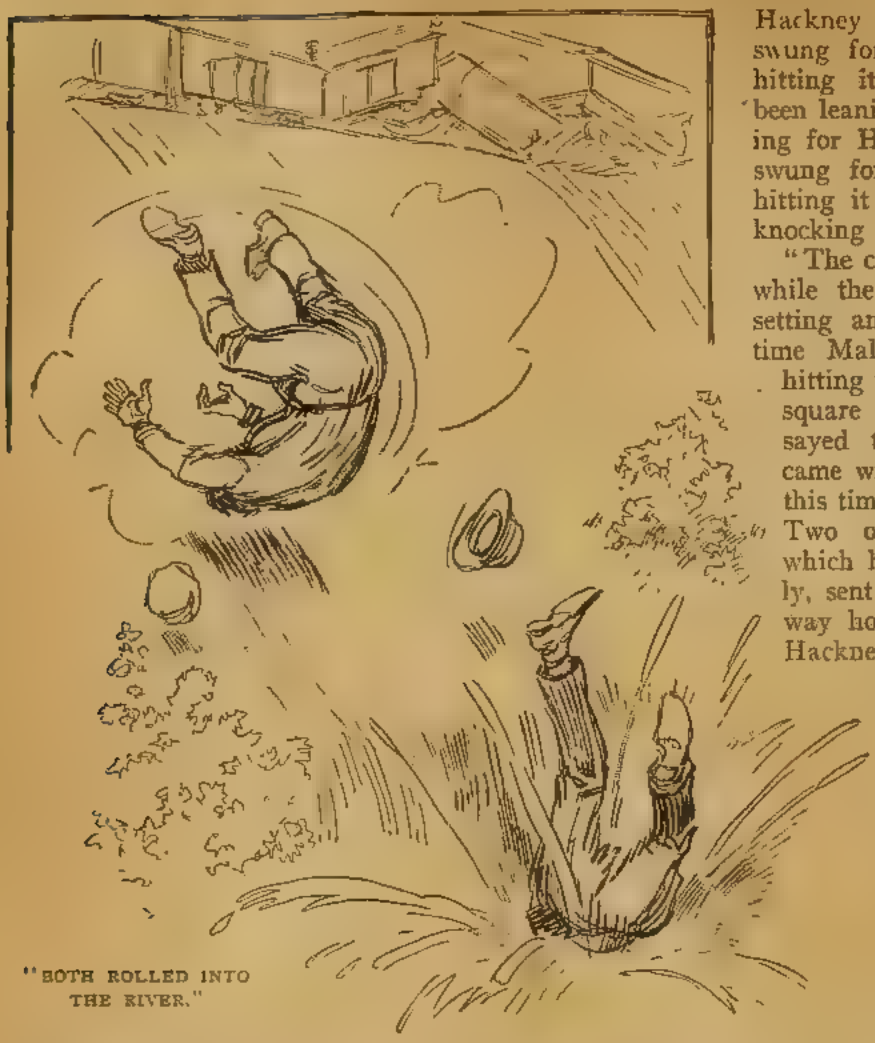
"If the road had not been shy of enginemen, Mallory would certainly have given Mason a lay-off, but they were behind time with their work, and the time was getting short for the completion of that section, so no more was heard of it.

"When the eastern division of the D., M. and A., from Coffeyville to Belle Plain, was completed, the two ends came together a few miles east of Tisdale, in Cowley County, and on the summit of the divide, about halfway between Tisdale and Dexter. There had been an elaborate program arranged for the ceremony of driving the last spike, and on the day appointed a special train pulled out from Winfield, having the county and city officials, reporters, and other dignitaries aboard.

"Upon reaching the spot, which was in a shallow cut, the Winfield party were met by a special train from the East, and a large crowd from Dexter, Tisdale, Burden, and the surrounding country had assembled at the spot.

"The usual speeches were made, and the regulation number of bouquets were thrown at the railroad officials, construction company, and others interested in the enterprise, and then came the ceremony of driving the last spike. 'Bill' Hackney, a bright lawyer, a leading politician, and at that time the mayor of Winfield, and Mallory took their positions, Mallory taking the spike outside the rail and Hackney the one inside.

"When those two men took hold of the spike-mauls, it was a sight for gods and men. Mallory took hold of his maul as though he wished he were anywhere else at the time, and Hackney handled his instrument as though he was afraid it would explode.



"BOTH ROLLED INTO THE RIVER."

The boss track-layer started the two spikes into the tie with a few taps, and then Mallory and Hackney set to work, swinging their mauls alternately.

"The first stroke Mallory landed on the head of his spike, but Hackney swung wide, and struck the ball of the rail as though he was endeavoring to break it in two by a blow from the sledge. At the second stroke Mallory missed the spike altogether, and hit the tie with such force that he almost lost his balance.

"Ben Clover, of Burden, a farmer and leading Democratic politician who had been the most determined opponent the D., M. and A. had in the county, was standing near Hackney. When he swung for his second blow at the spike his foot slipped, and he spun around, catching Ben fair on the shin, and causing him to crumple up like a paw-paw leaf in frost-time.

"Ben swore that Hackney had deliberately fouled him, and it was no more than he could expect from a Republican politician. Hackney apologized, and again swung for the spike, this time hitting it. Mallory, who had been leaning on his sledge, waiting for Hackney's stroke, again swung for the spike, this time hitting it a glancing blow, and knocking it clean out of the tie.

"The crowd hooted and yelled while the boss track-layer was setting another spike, and this time Mallory swung viciously, hitting the spike with the first square blow since he had essayed to drive it. Hackney came with another swing, and this time he also hit his spike. Two or three more blows, which happened to land fairly, sent the spikes about halfway home, and Mallory and Hackney then stepped back, and the boss track-layer and another took their places, and with one blow each sent the spikes home to the head.

"I would have given anything for a snap-shot of those fellows, Hackney and Mallory, especially if I could have caught the expression upon the faces of the track-gang. If a man ever showed that he was thoroughly disgusted with his boss, it was that boss track-layer as he watched Mallory's attempts to drive those spikes home.

"Ben Clover was sent to the Legislature a few years afterward from that district on the Populist ticket, defeating Hackney and the Republicans, who had held sway ever since the county was organized; but Ben always swore that Bill Hackney had intentionally swung that sledge a glancing blow with the fell purpose of getting even with a political opponent.

"After the spikes were driven the engines blew their whistles and rang the bells, and made all the racket they could, while the crowd cheered. Then there were some more speeches, and the train from Winfield proceeded to back down to that point, followed by the special from Coffeyville, bringing all the people who cared to climb aboard.

"The trains pulled into Winfield with

bells ringing, whistles blowing, and cannon firing. There were more speeches, more bouquets, but nothing to eat. The crowd had to rustle its own grub.

"The road was formally opened for traffic from Coffeyville to Belle Plain the next day, but it is said that from that day up to the day of his death nothing could induce Mallory to drive the last spike on any of the work he had under contract.

"'What made them so awkward?' asked Jimmie.

"'Did you ever attempt to drive a railroad spike? If not, try it the first chance you get. In appearance, nothing is easier than the way in which spikers drive, but it is a special blow, only acquired by long practise. It is a safe bet that if Mallory and Hackney had either of them ever before tackled the job of driving a railroad spike into a tie alongside the rail, they would have left the honor to some one who was more expert.'

"Pat O'Grady was the boss track-layer on the east end, and he had been with Mallory a long time; in fact, since Mallory took up railroad contracting after the war. Now, Pat was a devout believer in the virtues of the soil of the Emerald Isle, and though, by his own confession, his parents left Ireland when he was hardly two years old, his impressions were vivid.

"Now, at that time the country from Winfield, in Cowley County, east to Caney, in Montgomery County, was a comparatively new section of Kansas, and settlers were coming in on the Osage diminished reserve in large numbers. Still, the greater portion of the country was virgin prairie, and the blue stem, as the prairie grass was termed, fairly teemed with rattlesnakes of all sizes, kinds, and conditions, from the little prairie rattler to the diamond-back.

"So numerous were they that it became a sort of religion with the settlers, and even with people who had occasion to travel on horseback or in buggies across the prairies, to immediately stop their horses or vehicles when they heard a rattler sing and, when they had located him, whip him with the buggy whip until he was unable to coil, and as a rattler can only strike when coiled, it was then easy to put the heel upon its head and end its career.

"During all the time of the construction of the road, it was in vain that the boys endeavored to get Pat reconciled to the presence of the rattlers. There was no danger

"CAUSING HIM TO CRUMPLE UP LIKE A PAW-PAW LEAF IN FROST TIME."

that they would get up on the new road-bed, and Pat religiously heeded the admonition, 'Keep off the grass.'

"One day Mallory came along over the work in a buggy. He had killed several rattlers, and had their rattles with him.

"Mallory, like all other Irishmen, would willingly go without a meal if he could get a joke on the other fellow. He called Pat over to the buggy, and told him that he did not like the hat-band he was wearing, and had brought him another. While Mallory was getting it out Pat was profuse in his thanks, and he was too busy to notice what it was that Mallory was putting around his hat.

"Mallory handed him his dicer, and he put it on, but in doing so his hand happened to touch something cold and clammy. Pat jerked the hat from his head, and caught just a glimpse of a rattler coiled around the brim. Howling blue murder, Pat dropped the hat, and, in his excitement, stumbled down the bank into the borrow-pit, and the hat landed beside him.

"HOWLING BLUE MURDER, PAT DROPPED THE HAT."

"Pat came pretty near throwing a fit right there, and Mallory began to be alarmed lest his joke was destined to have results that he had not anticipated. He jumped out of the buggy and clambered down the fill until he secured Pat's head-dress.

"Pat's eyes stood out like door-knobs. When he saw Mallory take off the snake, he could not be convinced that it was only an empty skin.

"But Mallory was not yet through with Pat.

"'O'Grady,' said he, 'a friend brought me a cigar-box full of the soil from old Killarney. I have brought it out for you to see.'

"Saying this, Mallory hauled out a cigar-box from under the seat, which he handed to Pat.

"'Sure, now, and it's happy I am that I lived to see the soil of old Ireland. An' what would yez be afther doin' wid it, sor?' he asked.

"'Why, Pat, I brought this out for you. You know that the touch of Irish soil is certain death to snakes and all other vermin, and you need have no fear of snakes so long as you keep this box of earth where they must run against it.'

"Pat took the box with extravagant expressions of joy. He was the envied of the envied among the rest. He guarded that box with the greatest of care, and none of the men in charge of the work could find it in their hearts to tell him that it was nothing more than a box of Grouse Creek earth that Mallory had scraped up at Dexter.

"The work was being pushed for the permanent bridge over Grouse Creek, though a structure of piles and false work was already in to carry the track over the stream. A blast had been put in on the west bank, where they were sinking foundation-pits for the abutment, and as it tore out the limestone it opened up a nest of rattlers of all sizes, ages, shapes, and conditions. The wrigglers shot out in every direction, and there was some lively work for a time, every man trying to kill as many snakes as he could.

"One of the boys lifted Pat's precious box of Irish soil from the car and set it upon the ground, where the snakes must crawl over it. Pat shouted:

"'Now, ye omadhauns, come on and see what the soil trod by the blessed St. Patrick will do to you!'

"The snakes came on and crawled over and around the box, with no resulting harm. One of them even coiled on top of it.

"'Sure, now,' says Pat, 'the divil must be in the box.'

"When the battle was over, and no more snakes could be found, work was resumed; but when Pat went to camp that night he left the box behind him

"Some of the men reminded him of it, and he replied that, while the soil of Ireland was doubtless sure death to any reptile that might chance upon the Emerald Isle, he was fully convinced that it lost its potency when carried across the sea.

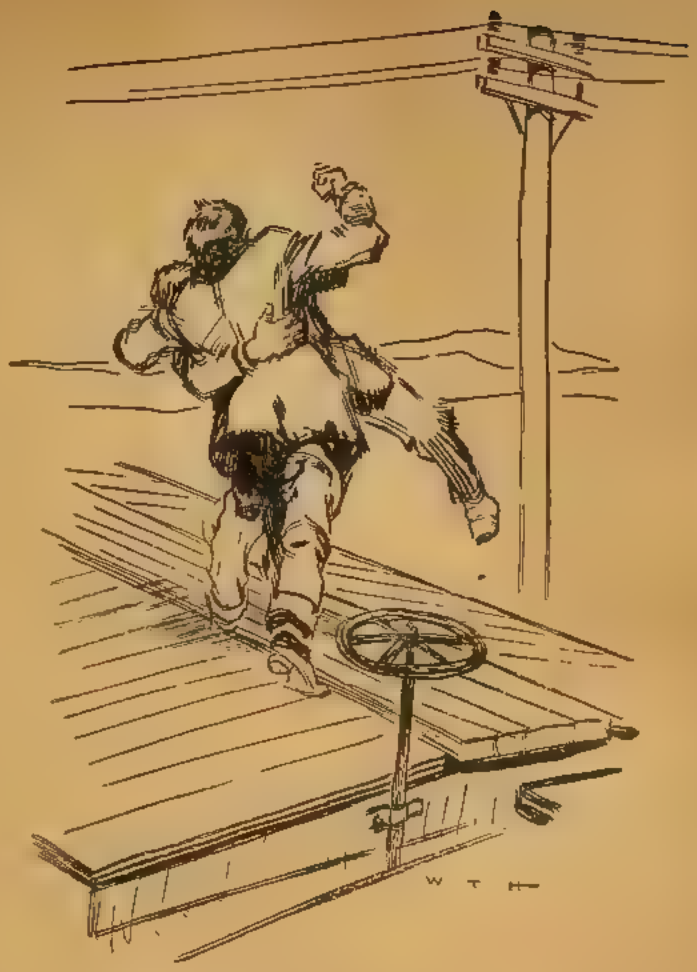
"There were always more or less hoboes around the construction-camps, but they were made to work or get out. If a man said he was tramping on the search for work, they would put him on the job in some capacity.

"Pat had little mercy on the man who would not work when it was offered him, and it occasionally happened that a hobo would try to slip away after Pat had given him a job, but it was rare that he succeeded. It soon got so that the professional hobo kept away from the work on the eastern division of the D., M. and A.; they were, at one time, pretty troublesome on the west end.

"We had a great deal of trouble with the hoboes when I was on the Cairo and St. Louis," said Watson. "Sometimes they came in such numbers that we could not keep the train clear of them. The boys set out a car at Red Bud, one day, that had a number of tramps concealed in it, and as the train pulled out one of the hoboes jumped out of the door and made a run for the train, catching on to a side ladder.

He hung there for a while, and then climbed up on the roof

"He was spotted by the middle brakeman, who went for him at once, and the two clinched. The brakeman had the advantage of the hobo in one respect: he could keep his footing on the moving car much better than the tramp, but otherwise the tramp was a little the best man. It was beginning to look rather squally for the trainman when the hind brakeman happened to spy the tussle, and he hurried forward as fast as he could



"BEGINNING TO LOOK RATHER SQUALLY FOR THE TRAINMAN."

"The tramp was doing the best he could to throw the brakeman from the top of the train, and appearances were that he was about to succeed, when the rear brakeman arrived. He took a hand, and it was then all day with the tramp. They were endeavoring to trip him and tie his hands and feet, and then turn him over to the city marshal upon arrival at Sparta.

"The tramp stumbled, and the whole gang were about to go overboard when the brakemen let go and narrowly missed going over the edge of the roof. The tramp was not so lucky. He went overboard, head first. The borrow-pit had a little water in it, and the bottom was soft mud. Into this Mr. Tramp went head first, and as the boys looked back they could see his legs waving all sorts of distress signals in the air.

"They flagged me down; I stopped, and they hustled back to help the tramp out of his mud-hole, but just as they touched the ground the tramp got on to his feet, and he was certainly a sight. If you know any-

thing about Illinois prairie mud, you know that it is black and decidedly sticky, and this is especially the case along the Mississippi bottoms. There is only one kind of mud that sticks worse, to my knowledge, and that is the black, waxy mud of Texas.

"The tramp managed to get the mud out of his mouth; and when the boys saw that he was not hurt they gave me the "Go ahead" sign, and as we pulled out the torrent of profanity that followed us was simply scandalous. If his curses could have come home to us we would certainly have been marked men for the rest of our lives; for if there was any ill luck that he did not wish that train-crew, both here and in the hereafter, none of us had ever heard of it.

"Ben Hodges used to tell of an experience he had on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe. The only portion of the story that the boys were skeptical about was that a tramp would take a bath.

"He was clipping along with a southbound freight, a little behind time. As he came to the Brazos crossing he saw a red flag on the side of the bank, just beyond the bridge. At this point the road, after crossing the bridge, curved to the west around the nose of a hill.

"Just as he dropped over the hill leading down to the Brazos Bridge he had a break-in-two, the break occurring three or four cars ahead of the caboose. Ben squealed for brakes and pulled her open. The brakemen could only hope to keep the runaway under control, so down the hill they went, Ben giving her another notch to keep away from the breakaway.

"Just as he reached the bottom of the hill, and took her by the neck to cross the bridge, he saw a red flag on the edge of the bank and just beyond the bridge. This meant that the section-gang had a rail out beyond. To stop meant a tail-end smash, to go ahead meant to pile in the ditch; so he decided, as it was six of one and half a dozen of the other, he would let her go.

"He got down and stood behind his fireman in the left gangway, ready to jump, when they came up to the flag and saw that it was a red-flannel shirt, while down in the stream a tramp was splashing in the red flood as though he enjoyed cavorting in the tawny fluid. You know that the water of the Brazos at nearly all times is red, as also the waters of some other streams in Texas, especially the Colorado and the Red Rivers.

"The break-in-two stopped on the bridge, and Ben shut her off and then backed up to hook on to the tail end. The train-crew compelled the tramp to come ashore, and they wanted to know why in the blue blazes, if he wished to take a bath, he could not have hung his red shirt somewhere else.

"The tramp explained that the day was so warm that he thought it was a good time to take a bath and, at the same time, cleanse his soiled shirt, and that he hung it on that bush because it got the full benefit of the breeze sweeping across the river and the full glare of the sun, and protested that he did not think it was in the position that would make it resemble a section-gang's flag.

"The fellow was so honest about it that the boys forgot their anger, and that he had not got beyond the saving effects of a bath demonstrated that he was not utterly hopeless; so it ended by their taking him aboard the train and carrying him on to Temple. They got him a job as wiper in the roundhouse and the last that Ben heard of him he was still on the road."

"Here comes seventeen! So-long, boys!" And the roundhouse assembly adjourned.

RAILROADS VERSUS AUTOMOBILES.

NOT a little has been said and written of late about the various effects of the automobile demand in connection with the diversion to purchases of cars of funds which otherwise might be added to the capital held in savings-banks and similar institutions, or devoted to the purchase of securities of the income-yielding class

It is now reported that certain railway officials are disposed to regard the automobile as having an adverse effect on passenger traffic.

No figures are adduced to show to what extent the motor deprives the railway of business, and, on the other hand, there are railroad men who are quoted as saying that the companies derive positive benefit from the multiplication of autos, apart from the freight earnings, which are the result of transportation of the raw material and the product when finished.

Furthermore, it is held that business is actually brought to the railroads, particularly through the increased employment of auto-trucks, which haul four times the tonnage that can be carried by wagons with horses, and in from one-half to one-third the time which the latter require to bring goods to the freight stations for shipment.

The disposition of the farming population throughout the country to use autos in transporting their products renders them able to ship the same with much more independence, while it also stimulates the demand for better roads.—*Bradstreets.*

Worries of a Sleeping-Car Con.

BY SAMUEL P. FLINT.

THERE are few phases of railroading where diplomacy, tact, and ability to read between the lines of the rule book play so important a part as in the daily routine of the sleeping-car conductor. Like the skipper on the high seas, he is the sole arbiter of all the troubles of the passengers. His judgment must be excellent and his wit quick, or he is sometimes apt to find himself in a most undesirable position.

Above all things, the Pullman Company and railroads operating their own sleepers desire that their patrons should not leave a train dissatisfied with the treatment accorded them, and a popular sleeping-car conductor often proves so valuable an asset that it is difficult to reckon his full value in dollars and cents.

Trying to Calm the Kickers and Keep Every Passenger Satisfied Requires the Wisdom of a Solomon, Combined with the Patience of Job and the Courage of a Wall Street Magnate.

THE Pullman Company has a book of rules for the guidance of sleeping-car conductors, but practically every rule may be broken and the conductor commended if he has used good judgment in breaking them.

The sleeping-car conductor is a czar, so to speak, and he can direct at will when occasion demands. Above his book of rules comes this unwritten law:

"Make your passengers comfortable and happy whatever comes up. Be a diplomat. Avoid friction. Scent out trouble and disturbance before it starts. Don't be afraid to take responsibility upon yourself. What we want is to encourage people to ride on sleepers."

Every con knows it.

Obviously a sleeping car is close quarters for everybody. The luxury of American travel has resulted in much being expected of it. The handsome fittings, the completeness of the equipment, make it essential that the susceptibilities of its occupants shall not be jarred. Even unreasonableness, if possible, must be given into and cajoled. It may be that there is a full car-load, including troublesome children; a few obstreperous people, others quietly insistent upon minor

points; some fussily demanding attention far over their share.

The sleeping-car conductor must harmonize all. Anything but dissatisfaction; a perfect trip for every one; is what an "instructor" tries to pound into each man, and some fine day when a new conductor, called into the division superintendent's office concerning a complaint, pulls proudly out his book of rules and justifies himself completely by rule 94, he is taken down a peg by being told that the company would rather lose unnumbered dollars than have had that complaint come in; that he should think of the company's business and pleasing its patrons before all.

Some men never thoroughly learn this lesson, and never become good sleeping-car conductors. Other men very frequently have their reports at the end of their runs filled with explanations. These are the men of whom such things as these are said:

"Jennie, we had the loveliest sleeping-car conductor coming on from Duluth."

"Mighty fine conductor on our train last night. Took a lot of interest, was companionable, and made everybody feel at home. You felt that man was running those cars. You knew he was about, with an eye on everything."

Such men are delivering the goods for which the traveling public is paying. They are worth almost their weight in gold, for a popular sleeping-car conductor is a far more valuable asset than he is ever apt to realize.

Day in and day out, it needs very nearly the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the courage of a Wall Street magnate, to prevent anything unpleasant from arising. It is not the part of a sleeping-car conductor to wait for anything to happen. He must anticipate complaints, and if the impending trouble comes through any of his passengers, he must smooth it out diplomatically.

He Woke the Wrong Snorer.

On a sleeper whirling through the Middle West, about three o'clock one morning, a watchful conductor passing along the aisle heard a rasping, snorting noise rising above the roar of the train. It was the kind of noise that is bound to waken somebody. It was a snore from a section at the end of the car.

Now, it is a risky thing to disturb snoring people. They are apt to take offense; but this conductor had a manner that had disentangled many difficulties, and he felt sure he could cope with the situation. Anyhow, if that snoring kept on, half his car would be aroused inside of five minutes.

He walked softly to the snore, now very loud and annoying—and then he remembered. He stopped short. In that berth was a pretty girl. No, it couldn't be possible. Just at that instant the snore grew louder. Yes, he must stop it.

As quietly as he could, he awoke the snoring beauty. She was indignant; she protested. With tact he pacified her. But—what? The girl was awake and talking to him, and yet snores were still coming from the berth.

"Oh, I might as well confess," she said tartly, after a glance at the conductor's puzzled face. "You'll find it out, anyway. It's Jip."

She pulled out from where it had been tucked up at her feet a basket with a pug-dog sleeping the sleep of the lazy, well-fed pet.

"I couldn't bear to have him away from me even one single night. He's never been away from muvver, has oo, ducky daddlins? So I smuggled him aboard the train in this basket."

Pleasing the Children.

Another conductor, one whose run is a well-patronized train of sleepers that moves out of New York late in the afternoon, found his car rapidly getting into a mild turmoil one night because of a crying baby. Its young mother was traveling alone and could do nothing with the child. She looked worn-out. The book of rules said nothing about an emergency of this sort, but Mr. Conductor stepped quietly up to the berth and talked soothingly for a few moments to the mother. Then he emerged in the aisle with the baby in his arms.

There was something about Brown that gave every one confidence in him. The tired mother breathed a sigh of relief—the first for a long while. A little more, and she was in a doze. The big man in uniform fondled the tiny bundle he was holding, talked to it in a crooning voice, walked with it, moving it from side to side with the swaying motion of the car. The crying grew less and less; the baby dropped asleep.

In the smoking-room the conductor, for several hours, kept up a patient vigil over his little charge.

Such a case as this is unusual, but any number of times the sleeping-car conductor has made himself solid with children by entertaining them before bed-time. A few such characteristics of one of these men may do

even more for his general popularity and effectiveness than with the children.

To the wise and capable conductor all these things are part of the discipline. On the long runs of the West, a sleeping-car conductor has often but one car in his charge; in the East he is the captain over several, with a porter for each, a maid, and a barber (if the train be a limited), and, perhaps, an assistant to relieve him of the detail work.

Routine of the Sleeper.

The handling of the tickets—"collecting," in railroad language—is the smallest part of his work. That and making out his report take but little time on a long night.

One conductor, now in New York, tells a story of how, on one run several years ago, in the night's tiresome watches, he used to make out his report slowly and in full detail, and, when he had finished it, tear it up and write it all over again, merely to have something to do.

There are hours of the night that drag heavily on a conductor, for they are eventless, and there is no work to be done. On some runs a conductor is allowed to spell his porters, and each steals a few hours' sleep On others, a conductor must keep awake to the end of the run In any event, he must sleep with one eye open lest he may be needed.

The best conductor, the experts of railroading say, is the man who makes his presence constantly felt, who is unobtrusively in evidence frequently, quietly following up the porter to see that he is attentive to patrons, besides keeping the car in apple-pie order, inviting requests and questions from the buyers of berths.

It is remarkable, these same experts say, the difference of men in this regard. Some will seem to see everything and can always be found instantly; others, while they are still good conductors and with whom no definite fault can be found are precisely the reverse, for they do not become a real part of their train

Two Tickets for One Berth.

What brings out the sleeping-car conductor and shows his true powers as a tactician, are the cases of "duplicate sales." Mistakes will occur in the ticket offices of the big cities A train in readiness for the night is about to start. People are being escorted to, or are personally finding their seats Porters and conductor are alert. There is all the comfortable bustle of the luxurious string of sleepers with their array of well-to-do passengers who have paid for the best and look for quick service and no friction whatever as their due.

There are two claimants for a certain berth. The sleeping-car tickets of both are in order. Somebody in an agency has blundered, but the train is already in motion. However the fault, the remedy is the province of the sleeping-car conductor, and he must make arrangements that will satisfy everybody.

The company takes the ground that, even if one person can prove he bought a berth a week before it was sold to the other person, one has precisely as good a claim for satisfaction as the other. Both have paid their money. The error is no fault of either. The conductor must take this view of it and nip in the bud what is apt to grow into a good-sized row, for the average traveler does not take such matters calmly, as a rule.

It is the personality of the conductor that saves the company from embarrassment or brings down upon it, in a sharp letter to the management, a strenuous "kick." A clever conductor who knows how to play on the minds of men and women, by sympathy, by interest, by special little maneuvers at which he is a master hand, can twist the aggrieved one into a new phase of thought and make him feel perfectly happy in a much inferior berth. Sometimes the same result is gained by a little trick of which the traveler is never aware.

A Clever Ruse.

A row was brewing on a certain sleeper that had just pulled out of Chicago. Two men had tickets for one berth. One of them jumped aboard at the last moment. When the conductor looked at the second man's ticket, he saw that it was the same old story, but he had always found it profitable to pretend to examine such tickets carefully.

That gave him a few seconds to plan out a little campaign and size up his man.

The ticket, like the one he had examined a moment before, called for lower 6. An idea occurred to him. The car was not full. As if by accident, he turned his back and hastily glanced at his car diagram. Lower 8, the next, was not taken. He made a hasty mark with his pencil and wheeled back to confront them.

"It's all right," he said cheerily. "Just a clerical error that doesn't mean anything

The clerk wrote down '6' on your ticket instead of '8.' Your berth's '8.' See, it's marked here on the diagram."

The man never knew that the conductor had ingeniously gotten the best of him.

Conductors of sleeping-cars are required to report duplicate sales, but very frequently they do not. It seems to be one of the most difficult things in railroading to get a conductor to report a duplicate sale when he has adjusted the controversy with no ill-feeling, so far as can be seen.

"What was there to report?" asked Conductor D., when called to task in the troublesome case of Miss and Mrs. Robinson because he had sent in no record.

"I fixed it up all right inside of five minutes. Everybody was satisfied. Nobody complained."

None the less this case, that did not appear to matter, turned out to be an important one with regard to the company. Mrs. and Miss Robinson were going to Toledo. They reserved their sleeping-car berths at New York, two weeks in advance, and, on the afternoon of their journey, they boarded the train in plenty of time.

Some five minutes before the train started, a burly man with a loud voice came up the car's steps and told the porter to show him to berth 12.

"Ah t'ink dat's taken, sah," answered the porter. "Lady dar, sah."

"Nonsense," said the man. "I just bought it."

It was too important a question for the porter to settle. He went for the conductor, after making the man temporarily comfortable.

When the conductor came, he found the man's ticket perfectly correct, except that Miss Robinson was occupying the seat he claimed. Questioning developed that the women had bought their tickets long before, and were fully entitled to the seats they held.

The man did not deny that women had rights, but, in a blustering, rude, and assertive manner, he abused all railroads and sleeping-cars in general. The conductor got him to shut off his flow of profanity and to accept a berth a little way off from the one he had purchased.

"I'll take it," the burly man growled, "but I wouldn't unless it happened to be a lower berth. I tell you it's scoundrelly, the way you impose upon people, and take money under false pretenses."

The man was soon quieted, and the conductor thought he had done well. He had successfully handled a very angry man. But he had not counted upon the women, who had received the full effect of the interrupted tirade. They had not complained. They had said very little. Though he could see many things, he had not noticed that they had been terrified at the man's manner, and had been thrown into a state of nervousness.

Miss Robinson, who had been particularly upset, did not recover easily. Toledo was reached safely, and one of the first things Miss Robinson told a cousin they were visiting was their experience.

"It's the most annoying thing I ever heard," said the cousin. "Wait till George comes home."

George happened to be a man of big influence in that part of Ohio.

"You leave it to me," George said, when he heard the story. "It's disgraceful. I'll write to-morrow."

At his office the next morning he wrote a letter to the sleeping-car officials. The letter did not mince matters. It was so forcible that it went from one official to another. It took some time for the company to make peace with the two families.

Where Recruits Are Found.

The best conductors for sleeping-cars come from the ranks of men who have failed in other walks of life. Disheartened people are, of course, impossible for this work; but the man who has held his grip in misfortune is apt to be a very acceptable candidate. Men who have address, experience, and facility in handling persons of both sexes and all social grades are eventually the ones chosen to fill vacancies.

The permanence of such a position steadies a man that has been drifting aimlessly. A large proportion of them stick to it and find the work congenial. The maximum pay is only ninety-five dollars a month.

Man and wife can't run in two sections. They've got to take the same schedule and running orders. — Confessions of an Old Captain.

FLAGGING THE DONKEY.

BY C. W. BEELS.

The Trouble that Came to Tom Tower When He Took Tinklers Out of Town.

THE principal trouble with Tinklers was stubbornness — plain, untarnished stubbornness of the most supreme quality. He was born with it; his parents had been born with it, and his ancestors—so far as any authority on his particular species knew—possessed it. Therefore, he came by it honestly.

Tinklers belonged to that part of the animal kingdom known as jackasses. Some people qualify them by the more dignified name of donkey, but in all his deportment Tinklers never rose above the plane of a real, unmitigated jackass.

He had passed his early days in and around the little town of Nowich. He never stood much more than four feet in his unshod feet, and his shaggy coat, his long ears, and his monotonous, uncanny bray were as well known to the people of that prosperous village as was the statue of their first governor—bronzed and weather-beaten—standing in the center of the public square.

Just who of the ten thousand citizens of Nowich owned Tinklers nobody knew—and, likewise, nobody cared. He simply roamed hither and yon, devouring the luxuriant grass of the roadside in summer, and, in winter, becoming an object of charity for any stable-keeper who would take him in at night and give him a handful of hay.

For seven years he kept things going, and he prospered in his own particular way. For instance, he had a habit of getting squarely in front of approaching automobiles, where he would stand, like a statue, and even a lusty beating would not make him budge. Once, an infuriated tourist put on all power and dashed squarely into Tinklers, saying, "I don't care who owns the beast! I'll pay the damages willingly!"

But Tinklers only got mixed up in the mechanism, and was extracted without any damage to himself, save a few scratches, while the tourist ruined a three-thousand-dollar car, and had to take the train home.

Then Tinklers's pet joy was to plant himself directly in front of the Nowich trolley as it came down Main Street, and bray defiance. It usually took the combined efforts of six men to remove him to the gutter, and each would administer a kick for good measure. But Tinklers's hide was immune to pain. Everybody in the town had either kicked or struck him at one time or another.

With the passing of time, his bray increased with his stubbornness, and his general behavior become such that he was a menace to the municipality. He took to braying at night for no reasonable cause whatsoever. The residents of the town were rapidly becoming victims of a form of nocturnal wakefulness that was rapidly undermining their nervous systems. Visitors actually refused to pay their hotel bills because of the unholy noise, and one or two of the oldest inhabitants finally threatened to sue the municipality if it were not abated.

That was the final straw.

"You really intend to sue?" asked the mayor of Nowich of old Peter Hines one day.

And Peter, who was close to his ninety-seventh year and openly challenged any other nonogenarian to dispute his longevity, said:

"You can betcher boots, Mr. Mayor, I mean ter. I ain't a goin' to be driv to a early death by the brayin' o' thet jeckuss. Ef he ain't put out o' this here taown afore next moon, I'll sue yer fer six hundred dollars."

That was a terrible defi. It was more than Nowich could stand. It sounded the end of Tinklers—so far as Nowich was concerned.

There was nothing for the municipality to

do but take action. So, at the next meeting of the town council, a resolution, properly framed by his honor the mayor, was unanimously passed authorizing that Tinklers be declared a public nuisance, and that he be sold at public auction "to the highest bidder thereof, at 10 A.M., July 27, 1910, *anno Domini*, in the public square."

The announcement was printed in some half a dozen papers in the towns around Nowich, for the nimble-minded municipality believed that no one in the home town would bid a cent for poor Tinklers. They were right in their conjecture, for, on the morning of the sale, just twenty people lined up in front of the auctioneer's stand, and fifteen of them were recognized as strangers.

On the previous night Tinklers had been roped and deliberately carried to the public square, where he was staked to a tree. Some ten feet of rope circumscribed his area, but a goodly supply of oats kept him in decent temper until the auction was over.

He didn't seem to mind the crowd that gathered around the auctioneer's stand. He remained perfectly quiet and passive, and he looked mighty good to Tom Tower, who had come eight miles from New Blunden after reading the alluring "ad."

The first bid for Tinklers was eighty cents. It came from a dealer in live stock who had heard of the donkey's bad manners, and who thought that he could be purchased cheap. But this prospective buyer had not reckoned on Tom Tower. Tom quickly raised his bid to a dollar.

The auctioneer warbled off "Doll-doll-doll-do-I-hear-the dollaquarter, do-I-hear-the dollaquarter-dolla-dolla-dollaquarter," with the wonderfully indiscernible sing-song of his calling. Some unknown did bid in that amount. The live-stock dealer went over and took a close look at Tinklers, then returned and announced, "One dollar and thirty cents."

"One-thirty-five," called Tom.

"That's more than I'll give," said the live-stock man, and he elbowed his way through the crowd and went his way.

In vain did that auctioneer try to raise Tom Tower's bid. He used every artifice of his kind to make some one say "One-fifty" even, but there was not a whimper from the crowd. He lured every voluble sound in his system in pronouncing that figure, but to no purpose. Only the little children present cared a whit. They liked to hear him say it.

Finally, he changed his tactics. "Look, ladies and gentlemen," he said, gesticulating with oratorical nicety, "look at that noble animal grazing there, and tell me if you ever saw a more perfect picture of docile decorum! Why, ladies and gentlemen, there is not a more perfect jackass in all this county. In breeding, in deportment, in looks—he is a perfect specimen of his kind! And I am bid the paltry sum of one dollar and thirty-five cents for him! Ladies and gentlemen, was there ever such a sacrifice? Do I hear the one-fifty? Do I hear one-fifty?"

The spectators looked into his face like so many mutes.

"Do I hear the one-forty?" he thundered.

Still the crowd was speechless. Tom Wickersham began to feel for his change.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the auctioneer, leaning far over and speaking very softly as if he were telling some awful secret, "am I obliged to let this valuable animal go for the paltry sum of one dollar and thirty-five cents? Do you understand what this sacrifice means? Gentlemen, I appeal to you? Is this valuable jackass, worth at least fifty dollars as a beast of burden, to be sacrificed for—"

"Sacrifice and be hanged!" piped the shrill voice of Peter Hines, who was watching the proceedings.

Of course everybody laughed, and the auctioneer saw that further persuasion was useless.

"Going—going!" he said, raising his mallet aloft. He hesitated, and repeated very slowly, "Going—going." Then he stopped. There was one more chance if any one wanted to raise the limit.

"Gone!" he shouted. The mallet came down with a thud. "He's yours, mister," said the auctioneer, turning to Tom; and Tom, who had the necessary sum ready, stepped up and paid, and Tinklers was his—hide and hoof.

Then came the rub.

Tinklers had to be removed to New Blunden.

He seemed loath to leave the oats which had been provided to keep him on his good behavior while the municipality of Nowich was being enriched by the sale of him.

There was a small supply left, and Tom took it for granted that it went with the donkey. So he gathered them into his hat, let Tinklers have a sniff of them, untied him, and started down the road.

The last that Nowich saw of its trouble was Tom in the lead, deftly manipulating the hat of oats as a decoy, and Tinklers following, a willing captive, his ears sticking out a foot

ahead of him, and some ten feet of good inch-rope dragging from his neck.

He followed patiently for about two miles; then he began to wonder if something new and strange hadn't come into his life. He looked Tom over for a moment, then shot out his nose, humped his back, and emitted the most piercing bellow that ever penetrated his new owner's ears.

Then turned his back on Tom, and looked somewhat sprightly in the direction of Nowich. Tom surmised that Tinklers's intentions weren't honest, so he began to maneuver for the rope. He was just in time, for Tinklers had just got into the return motion. Tom gave the rope a mighty lunge, and the surprised Tinklers turned.

"Come on!" yelled Tom.

He tugged at the rope, and Tinklers followed unconcernedly for about half a mile. Suddenly he got the notion in his head that he had better stop. He planted his four hoofs so firmly in the ground that Tom couldn't budge him. Tom tugged and tugged and cursed and tugged again, but Tinklers was his old self. Tom got behind him and tried to push; he caught him by the ears and twisted them till they must have pained; he tickled his ribs with a whisk of grass—but Tinklers only stood as adamant as if he had been carved in stone.

Tom saw that such tactics were useless, so he resorted to more diplomatic means. He produced the hatful of oats and let Tinklers have a taste. Then he walked down the road about fifty feet and shook the hat and called, "Here, Tinklers! Here, Tinklers!"

Tinklers moved on and got another nibble, and Tom proceeded another fifty feet and used the same demonstration, and again Tinklers responded. This scheme of procedure was kept going for about half a mile. Finally, Tom noticed that about one more bite and the oats would be at an end. Then what?

He took in his surroundings, and estimated that he had about five miles yet to go. At the rate of a bite of oats for every fifty feet, it would require about a ton of feed before he reached New Blunden.

The oats did give out, but for two laps of fifty feet Tom successfully decoyed Tinklers into believing that the hat did contain something. However, the third time it failed Tinklers brayed his keen dislike at being fooled, and again turned his head in the direction of Nowich.

Tom lured him with bunches of freshly picked grass and soft words. He called, "Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle," and snapped his fingers to add to the enticement—but Tinklers was wise. He wanted oats or he wanted home.

Tom picked up the rope and put it over his shoulder. He managed to catch Tinklers off his guard, and gave him a lunge which nearly took the animal off its feet. The momentum was in Tom's favor, and it kept so for some little distance, but Tom could gradually feel it grow weaker as Tinklers slowly but surely got his feet into the earth.

Tom tugged and pulled. Ahead, some hundred or so feet, the double tracks of the Midland Lines crossed the road. "I must get him over the tracks," quoth Tom to his soul, "then I can tie him to the fence-post, and go to a near-by farm and buy some more oats."

It was nip and tuck between man and beast. First one gained ground and then the other. The progress was in Tom's favor. It was slow but certain. It was a mighty tussle and it was telling on him. He was fast losing strength, but he felt that he could hold out until he crossed the track. Tinklers had his head down and was trying hard for a footing. His tongue hung out and the rope cut cruelly at his neck—but he was game.

Finally, the track was reached. It needed only a few feet more, however, and there—not twenty feet away—was the good stout post to which he would hitch his recalcitrant purchase while he hustled for more of the decoy.

But it happened—as it seemed bound to happen—that the minute Tinklers struck the middle of the track on which the east-bound trains passed, he got the best of the tug-of-war, and came to a full stop.

Tom was all in. He sat down in the middle of the road and pulled, and the more he pulled the less Tinklers budged. The donkey's feet seemed glued to the boards between the rails. Once Tom slacked on the rope just the slightest, but this only gave Tinklers a chance to plant his feet the firmer.

There he stood, his ears laid back on his neck, and his long nose pointed directly at Tom—and there he stood when the Plymouth Rock Limited loomed up in the distance.

Engineer Dorgan of the Plymouth Rock spied the obstruction. He was making a good sixty miles per, and was ten minutes behind his schedule at that.

He didn't want to stop, and he began to sound the most fancy score in whistling that was ever heard in that vicinity. Tom fairly leaped behind Tinklers and began to shove.

Tinklers was shoveless. He just wouldn't

be moved. Dorgan tied down the whistle-lever and put on the air. Tom shoved, conjured, kicked, cajoled, and performed other stunts, first at Tinklers's head, then at his tail—but Tinklers had made up his mind.

There was only one thing for Dorgan to do, and that was to come to a full stop. He ran close to Tinklers, jammed down the air, jumped down from his cab, and the conductor and several trainmen soon joined him.

"What in the name of Sam Hill do you mean by getting that thing on the track just as we were coming along?" asked Dorgan.

Tom was breathless. He couldn't speak.

"Get him off!" shouted Dorgan, as he rushed up to Tinklers and gave him a push. Dorgan was not a light-weight, but the manner in which he rebounded after landing against Tinklers gave him some assurance of the terrible plight of poor Tom.

"We've got to get him off the track somehow," broke in the conductor. Dorgan's look was a sufficient answer for so foolish a question

"Let's lift him off," said the fireman.

"That's the talk, Billy," said Dorgan. "Come on. All together!"

Dorgan and Billy got at one end of the beast and Tom and the conductor at the other. Two trainmen added their strength at the middle, and the sextet began to maneuver.

So soon as Tinklers realized that he was being propelled against his wishes, he bit and kicked and brayed, and his captors were not for carrying him far. They managed to get him off the track, however, and they set him down on all fours just by the cylinder, with his head facing in the direction of Nowich.

"Now let us get out of here," said Dorgan, as he and the fireman climbed into the cab.

The conductor gave the sign, and Dorgan opened the throttle. A long, hot spray shot out from the exhaust as the drivers turned. It hit Tinklers squarely, and all the pent-up energy of his stubborn soul was suddenly exerted in a desire to run.

If he had been shot from a cannon he couldn't have made greater speed.

"We certainly got him going," said Billy to Dorgan, as he watched Tinklers hoofing it along the pike.

"If we could go that fast for the next fifty miles, we'd make up all we've lost," answered Dorgan.

But Tom was almost speechless. He sat on a tie hoping that Tinklers would stop, but, for once, there was evidently no stop in Tinklers.

"That donkey was a lemon," Tom finally said, as he rose and turned his steps in the direction of New Blunden. "Guess I'll let him go, anyhow."

The good citizens of Nowich, that night, went to the first peaceful sleep they had known in ages, after heartily congratulating themselves on getting rid of their pest and adding to the town treasury at the same time.

"I tell ye, boys, I feel like I added another quarter century to my life," ejaculated old Pete Hines, as he said good-night.

About one o'clock in the morning Pete was dreaming. Something long and loud and very familiar sounded in his ears. He started as if in a nightmare. He sat up in bed and pinched himself, and then he listened.

"Guess I was dreamin'," piped old Pete as he snuggled under the blankets again.

Then Tinklers, in his familiar abode in the public square, emitted his choicest and most unmusical melody so the populace would know how glad he was to be home.

Old Pete started and sat up. It was neither a dream nor a nightmare.

"I'm jiggered ef I don't take the law of this taown in my own hands," he said, as he got up and reached for his gun.

FRUIT SPECIAL BREAKS SPEED RECORD.

FROM Sacramento, California to Chicago in eighty-four hours, or three and a half days, is the record made by the Western Pacific Railway special fruit train which left Sacramento at midnight, July 13. This is the time being made by the Overland Limited passenger and express-trains. The former freight-train record was five days, made by an orange shipment out of Los Angeles. Three different companies, all in the Gould system, handled the fruit special. On the fourth day out of Sacramento the fruit was on the market in Chicago. The Southern Pacific Company places its fruit-trains in Chicago on the sixth or seventh day. The feat of the Gould road is considered remarkable.—*Railroad and Engineering Record.*

The G. P. A. and His Job.

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON.

GETTING business for a railroad by persuading the prospective traveler to become a passenger over its lines, seems, at first glance, a most hopeless sort of undertaking, but a little study of the workings of the G. P. A.'s department in a prosperous railroad company tells a different story. There are more ways than one to fill up the plush-covered seats.

Passenger-trains that continue to run with empty cars soon vanish from the schedule, no matter how well they may be operated or how low the running expenses are kept.

The general passenger agent has little or no authority over the men who operate the trains and keep clear the right-of-way, but nevertheless the part he plays in the game of railroading goes far toward determining how much rolling-stock shall be kept in motion and whether the passengers shall be few or many—and, too, he is pretty good when it comes to increasing dividends.

The Man Who Cares for the Comfort and Convenience of the Traveling Public Must Be a Student of Human Nature, Able to Tell the Real from the Pinchbeck.

GENERAL passenger agents earn from $2,000 to $10,000 a year, and sometimes even more. It is one of the most desirable places in the railway service on the long road that leads to the top, and the question is often asked, how can a youth who has just entered the general passenger department, or one who has been employed there for more or less time, rise steadily so that he may some day fill the chief chair in the inner sanctum, instead of continuing to occupy an undistinguished seat in one of the outer offices?

It is impossible to formulate any set of rules to bring about this desirable result. The best that can be done is to point out to the anxious or interested reader who is ambitious to climb far up the railroad ladder some of the things that he should and should not do if he he wishes to succeed.

These caution and danger signals, as it were, have been gathered from talks with some of the most eminent passenger officials in this country, who, however, for one reason or another have asked that their names be omitted from this article

Before entering upon this part of the subject, however, it is necessary to make a beginning with a brief but comprehensive description of the intricate machinery which constitutes the organization of the average general passenger agent's office. It is a curious fact that but few of the public at large, or even the members of such a department itself, fully understand how it is made up and what the actual duties of the various sub-departments are, all of which, on a successful road, constitute, from top to bottom, the reason why the trains are always well filled and the passengers contented.

To begin with, there are about seven hundred passenger agents of railroads, great and small, in the United States. They sold to the general public last year more than half a billion dollars' worth of transportation. To

be exact, the railways of this country carried 816,000,000 passengers—equal to half the population of the entire earth in the number of fares paid. Each one of the seven hundred-odd general passenger agents had to keep his staff continually busy in order to get his share of the money paid for moving this vast number of people from one place to another. His passenger-trains had to run each day, no matter how few they carried. It was his business, however, to keep the seats filled.

The organization of a general passenger agent's office on a large and busy railway does not differ materially from that of any other line except in matters due to local conditions. On some of the big systems, however, there is a general traffic manager who outlines the policies of both the freight and passenger departments.

The specific head of the passenger department, however, is the general passenger agent, who is held directly responsible for the getting and keeping of the business of swiftly and comfortably transporting people to and fro. He has to know human nature thoroughly. He must know how far to go, which means how much money to spend, in catering to the personal whims, luxurious tastes, and individual vanities of the great traveling public.

A Student of Human Nature.

His must be the mature wisdom to decide how many trains shall be run and at what points they shall stop to pick up passengers. He must get his share of the business from connecting lines at the various great traffic gateways like New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis. In short, he must sell all the passenger transportation that his road can turn out, and the cost of delivering the goods must leave a fair margin of profit.

Every general passenger agent has a chief clerk who relieves him of an enormous mass of detail work. Practically all the sub-departments report to the general passenger agent through this chief clerk. One of his principal duties is supposed to be to read and sort out the vast amount of mail that comes addressed to the general passenger agent every day in the year.

This is possible for the chief clerk on one of the smaller roads, but in a big office this task is generally delegated to one or more assistants, who have the experience and intelligence necessary to run swiftly through the great stacks of letters, sort them properly for distribution, and unerringly cull out for their chief's attention any that are of especial importance.

Duties of the Chief Clerk.

The next in line in the outer office is the assistant chief clerk. He sits in the room where the public enters, and sometimes has to sift the wants of perhaps a thousand people a day, who call and ask for the general passenger agent. This assistant chief clerk possesses the same qualifications that every member of the general passenger department should have, but developed to an astonishing degree of efficiency. He must be perfectly informed about everything that has happened or can happen in the passenger department.

One of the most important divisions of the general passenger office is the rate department. In the New York Central general offices this is in charge of a chief clerk, who has fifteen experts under him. Through passenger rates—that is, rates covering the transportation of passengers by two or more different companies—are continually changing. These changes arise from different causes.

Recently, for example, the States of Iowa and Illinois enacted legislation making the maximum passenger fare on railroads within their boundaries two cents per mile.

This, of course, immediately upset all the through rates of the railways entering or crossing those States. The rate departments of the railroads interested had to refigure and agree upon an entirely new set of fares to be charged, and had also to arrive at the proper division of the proceeds of ticket sales. It is the duty of the rate clerk to keep the general passenger agent continually posted on any important changes in through rates and the proportions accruing to each road, together with his deductions on the general causes or effects of such changes.

Departments Controlled by the G. P. A.

The ticket redemption bureau is a department with which the general public is more familiar. If a person buys a round-trip ticket and only uses it one way, he can send the unused portion to the general passenger agent of the road he bought it from, and very quickly receive the company's check for its value.

It does not matter whether the ticket is from New York to Tarrytown and back or from New York to San Francisco and return.

After the ticket redemption bureau has passed upon and authorized the refund the customer gets his money back in a remarkably short space of time.

The advertising department has charge of getting up the folders, advertising literature, time-tables, and posters that are used for keeping the railroad continually before the public eye, and seeing that an adequate supply of time-tables is continually available at the innumerable places where the public may wish to find them. It is one of the duties of this department to take the official time-tables gotten up by the operating department, which relate only to the movement of trains from one end of the road to the other, and to arrange them for publication so that every possible connection with other roads is clearly shown, as well as condensed time-tables to points far distant from the terminus of its own line.

That this is no small task may be more fully realized when it is explained that these time-tables are supposed to be absolutely accurate, even in regard to the movement of the through trains over lines thousands of miles away. A sudden change in the time-cards of any single line means corresponding changes in the time-tables of all the other roads. The advertising department, therefore, has to keep continually on the alert in order that the public may always be supplied with exact information.

If a person desires a special car or a special train, no matter through whom he orders it, it is the excursion bureau of the general passenger-agent's office that attends to the details.

Transportation for Travelers.

This same sub-department, as its name indicates, also has direct charge of handing all the excursion business of the road. It does not solicit this traffic, but simply attends to caring for it as fast as the orders come in from the district passenger-agents in or out of town.

The last of the large sub-departments of the general passenger-agent's office is that which has charge of receiving from the printers and issuing to the various ticket-agents the enormous number of railway tickets sold each year. These tickets are of every kind, from the little piece of thick pasteboard good only for a ride between points on the issuing line up to the yard-long strips that will carry a passenger from New York to the other end of the country and back.

None of the departments immediately surrounding the general passenger-agent's office is directly concerned with getting business. They are necessarily active in taking care of the business that other sub-departments secure. Some of these sub-departments are the district passenger-agents' offices and their sub-agents, which are scattered throughout every business center in the United States.

How the Trains Are Filled.

If the agent of an Eastern line in Denver, for example, hears of one or more people who are about to start for New York, he loses no time in calling on them, and endeavoring to induce them to travel over his line from Chicago eastward. In New York City each of the great trunk lines has a considerable staff of men who are continually drumming up business. While they do not overlook the solitary individual who desires to travel, they are particularly keen in their pursuit of large and small bodies of people who may be induced to make journeys over their particular line.

Conventions and other large movements of people are especially sought after, and sometimes plans are made for them as much as a year in advance. There are several from each passenger department who make it their especial business to look after the transportation of the hundreds of theatrical companies that leave New York every season. Others pay particular attention to all sorts of political people and their gatherings.

Still others keep close watch of the hotels, on the lookout for parties of people who may desire to travel westward. Still others circulate among the great mercantile houses who send out armies of traveling men. Another class of these specialists who solicit passenger traffic in New York are the men who go down the bay to meet the incoming steamships from every corner of the earth. They, too, are especially in search of parties of travelers.

They do not, of course, run about the decks buttonholing every first-class passenger, but quietly secure all the information possible from the ship's people, and then follow up their clues unobtrusively but with certainty.

After all, it is the getting of the business that counts; and these ever alert men, continually in touch with every phase of life, get a training and experience that is invaluable. A youth cannot become a full-fledged and successful passenger solicitor at

once, but it is one of the rounds of the ladder that it is desirable to rest on in the climb up to the chief's chair at the top.

The School of the G. P. A.

"Surveying the vista of the work I have done since I entered the railway service, about twenty-five years ago," said the G. P. A. of one of the biggest Western railway systems, "I should say that the hardest thing about the general passenger agent's job is the getting of it. If a man has the ability and experience to climb up to that place, the bulk of his work is over.

"He should know more about the passenger business than any of his subordinates, and as much as any of his competitors; therefore, all he has to do is to keep his wits about him, and let his actions be guided by the lamp of experience. If he is the rare kind of man who never makes the same mistake twice, he need fear nothing; and the exceedingly responsible duties of his office will rest very lightly on his shoulders.

"'But what should a young man do to get the experience so he too may some day sit in the easiest chair in the best office and give orders?' He must work unceasingly, learn, and remember. He must train himself to have the patience of the patriarchs, the suavity of a trained diplomat, and be a compendium of knowledge which, if it related to some of the sciences, would give him a professor's chair.

"All these qualities may be developed if they latently exist in the boy's system. Office training first, I should say, so as to get the run of how the big machine is put together; then, later on, when he is capable, a careful try-out at soliciting.

"Let him always be on the lookout for a new and better job in the same department. The more he learns and assimilates, and stores away for future use, the more valuable he is. I believe that, during the score of years that I was studying to be G. P. A., as it were, I filled about every job in the department.

"I venture to say, right now, with all due modesty, that I could step out and do almost anything in this office, or in the branches outside, quite as well or a little better than it is being done by my subordinates, from opening the mail and copying letters up to getting a shade the best of it on rate divisions.

"What should a young man avoid if he wants to succeed? He must not be afraid of being too pushing. The world generally makes away for the young man in a hurry. He must never shirk anything, no matter how disagreeable the duty. He cannot be a time-server, for the hours of labor in the passenger department are not regulated by any union.

"He must never be contented, but he must not show it. By that I mean that his ambition to get the boss's job must never sleep. These are only a few of the things; but there is one other that is almost as valuable as all the rest put together: the young man who rises high is the one who doesn't dissipate, who always gets a good night's sleep whenever his work will let him, who always keeps in the best of physical condition.

"But, after all, if a man has got it in him, he'll win out, no matter where you put him, in this business or any other."

Pointers from Men Who Know.

The G. P. A. of a big Eastern trunk line was asked how he got his job. "Worked for it unremittingly for a good many years," he answered. "I started in this very office that room outside there, where you entered, slitting open stacks of letters when I was a boy of eighteen. That was and is the humblest round of the ladder in the G. P. A.'s office.

"I was told to open the letters, straighten them out, see that the enclosures were securely attached, and then place them on the chief clerk's desk for distribution. There were hundreds of letters in those days, where there are thousands every morning now. So I made it a point to find out as much as I could about each of the departments in our office, and then to read the letters and endeavor to sort them myself.

"Of course, I always placed the different lots all in one big pile on the chief clerk's desk. I had been here about four months when the chief clerk called me in one afternoon, told me he knew what I had been doing, and in future to put the letters in separate piles just as I would assort them for distribution, and to lay aside any that seemed of sufficient importance for him to look after personally.

How One G. P. A. Got His Job.

"Later on I learned stenography, and found out what sort of answers were sent. I climbed up a little every year, always grabbing every new and better job that I saw, and

somehow making good in it. Stenography is invaluable for a young man who wants to rise quickly. It puts him on the inside, in touch with the movement of things, at once, and teaches him more in a year than he would learn in some other position in five.

"Courtesy is the greatest asset, however, in the passenger business as well as any other. I remember a typical instance that happened the other day that cost a young man his job, just because he wasn't courteous. I went into one of our big ticket offices on Broadway. An idea had just occurred to me, and I needed but one bit of technical information to piece it out and make it valuable.

"This bit of information was something that, under the Interstate Commerce Commission's rulings, should be on file for the public in all ticket offices. I therefore asked the young man in charge at the noon hour—he didn't know me and I didn't tell him who I was—what I wanted to know. He answered bruskly that he couldn't give me any such information.

"I told him why he should, and asked him to phone the G. P. A.'s office if he didn't believe me. He replied that that was a ticket office and not a bureau of miscellaneous information. Then I left. So did the young man, later, for employees of that sort are likely to cost the road thousands of dollars in the course of a year.

"Another class, but an inoffensive one, is that which is made up of the patient plodders who are content to do their work, and no more, year after year, satisfied with a small increase in salary now and then. Some G. P. A.'s regard these as the backbone of the department, but I like better the pushing, aggressive fellow whose brain is continually on the alert. The passenger department, in my opinion, is no place for plodders. If you run trains a mile a minute and better, you've got to think and act at the same rate."

What Two Men Saw.

To be a close observer of things was the hobby of one of the greatest passenger men that New York ever knew. A man came into his office one day and asked for a job. He had been doing fairly well with another line, but had quit on account of some disagreement. The old G. P. A. listened carefully.

"All right," he said, "I'm going to be pretty busy for a few minutes. Suppose you go down-stairs and stand on the street corner by the fruit-stand for ten minutes, and then come back and tell me what you saw."

The applicant was a little surprised, but obeyed without question. In ten minutes he was back.

"Well, what did you see?" asked the general passenger agent.

"Why, I saw a lot of people passing to and from going into the station. There was nothing extraordinary about any of them. On the fruit-stand, which appeared to be kept by an Italian or Greek, I don't know which, there was a lot of the finest and biggest red apples I ever saw. There was a lot of other fruit, too, but the apples caught my eye."

"What was he selling them for?"

"I don't know, but I can find out."

"Where did the apples come from? What kind are they? How much do they cost a barrel? Are they sweet or sour?"

"I really do not know."

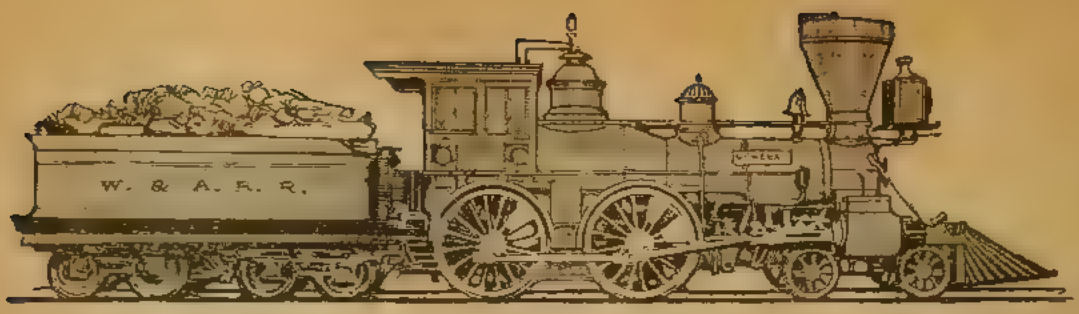
A Rare Gift.

The G. P. A. pressed a button. A bright, alert clerk bustled in. "Mr. Smith," said the G. P. A., "I wish you'd put on your coat and go down to the corner where the fruit-stand is and get me a couple of those red apples. No hurry—take a look around while you're there, and let me know if there's anything you see that strikes you especially."

Smith was back in less than five minutes and laid two big, red apples on the chief's desk. "Five cents," he remarked. "What else do you know about 'em?" inquired the old G. P. A. as he took a bite.

"They cost the dealer $2 a barrel delivered. There are between four hundred and five hundred in each barrel, so he makes a good profit. They are called Spitzenburg, and they come from a competitive point on our road not far from Buffalo. Another line seems to be hauling all of them—there is an enormous crop, and they are making up a lot into cider. It might be a good plan to try an experiment and run a little excursion down to that place from Buffalo next Sunday—so that people can see the ground red with apples and drink cider—"

"That'll do, Smith. Good idea. Take it up with the Buffalo agent, and see what he thinks about it." Then the G. P. A. turned to the applicant. "I don't see where we can use you," he remarked; "what I'm always trying to get is the man who can see things, and turn the things he sees to account in a business way. The seeing eye and the discerning mind are rare gifts when combined Cultivate them, and come and see me again a few months from now. Good day."



THE LOCOMOTIVE "GENERAL" AS SHE NOW APPEARS IN THE UNION DEPOT AT CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Copyright, Detroit Photograph Co.

ARE "GENERAL" AND "HERO" IDENTICAL?

Some New Light on the History of Andrews's Famous Locomotive, Which Makes It Appear to Have Undergone a Change of Name and Structure.

AN old-time reader of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, residing in Fishkill Landing, New York, has sent us, with the illustration on the opposite page, what we believe to be an authentic version of the circumstances surrounding the history of the famous locomotive of Civil War times, commonly known as the "General," which was captured from the Confederate forces by Andrews and his men serving under General O. M. Mitchell, and which is now on exhibition in the Union Depot at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

The drawing of the "Hero," which appears on the opposite page, is from an old print, the original of which we understand, is in Washington. The following is the *exact* reading matter on the print: "Engine 'Hero' Destroyed partially by Rebels when evacuating Atlanta, Ga. This is the Engine used by Mitchel's men in their attempt to burn the R. R. bridges. They were caught upon it and hung in Atlanta, Ga." Accompanying report of Capt. O. M. Poe, U. S. Engrs.; Series I, Vol. XXXVIII, Part I—Pages 137 and 139. See also report of J. Holt, Judge Advocate Gen., U. S. Army; Series I, Vol. X, Part I—Page 650.

We have received many letters from our readers asking for information regarding this historic engine, and as there seems to be some doubt as to whether the locomotive now on exhibition, is really the one in which Andrews made his hair-raising ride, or whether it was only re-painted under a new name, we have decided to publish the picture and following communication, which may set at rest any doubts regarding its identity.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

For some time it has been my aim to discover the first records containing the name of the locomotive used by Andrews in his famous raid. I have examined the newspapers published in Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Savannah, Richmond, and other Southern cities, published during the months of April and May, 1862, which contain accounts of the episode, but not one of them mentions the name of the captured locomotive. Even the report of Judge-Advocate Holt in 1862 throws no light on the subject; nor does the first edition of the little volume by Pittinger, who was one of the raiders and who in 1863, wrote his account of the expedition. Years later, he revised the edition and gave the name of the locomotive as the "General," which, however, we have every reason to believe was not its original title.

In 1864, a government photographer who had secured a picture of the famous locomotive, went on record as stating that its name was the "Hero," and so he labeled the print I am sending you. Why he should have misstated the name, if it was then the "General," is not easily understood, as, like other members of the army, he was presumably employed to depict the facts as he found them.

Therefore, the earliest appearance on record of Andrews's engine is under the name of the "Hero."

The solution of the difficulty probably lies in assuming that the damaged locomotive of the picture, after the departure of the Federal army, came again into the possession of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, which overhauled it, rebuilt the damaged portions, and set it to work, substantially a new engine, under the name of the "General." It is reasonable to believe that the earlier title soon faded from men's memories and it came to be known by the name it now bears. This hypothesis will explain why the appearance of the "Hero" is so different from that of the "General."

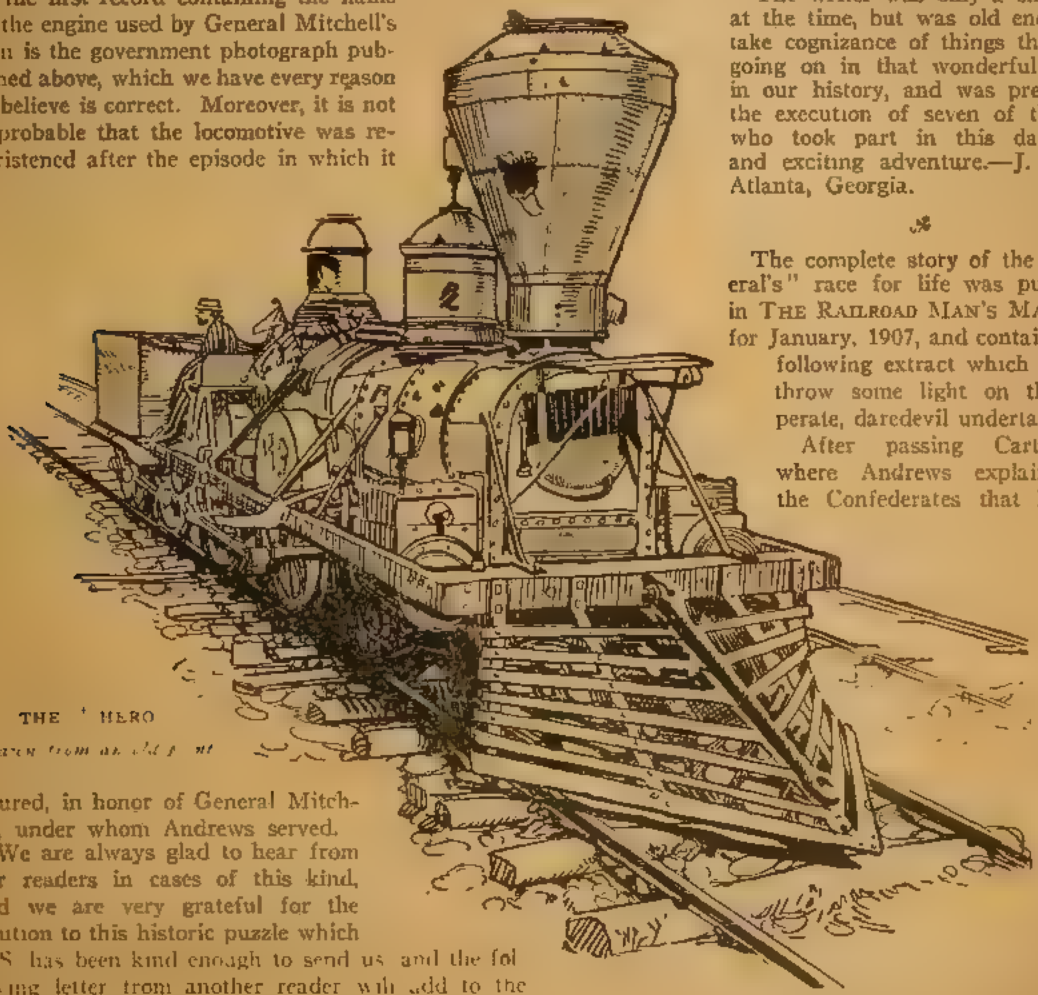
The former, with its supplementary frame, clearly belongs to the *ante-bellum* type sent out about 1855 by various locomotive builders such as Hinkley, the Taunton Works, and others, while the latter is of the *post-bellum* type.

However all these things may be, I am nevertheless very glad that the "General" has been preserved and set up where it can be seen by all travelers who pass through Chattanooga, for it conveys to this and future generations an example of the trim and beautiful machines of bygone days

Respectfully yours,

I S.

As I. S. states, there is little doubt that the "Hero" and the "General" are one and the same, as the first record containing the name of the engine used by General Mitchell's men is the government photograph published above, which we have every reason to believe is correct. Moreover, it is not improbable that the locomotive was rechristened after the episode in which it figured, in honor of General Mitchell, under whom Andrews served.



THE "HERO"

Drawn from an old photograph

We are always glad to hear from our readers in cases of this kind, and we are very grateful for the solution to this historic puzzle which I S has been kind enough to send us and the following letter from another reader will add to the controversy

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

In your June issue, you have an article signed "D P" Nashville in which he refers to a communication in your April number from "I. S.," with reference to the locomotive "General," that was captured by the Andrews party in 1862.

It is very evident that neither "I S." nor "D P" knows enough about the incident to enable them to give a true history of the case

The writer was a lad living in Atlanta, Georgia, at the time and remembers the case as clearly as if it had occurred only yesterday

Besides the "General," the captured locomotive, there were three other locomotives in the chase W A Fuller, who was the conductor of the train, began the chase on a hand-car, and continued on the hand car until he reached Etowah, where he found and seized the old locomotive "Yonah."

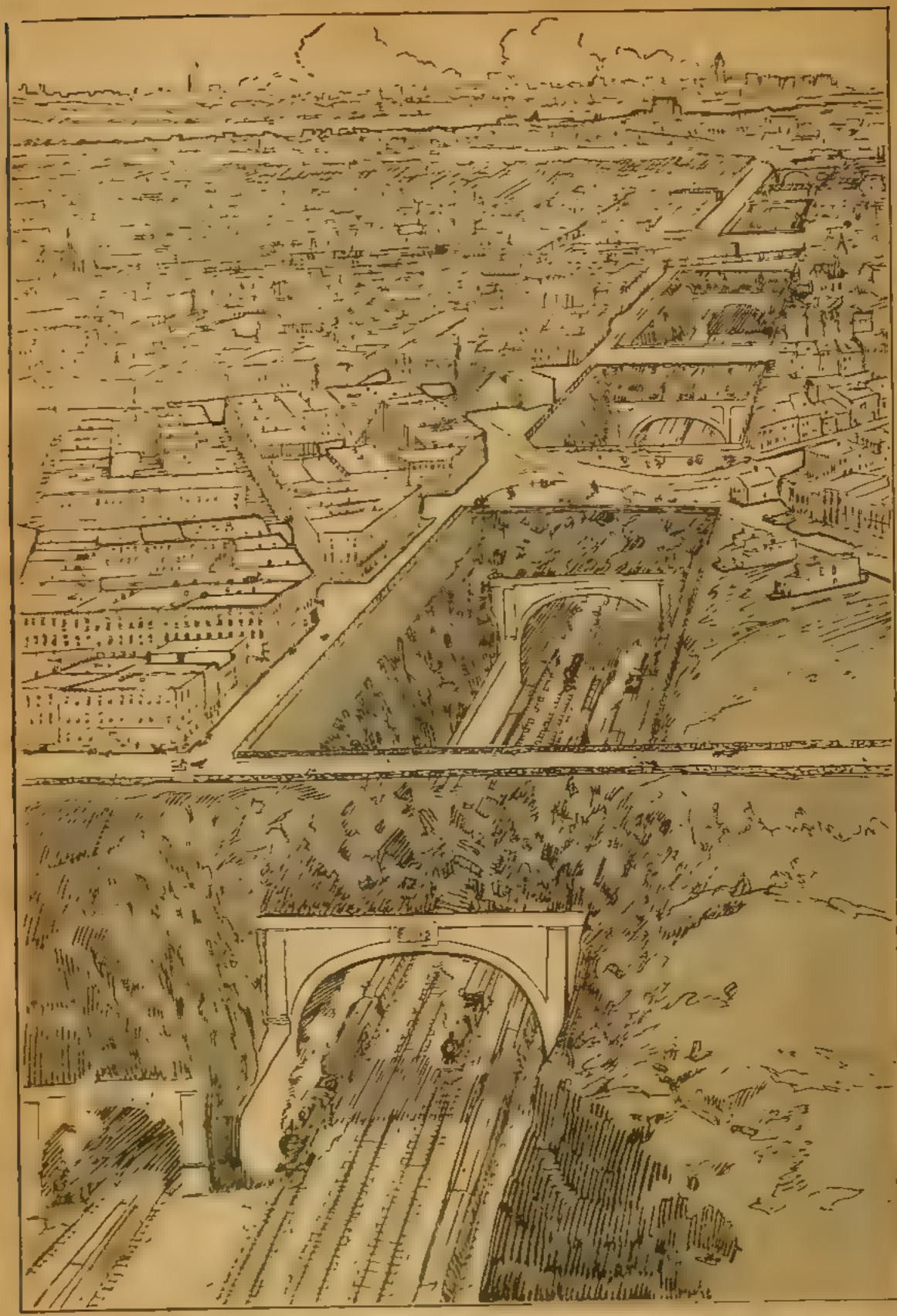
The pursuit was continued on the "Yonah" until Kingston was reached. At that point, the line was occupied by other trains, the "Yonah" was abandoned, and the "Alfred Shorter," a locomotive belonging to the Rome Railroad, was pressed into service, and used in pursuit as far as Adairsville; there the "Texas" was secured and used to Ringgold, where the "General" was recaptured, Andrews and his men having abandoned her at that point and dispersed in various directions, only to be captured in the next few days.

The writer was only a small boy at the time, but was old enough to take cognizance of things that were going on in that wonderful period in our history, and was present at the execution of seven of the men who took part in this dangerous and exciting adventure.—J. T. D., Atlanta, Georgia.

The complete story of the "General's" race for life was published in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for January, 1907, and contained the following extract which helps to throw some light on the desperate, daredevil undertaking:

After passing Cartersville, where Andrews explained to the Confederates that he was carrying powder to General Beauregard, they had several close calls from being discovered, but it was not until they reached Adairsville that the chase really began, when a shrill whistle split the air from behind, and Andrews saw faint white puffs of steam against the sky to the south. Then followed a series of hair-raising episodes which have never been duplicated in railroad history. Car after car was uncoupled and dropped back to impede the progress of the pursuing locomotive, trestles were set on fire, cross ties were dropped on the track, but all to no avail.

"'Fire your car!' shouted Andrews to his men, who had now taken refuge in the baggage-car, the last remaining. A fire was lighted and the burning car was left standing in the middle of a bridge, while all hands climbed on the tender of the engine"



THE CUT MADE BY THE ERIE RAILROAD THROUGH JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, AND COMMONLY CALLED "THE PALISADES." IT IS THE DEEPEST EXCAVATION EVER MADE. OVER 600,000 CUBIC FEET OF EARTH WAS BLASTED OUT IN ITS CONSTRUCTION.

The Greatest Railroad Cut.

BY PETER MULLIGAN.

EVER since the Erie moved its terminal from Piermont, New York, to Jersey City, Bergen Hill has proved the one great stumbling-block in its path. With only a two-track tunnel through this giant barrier to carry the stream of traffic, the Erie, for many years, lost millions of dollars because of its inability to handle sufficient trains to meet existing conditions.

At length, its adamantine enemy of solid trap-rock has been conquered, and the Erie has thrown aside its bonds. The rocky hillside of Jersey Heights has been torn and riven for many months, so that the deepest cut ever dug might open the way for four more tracks. The cry of the commuters has been stilled, and the Erie has accomplished one of the greatest engineering feats in history.

How the Angry War-Cry of a Number of Commuters, Begun Six Years Ago, Resulted in One of the Most Gigantic Railroad Feats Ever Recorded.

NGRY commuters on the Erie six years ago, used to write indignant letters to the railroad, denouncing it for suffocating its passengers in the Bergen tunnel, just outside Jersey City. The commuters were in earnest, but sometimes their letters were unconsciously funny, and the Erie, in a spirit of jest, used to print them on its time-tables.

For a railroad to joke in such a manner made travelers scratch their heads and wonder. The idea of a railroad having a sense of humor was beyond them. To the public a railroad is, and always has been, a vicious, soulless system, absolutely incapable of a joke, but here was a railroad that was poking fun at itself!

If the public had only known, the Erie's humor was double-edged. It had already planned a unique construction to do away with the nuisance, and it could well afford to take part in the fun. Now that this work is completed in the form of the new combination cut and tunnel through the heart of Jersey City Heights, it is time for the railroad to have its second laugh. Even the commuters smile now as they roll through it, with only four shadows passing over them - tunnels so short and so high that they could be passed off as viaducts if it were not worth while remembering that they are the widest tunnels in the world.

The cut, or tunnel, or whatever you wish to call it, is the greatest achievement of its kind in this railroad age. It has taken four years to complete, working under conditions that required a strict and careful use of dynamite, and has cost the Erie more millions than it cares to talk about.

Previously the trains leaving Jersey City plunged into a tunnel more than half a mile long, in which gases from the coal-smoke were so thick that they ate out the rails every six months.

A Change for the Better.

To those going on long journeys the incident of the tunnel was forgotten as soon as the windows had been opened again, but to commuters, who had to travel through it twice every day, it was very unpleasant.

Now, however, the trains mount an ele-

vated steel causeway on leaving the depot, and are soon swinging out on one of four tracks far above the other railroads that criss-cross within the narrow strip between Bergen Hill and the North River.

Before the passengers are aware of it, they are running at high speed in the deep cut between the freshly blasted walls of rocks.

In quick succession the trains seem to pass under a series of broad bridges. There is no smoke; it is unnecessary to illuminate the cars. By the time the passengers have craned their necks far enough to see the top of the cut, they have passed through the only tunnel on the road between New York and Chicago.

It all happens so quickly and smoothly that it is very easy to pass directly through this engineering marvel without paying any attention to it. I was in the cut after the trains had been using it for a week, and, although dozens passed, I noticed very few passengers looking out of the windows.

It was already commonplace to them, but if they had been down on the track, as I was, listening to A. L. Moorshead, the resident engineer, telling the story of the cut, they would very likely have acquired a new interest in it.

Perhaps I was particularly impressed because I came upon it suddenly and unexpectedly. I had been walking through the busy streets of Jersey City, listening, without really understanding much, while Moorshead talked. When he stepped off the street without warning at the end of a board fence, I followed, expecting a walk of some distance, but fetched up within ten feet at the head of a steep, rickety flight of stairs that led down a sheer precipice almost a hundred feet deep.

A Man-Made Chasm.

Below was a vast hole several times as long as it was wide, that had been blown in the solid rock. It was enormous. A quarter full of water, it could easily have floated and hidden from the street several battle-ships. Later I discovered that it was one of the smallest of the cuts.

Just beyond was one deeper and longer, and on either end were others much longer but not quite so deep. None looked so big to me, however, as I started down the rickety steps.

At the very brink of the precipice was a brick smoke-vent. The side nearest the cut had been exposed for many feet. Moorshead explained that it was connected with the old tunnel.

"Here," I asked incredulously—"right alongside the cut?"

"Yes, and almost under it," he explained. "At most, there is only eighteen feet of rock between. That is why it was such a job to make this cut and blow out the tunnels. Dynamite goes down, too, you know. I tell you, we needed good men, and we had them."

The original intention of the Erie had been to blow a cut straight through Bergen Hill, regardless of expense, but it proved to be impossible. The hill was covered with houses, and was crossed by a number of important thoroughfares, including the Hudson Boulevard. It would have meant the tying up of all traffic except for occasional makeshift bridges, and this Jersey City refused to permit.

Blasting Down to the Old Tunnel.

So it became necessary to blow the cut without disturbing the streets above it, which could be done in only one way. This course was finally decided upon, in spite of the gigantic expense involved, and four of the main streets were left untouched, while the tunnels under them were blasted.

Walking back and forth in the tunnel, as he directed the men, Moorshead explained to me how the work had been accomplished.

"The hill was attacked from many points at once, and holes were immediately sunk sixty to eighty feet to get the slow tunnel work under way as soon as possible. The first peckings did not amount to much, and the populace of Jersey City Heights walked from one hole to another with undisguised contempt. But before long there were dynamite shocks that brought in some of the householders with claims for fallen plaster.

Then came the huge derricks beside the holes to lift out rock in pieces weighing tons, and improvised tracks for work-trains. From that time on, to the people of Jersey City Heights, it was merely a matter of how much deeper the holes were going to be; but to the men on the job there were other troubles.

Cold figures give only a partial idea of such an undertaking. The cut completed is forty-four hundred feet long, with a road-bed fifty-eight feet wide, making the road-bed in the tunnels wider by eight feet than in any other railroad tunnel. The next widest is the tunnel under Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, leading from the tubes under the North River into the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in New York City.

Altogether there were removed five hun-

dred thousand cubic yards of blue trap-rock, one of the meanest kinds of stone to handle, and one hundred and sixty thousand cubic yards of dirt. To do this required two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of dynamite, and, when it was safe, charges containing as high as one hundred and fifty pounds were exploded.

In sinking the original line of blasts, the holes were all on the far side of the proposed cut, as remote as possible from the old tunnel, which was in constant use. The nearer the work approached the old tunnel, the more careful it had to be done. Its progress was slower and infinitely more difficult than if there had been no old tunnel to worry about; but the tunnel was there, and a single piece of rock dislodged from its roof might mean a bad wreck. There were often heavy blasts almost over the tunnel, but it was never seriously disturbed, however, and the trains ran through it in safety.

To know just how much dynamite could be used without endangering the tunnel was one of the most important problems that the builders had to face. Many men had a hand in this, but the one who did the most painstaking work, and did it without causing trouble, was John F. Smith, the grizzled old blasting inspector, known to every railroad contractor in this country.

Some Fancy Blasting.

He did the same work on the smaller Lackawanna cut, which passes into Bergen Hill at the west end of the Erie cut, and can tell offhand, by the look of the rock, just how much powder it will stand, and how far the shock will carry. His information on all things relating to blasting is wide and exact, but he needed every bit of it when he was clearing away rock by the ton within twenty feet of the roof of the old tunnel.

If the tunnel had been higher than the cut, there would have been less trouble, but with the tunnel lower, and the downward shock from dynamite, even with the greatest care, some rock was bound to become loose in the roof of the tunnel. To see that this did not cause trouble required constant attention.

The dynamiting periods were selected to correspond to the times when there was the least traffic, and what little traffic there was had to be hastened, or delayed until after the roof had been inspected. Such periods on a busy road were, of course, short, which somewhat complicated matters.

Trouble was generally expected opposite the points where the blasts had been fired, and warning was always sent before the blasts were exploded, indicating the exact position of the blasts. For this purpose the smoke-vents served as excellent guides, as they could be seen plainly and at once both from the inside and the outside.

Death Lurked Overhead.

As soon as a blasting period arrived, the loads were immediately exploded, usually before the smoke from the passage of trains had had time to clear from the tunnel. Quickly following the shocks, a car, fitted with a raised platform that permitted careful inspection of the roof and walls, was pushed into the tunnel by an engine which always stood ready.

Of all the jobs connected with the building of the cut, there was none of a more death-defying nature than that of the men who manned the inspection car. They went in regardless of the smoke, and, being near the roof, got the full benefit of the accumulated poison. Working under extreme conditions, such as most men could not stand, they invariably discovered all the larger loosened rocks and removed them.

A strong search-light that pierced the gloom aided in the work. Occasionally a rock was picked off the track or from the roof, from which it would have been dislodged by the first passing train. Each time it was as if a wreck had been averted—and, as all engineers know, a wreck in a tunnel is one of the worst things that can happen on a railroad.

The emergency crew, however, could discover only the apparent faults caused by the blasting, although their ears aided them as much as their eyes when tapping the roof. Between blasting periods, meanwhile, there were long stretches when the tunnel reverberated with the passing of trains. At such times there was always the danger that a piece of rock whose looseness could not be detected would be dislodged by the jar and fall either between trains or on top of one of them.

Keeping the Tracks Clear

During the four years that the work was in progress the fear of this danger never ceased, but there were other and even more elaborate precautions to give warning the moment a piece of rock fell.

Extra track-walkers were hired and were so thick in the tunnel that all could have

escaped injury only by a miracle. In fact four were killed, but even at that they were not thick enough to see every piece of rock that fell, and, to aid them, fine wires were strung through the tunnel to give warning. Each wire was part of an electric circuit covering the roof for a few hundred feet, and even a small rock falling through it was reasonably certain to strike a wire, snap it in two, and break the circuit.

The moment the circuit was broken a red light flashed at either end of the section it covered. The track-walker nearest, seeing the red light, ran forward, removed the obstruction, and the trains passed through untouched. The work was so thorough that only one piece of rock hit a train, and it weighed but three pounds.

The cuts were not difficult from an engineering standpoint except as they related to the old tunnel, but the four short tunnels were a much harder problem to solve. In the cuts it made no difference how the rock acted, as the chief point was to blow it to pieces, but in the tunnels it was another matter, because the tunnels are so wide.

The tunnels, which resemble great viaducts, were all started on the far side from the old tunnel, and once inside the drillers worked much as they would have in mining, drifting and clearing out the rock above and below them. As they went they also timbered, except in the case of the second tunnel, which was cut through one piece of rock so solid that it was not necesssary to support the roof in any way until it was time to lay the concrete.

Among the engineers there was some dispute as to whether this should have been done, but there appeared to be so little danger that those who were for speedier work outvoted the more cautious ones, and it so happened that no one was hurt. After the concrete was all in place there was in the case of each arch a free space of fifty-four feet through which to run the four tracks and allow space for the third rails to be used when the road is electrified.

When Tony Cried.

On the fourth tunnel, however, is the one piece of unsuccessful work on the whole job. Approaching it on foot from the east, can be seen a solid wall of concrete fifty feet high, reaching from the top of the tunnel arch to the street above. It stands where all can see. Above the other tunnels there are jagged walls of rock, but in this case the smoooth surface of the concrete tells another story. At this point the rock did not hold. I asked Moorshead about it, and he explained.

"In laying the concrete of the arches," he said, "we knocked out the central pillars we had left up to that time, and a small portion was always unprotected while the concrete was setting. In this case we proceeded as usual, but just above the last section on this end of the tunnel was a mass of rock ready to fall the moment the supports were knocked out. It hung like the inverted key to an arch, and the moment the supports were gone it came down, bringing part of the street with it.

"It gave us a few days' warning, and we put the best man we had on the job, an Italian we call Tony; but he couldn't save it. It was like calling in the doctor when a patient is almost dead. For all that Tony could do, it fell, and when it came down he cried."

A Human Earth-Worm.

This last statement was pretty strong. We had just been passing through crowds of drillers and blasters at work "skinning down" the surface of the cut, and I had not seen one who looked as if he might cry under any circumstance. They were hard men, used to cruelly hard work, and human life to them meant little. To be told that one of them was capable of weeping because a few tons of rock came down was difficult to believe, but Moorshead stuck by his statement.

"What's his real name?" I asked.

"Tony is all the name I know," he replied; "but I know he can handle powder. We're coming to him now. He is at the other end of the cut, doing one of the most delicate pieces of work on the job."

Presently we arrived at the point where the old tunnel and the cut meet, and right on a sliver of rock between the two Tony was at work with his gang, blowing away about a hundred and fifty feet of it.

"Tony," Moorshead asked, "what is your right name?"

"Camillo Campanna," he replied, and then for the first time one of the most valuable workmen on the job was known by his right name to any one connected with the Erie, except, perhaps, some clerk in the auditor's office.

I looked at him closely, but his face was no more mobile than the rest. Yet he had cried when part of the tunnel came down.

"You've been at this work a long time, haven't you?" asked Moorshead.

"Yes," replied Tony, with an eager look in his face that betrayed the artist proud of his work. "I blew the Pennsylvania tunnel under Tenth and Eleventh Avenues in New York."

This is not the kind of artistic accomplishment that usually goes by the name, but to Tony these tunnels were the children of his genius.

His first big piece of work we also learned was timbering the big hole that was made in Forty-Second Street at Madison Avenue in front of the Grand Central Station when the Subway was being built in New York. This was work that required great engineering skill, but Tony, whose technical knowledge had all been obtained by actual experience in the earth, braced up the sides of the big hole so successfully that the street traffic went over it as usual, and the big buildings on both sides, the Grand Central Station and the tall Manhattan Hotel, stood undisturbed while the rock was blown practically from under them.

After such feats Tony could hardly be blamed for weeping when he saw an expensive accident that might have been avoided if he had been put on the job a day earlier.

Humoring the Commuters.

The work he was doing at this time was very delicate, if anything that deals in dynamite can be so called. The point of rock between the tunnel and the cut had to be blown completely away, and quickly at that, but traffic could not be disturbed either in the tunnel or in the cut. The blasts had to be fired between trains, with a leeway of only a minute or two to clear the débris from the track. I saw some of this work going on, and it was exciting. It took an artist like Tony to enter into the spirit of such an undertaking and do it successfully.

The need for hurry again was due to the commuters, as there was, so far, only a double-track in the cut, and the trains on the northern branches were still compelled to use the tunnel. Their passengers, seeing the other trains using the cut, were envious, and loudly and vociferously voiced their complaint to station-agents, conductors, officials of the company, and the newspapers, so that it was necessary to still their clamor.

At this time it was late in June, and on the first of July the new and higher rates were to go into effect. On most of the suburban roads running out of New York there was a good deal of kicking, but the Erie was shaming its commuters into silence by exhibiting the cut it had made for them. This however, meant nothng to those who were still going through the tunnel; so, to put them in a happier frame of mind, their trains had to be run through the cut also before it was time to buy the commutation tickets for July.

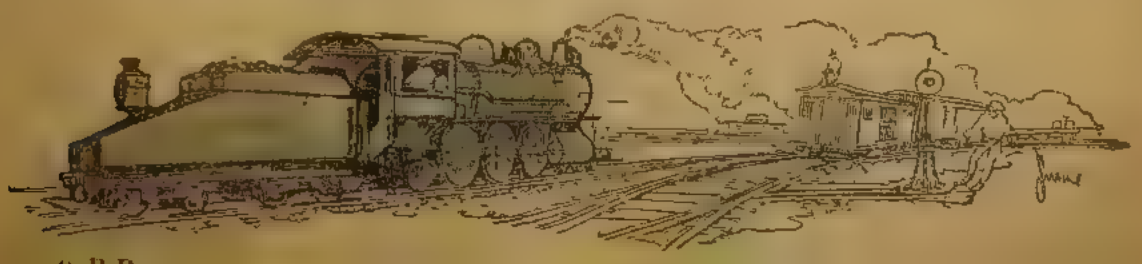
Cut Used by Six Lines.

Six big lines with many branches now run through the new cut. They are the main line of the Erie, the New Jersey and New York Railroad, the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, the New York and Greenwood Lake, its Newark branch, and the New York, Susquehanna and Western, which formerly used the Jersey City terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Just west of the cut the six divisions converge into three main stems. During the morning, when the traffic is the heaviest toward New York, each main stem has a track, and all the outgoing traffic is handled on the fourth track. At night, when the traffic sets the other way, the conditions are reversed. At such times there is the novel sight of three trains abreast, swinging along through the cut, where formerly they crawled singly in the darkness of the tunnel.

What impressed me more than the engineering wonder was the personal attitude of the men toward the gigantic task they had performed. As we walked along, Moorshead turned to me suddenly and said:

"I hate to see it finished. It's my child, and I can't bear the thought of it growing up, but it's through with me now, just as any child grows away from the control of its parent."



GETTING THE SUPER TO ST. LOUIS.

BY F. H. RICHARDSON.

Sandy McGuire Tells of the Time He Fired the 687 for Fatty Burns, and Made a Record.

"SAY," said Long Jim, who fired the 1051, after the usual gathering in the roundhouse had finished rubbering at the board, "any of you tallow-pots got wise to the little fairy at Lexington lunch-counter yet?"

"Haw, haw, haw! Ask Tompkins, over there," replied engine 879's scoup-pusher. "He ordered a wedge of lemon pie last night, and she fetched him a plate of beans. Tommy ate 'em every durn'd one, and never knew the difference! Fact! And when they got ready to pull out, the eagle eye had to go in and snake him through the door by the slack of his overalls, or he'd been there yet."

"Well," retorted Tompkins, "she's a pippin, all right, all right, and I—"

"For Heaven's sake, cut it out," broke in one of the extra men. "You fellers give me a pain! Girls is all you can talk about. The whole bunch of you is blowing off steam half the time about some 'pippin'! Why don't a few of you fellers couple up to some of them?"

"Nix on the wedding business," replied the steam-maker of the 755. "Nothing doing! Look at Bob, over there, looking like the original grouch that come out of the ark! 'Cause why? That's easy? He done the matrimony stunt, and now the pippin he's tied to takes his check away from him every pay-day, and gives him back forty-five cents—all for his very own, to squander just exactly as he pleases, provided he don't spend it foolish."

"'Tain't no such thing," retorted Bob. "They ain't no woman runnin'—"

The rest of his denial was lost in the laughter and guying that followed.

"Well, you tallow-pots can throw all the fits about that little yaller-haired shrimp of a gal down at Lexington you want to," said the fireman of the 1021 when the noise had subsided; "but lemme tell you the real, simon-pure, plush-upholstered Pullman palace-car of a gal is the one slinging hash and foundry pies down at Gaffney's! She's the—"

"Aw, for the love of suffering grate-bars, will you chumps shut up! Some of these times one of you'll blow your dome-cap off carrying such a tremendous pressure of love for a piece of calico!" interrupted Sandy McGuire, who poked coal into the 687. "Did ye hear about the run me and Fatty Burns made last Saturday?"

"Naw," replied the extra man. "I reckon it wa'n't nothing startling at that! Fatty couldn't get that old tub of an engine going more'n twenty five miles an hour to save his neck!"

Sandy eyed the speaker with withering contempt.

"Couldn't, hey? Well, I reckon that would be about right if *you* was firing her. He wouldn't have steam enough to pull his own tank, but they happened to be a real man handling the scoup that day. A fireman, not a farmer—see?"

"Gwan, old man!" cried one of the crowd, who happened to owe Sandy half a dollar, and wished to keep in his good graces until he forgot it. "Give us the yarn!"

Sandy glared at the extra man, but, as he evinced symptoms of being squelched, contented himself with saying:

"Some folks always have to be tooting their whistle, whether they've got a noise worth making or not.

"It was this way," he began, but stopped to borrow a pipeful from Long Jim. Then he filled his nose-warmer carefully, cleaned out the stem with a straw which he jerked from the office broom, and was puffing the smoke skyward when he continued:

"The super got a hurry-up wire to come to St. Louis, and, as both the day varnished-car trains had gone, he ordered out an engine and coach to take him.

"I dunno what it was all about, but it sure was some urgent, for he come near giving the yardmaster, the hostler, and a few others heart failure gettin' things ready for the trip.

"The caller come after me on the run, and I thought sure there must be an earthquake chasing him. I never knew that fat slob to move faster than a walk before. The experience was so unusual that he just set down on my front steps with his tongue out and panted like a dog. When I got over to the depot there was the old mill all ready to start, and Fatty squirting oil onto things like he owned an oil-well.

"The hostler had the fire spread and steam up. The super was standing on the edge of the platform, watching for me, and begun to give hurry-up signals as soon as I come in sight, so I finished in a gallop.

"Say! we went down through the yards—well, I'll bet them old rails ain't had such a shaking up in years!

"That old scrap-heap I'm firing can sure split the landscape when you let her out; and I'll say this for Fatty Burns—he ain't afraid to ride!

"I actually believe if that man was straddle of a streak of lightning he'd be feeling around for the throttle of the thing to open it up a little more!

"We made a bluff at stopping at the Katy crossing, and come pretty near doing it. Anyway, we wasn't running more'n forty miles an hour when we went over the Katy tracks.

"Fatty was just getting her going good when the super come crawling over the top of the tank into the cab, and says to Fatty:

"'What do you mean by running a crossing like that?'

"'What crossing?' asks Fatty, so innocent.

"'What crossing? Why, the Katy, of course!'

"'Oh, the Katy! Well, I didn't quite stop, Mr. Haley, but we went over it very slowly,' says Fatty, without batting an eye.

"The old man looked at him for a minute and sorter grinned.

"'Say,' says he finally, 'I'm in a mighty big rush to get to St. Louis, all right, but I don't want to be scraped up with a hoe and carried there in a market basket!'

"All this time Burns had her wide open, and we was ripping something of a hole in the atmosphere. When we nearly got to the Renick coal-chutes Fatty asked how much coal I needed. I told him two tons. I didn't want to delay things trying to take all I could, and the tank was nearly half full already.

"Well, we made a flying stop at the chutes, and Fatty whistled for two tons. And what d'ye suppose that galvanized freak at the chutes did?

"Made a mistake, and stopped us at a seven-ton bin!

"Say, when I pulled that apron down, I thought sure I'd drawed a whole coal mine. We had coal in the cab, coal on the ground, and the chute apron buried under about three tons of it!

"Was the super wild? Well, I guess yes! He was in the cab, and the two-legged curiosity up on top of the chutes couldn't see him, but he sure could hear what he said.

"The chap on top, who was responsible for the blunder, thought it was Fatty doing the talking, and he come back at him real prompt, calling him something like seventeen different names.

"The super never stopped to think that the feller didn't know it was him. He just made a flying leap for the ground, and fired that coal-heaver six times before he hit it!

"When the feller above got a good look and saw who it was he'd been cussing, he fainted and fell in a coal-bin—and that was the last we saw of him."

"I noticed there was a new coal-heaver at Renick yesterday," remarked one of the listeners.

"Yep. The old man fired him on the spot, and wired in a discharge at every place we stopped all the way to St. Louis. Besides that, he made us pull down and stop at the Renick depot, after we'd spent twenty minutes digging the chute-apron out of the coal, while he told the agent to have that chap arrested for trespass if he ever caught him within two hundred yards of the right-of-way.

"Well, as I said, we finally got the apron dug out, and for the next ten miles we must have paved the right of-way with coal that shook off the top of the tank.

"One nice, big chunk, weighing about a hundred pounds, eloped just as we passed the Thompson depot, going something under a hundred miles an hour. It fell on the platform and busted into seven thousand pieces.

"I'll bet it's raining coal around there yet, and what glass there was left in the depot windows wouldn't fill a frame for a postage-stamp.

"At Mexico, we got orders to meet No. 3 at Montgomery, and the super remarked to Fatty that we'd lay her out ten minutes the best we could do.

"'We will,' was Fatty's comeback, and hanged if he didn't make good, too!

"Say! I've seen some running in my time, but from Mexico to Montgomery that day was a star number! Burns hooked her up in six inches and tried to pull the throttle out by the roots! He kept yankin' at it till I asked him if he didn't want me to take the lever back and lay it on the rear platform of th' coach.

"Run! I don't guess that old tub touched the rails more'n ten times in ten miles! She'd heel over to one side and go back with a slam that made the telegraph poles jump! The coal jolted down through the coal gate until there was about a foot on the deck, and the dust was so thick you could have cut it into chunks with an ax. I kept her hot for two miles by just opening the fire-box door and letting the dust suck in!"

"'Aw, you couldn't 'a' done that, Sandy,' exclaimed a wiper who was standing in the door.

"Couldn't, hey! Now, what do you know about it, you gangly-shanked greasy-waste slinger? Go out and mop some of the grease off one of them engines that ain't been really wiped in six months."

Sandy lit his pipe again and continued:

"Once I made a dip to put in a scoop of coal, and landed the whole thing up in Fatty's lap. He just grinned and said, 'That's all right, Sandy! It's the only place they wasn't any.'

"Honest, I could imagine I heard that coach crack like the snapper of a whip as we went around the curves. An' all the time Fatty set up there on his box with that old clay nose-warmer of his going like a volcano, as unconcerned as a kid in a perambulaor.

"We didn't lay No. 3 out a single minute. The old man came over when we stopped at Montgomery for orders, and says to Fatty, says he:

"'That was a great run, all right, Burns. What do you think this train is anyhow? A telegram?'

"From Montgomery, everything went all right until we struck Pendelton Hill. We was going down it some slower than a wireless, and shot around a curve near the foot of the hill to see a dago sectionman standing in the middle of the track, waving a red flag like he was tired. But when he saw how we was coming, he woke up real sudden and churned that red flag through the air so fast he nearly set it afire.

"Fatty had put on the air as soon as he saw the flag, but when the dago got excited, Burns yanked the sand-lever open and put her over into the breeching.

"Say! You fellers know what it means to put an engine over when she's going something like seventy an hour! It's a wonder she didn't strip herself.

"Between the airbrakes and the engine, we sure made a record stop. It developed afterward that the super was rubbering out of the rear door of the coach when Fatty put her over. The shack told me that he wasn't sure whether the old man turned two somersaults or three, but for about three seconds he looked just like a pin-wheel.

"Of course, this performance didn't have a soothing effect on his temper, and he wasn't singing a comic song when he climbed down out of the car to ask that sectionman what was the trouble.

"'What the blue blazes is the matter here?" he yelled, as he hit the ground.

"The dago saw who it was, and, jerking off his headgear, began bowing like a jumping-jack.

"'Maka da rail in,' said he, by way of information.

"'What's that?' sputtered the super.

"'Maka da rail in da track,' submitted the son of Italy.

"'He means they're putting in a new rail,' says Fatty, who'd just got done looking over the rods and pistons to see if the terrific plugging she'd got had done any damage.

"'Suppose they have a mile pulled up ahead.'

"The super climbed on the pilot and told Fatty to pull down to where the gang was working around a curve, and, sure enough, they had two rails out.

"The old man was so mad when he saw it he couldn't wait, but jumped off the pilot and run on ahead.

"'Who's boss here?" he yelled.

"A big chap with a smoky-looking face stepped out, removed his cap, and made his best bow.

"'What do you mean by having the track tore up this way?' inquired the super.

"'Maka da rail in,' replied the general manager of the gang.

"'You're fired!' shouted the old man, 'the whole bunch of you! Now get those rails in, quicker'n you ever did anything else in your life—you hear me?'

"The boss looked at the super and never

said a word. Then he said something to the men in his own lingo, and every one of them threw down his shovel and put on his coat.

"'What are you freaks doin'?' yelled the super.

"'You say you maka da fire,' replied the boss. 'All right, we go da home!"

"'You what?' said the super.

"'You say you maka da fire da whole bunch! What for we maka da work when you maka da fire?' continued the boss.

"Plainly the old man didn't quite catch the point, so Fatty stuck in his oar again.

"'He means that since you've fired them they won't do any more work,' he said.

"It didn't require the wisdom of no Solomon to recognize the fact that, with those two rails out, and the old man on a hurry-up to St. Louis, the dagoes had him where the hair was short. He seen the point too, real sudden, and come off his high perch, though it was plain he was near the busting point.

"'Oh! come now,' he said to the boss, 'I was only joking! Get busy now and get those rails in in a hurry!'

"'You no maka da fire?' asked the boss.

"'Of course not! Come on now! Get a double-twisted push on, for you're laying us out, and every minute counts!'

"What he intended to do to that bunch, once the rails were in, wouldn't be hard to guess—but the dago wasn't born yesterday.

"All right," said the boss, "you no maka da fire! Now we quit!'

"At this piece of information the old man jus' sorter exploded. He called them guineas—everything but their right names. I actually thought he'd pull out one of the spikes an' eat it, he was so mad. He charged up and down the track till it looked like a farmer had been plowing it; but it didn't do any good, for them apostles of labor just sat down on the bank and let him rave till he was done.

"And you couldn't guess in a thousand years what they made him do before they put them rails in.

"They actually made him cough up five dollars to every one of 'em, and promise that he wouldn't fire a single man of the bunch!"

"'He didn't stand for all that, did he?' asked Long Jim.

"He certainly did! If he hadn't, I reckon we'd been there yet.

"I lost some of the fun, though, for I got down behind the boiler-head out of sight and nearly bust all the buttons off my clothes laughing. Fatty stayed down with the super, but his face was the color of a boiled lobster, and I could see him shaking with bottled-up laugh. He had to keep his face sober as a deacon's. Honest, if he'd even smiled, I believe the old man would 'a' brained him with a spike maul!

"The super kept his word with the dagoes, though. *He* didn't fire one of 'em.

"He had the roadmaster do it! There's several ways of skinning a rabbit, I've observed!

"Well, we finally got by that mixup—and talk about running! The track was clear for us, and we never even slowed up for Ferguson Junction. I'll bet th' dust ain't all settled around there yet.

"We didn't have no more trouble, and I reckon it's a good thing we didn't. The super had about all that one ordinary man is calculated to stand in one day, without bustin' his boiler entirely."

A TROLLEY-CAR'S LONG TRIP.

ACROSS five States and return, a distance of over one thousand nine hundred and ninety-four miles, is a trip which few trolley-cars can boast of having made, but such was the actual run accomplished by one of the regular cars of the Oneida Railway Company, of Utica, recently, which traveled from Utica to Louisville, Kentucky and back in fourteen days

The car kept to its schedule of thirty-eight miles an hour throughout the trip, and not a single mishap marred the long journey which officials of the Oneida Railroad and citizens of Utica participated in to learn something of the railway development of the Central States

The cities of Detroit, Indianapolis, Ft. Wayne, Toledo, Buffalo, and Syracuse, were all passed through on the long journey, and the lines of twenty-six distinct electric corporations were passed over in making the trip.

At one place, where no connection existed, it was necessary for one road to lay a temporary track over to the other to allow the car with its passengers to be transferred to the other line. Over all but four miles of track the car traveled under its own power, that distance it was towed owing to a difference in voltage.

The car was the regular type equipped with four seventy-five horse-motors, and the trucks were fitted with three-inch flanges, while the inside of the car was fitted with wicker seats instead of the regular seats used in the ordinary passenger service.—*Popular Electricity.*

THE MAN WHO WASN'T GAME.

BY WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.

While a Prisoner in Paradise, I Meet the First Woman I Ever Loved.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JOHN ANDERSON, at the age of thirty, down and out, relates his experiences and hardships At the age of twenty-one, resenting a reprimand from his father, he ran away from his home, taking with him twenty dollars which he had received from his mother to make some purchases in a near-by town Arriving at the city at night he lands in a miserable hotel, where he pays ten cents for a bed Here he meets a man calling himself Billy Brown, who immediately adopts him as a pal, taking him to breakfast the next morning and telling him he can put him next to a good job in the evening Billy is recognized on the street by some detectives as Red Pete, wanted for a bank robbery, and in the succeeding chase he is shot John Anderson is arrested as his accomplice On the avowal of Red Pete that he is not his pal Anderson is released the next day, but notified to leave town within twenty-four hours Concealing himself under a seat of a passenger-train, he rides to a small town in western Nebraska On being discovered by the conductor, he is put off, after receiving harsh treatment at the hands of some of the passengers Here he is arrested as a tramp by the town marshal, but is speedily freed by the squire, who generously gives him ten dollars, recommending him to go to the village hotel for the night He is grudgingly given a room, and during the night is awakened by a hand at his throat A robber, who had witnessed the changing of the squire's bill at the desk that evening, has entered his room The robber escapes and our hero is again penniless The owner of the hotel befriends him, giving him a job in his kitchen, where he stays until he has sufficient money to take him to San Francisco After several days' fruitless search for work, he finally lands a job in a stable, but early one morning is shanghaied and finds himself in the hold of a ship outward bound. The ship is the Molly O Malone, bound for some port in China, where, after loading on coolies, she will sail for the South Sea Islands Anderson discovers that a sickly lad of seventeen has been kidnaped along with him and he decides to befriend the boy. A brutal second mate forces the boy to work but he is too feeble. The mate kills him with a blow. Anderson makes such an exemplary sailor that he wins the friendship of the Swede, who divulges the mission of the Molly O Malone, offering him a share in the forthcoming slave trading Anderson seemingly agrees, but is merely biding his time, hoping to avenge the death of the lad Nearing an island, he induces a quarrel with the mate, fells him and jumps overboard and swims for land After a few futile attempts at shooting the captain and mate sail away and Anderson finds himself on a coral reef about a mile away from the mainland He attracts the attention of the natives, who rescue him, give him water, and imprison him in one of their houses.

CHAPTER X

In Paradise.

THE next morning I was released from my temporary prison where, I must admit, I enjoyed one of the most peaceful nights that had befallen me since I set out on my adventurous career.

Several times during the afternoon and evening my swarthy keeper brought me fruits a plenty and cooked meat, baked breadfruit—a most delicious substitute for bread or potatoes—and a dozen or more cool young coconuts.

These he showed me how to open whenever I might be thirsty They are the staple and ever ready drink of the isles of the tropical zones. No matter how hot the day, how blazing the sun, these well-filled cisterns of nature are ready for the parched, and their liquid interiors are always as cool as if iced.

My keeper seemed to be of the kind-hearted sort. He could not speak English, but by signs we managed to make each other understood. He wanted me to eat and drink and be comfortable—and so I had no fear.

When he went for the night I ate and drank to my heart's content. At length, the light that at first came streaming through the little window near the thatched ceiling began to grow dimmer, and soon it faded into darkness.

Then there was nothing left for me to do but recline on the mat on the floor and lay my head on the pillow of weeds.

I used to think that the old bed of my boyhood home was soft and comfortable; but this was indeed the most restful couch on which I had ever placed my body. It may have been that I was exhausted, but that tropical bed was like one of the couches that we read about in the "Arabian Nights."

When I awoke it was broad daylight. I stretched myself, rubbed my eyes, and looked about me for a few moments.

As if by magic, the bolt on the door clanged, and my keeper entered and greeted me with a hearty good morning.

He beckoned, and I followed him outside and down the pathway to a swiftly flowing stream, some twenty yards to the rear of the house in which I had been imprisoned.

He stood on the bank for a moment; then, stripping himself entirely of his scant clothing, signaled me to do likewise.

While I hesitated he plunged into the water in a well-poised dive. I could see his bronzed body as he swam under water, darting swiftly ahead by the wonderfully artistic strokes of the island swimmer.

He came to the surface and smiled. In a moment I had thrown off my clothing and had made a dive into the cooling stream. I splashed and plunged. I darted and I dived again—and the water acted like a tonic, for my blood was soon tingling through my veins.

In fifteen minutes or so he signaled that our morning bath was to come to an end. We emerged from the water and dried our bodies in the sun. When I had dressed, my kindly keeper took me by the hand and, muttering some native words, led me back up the path and onto what appeared to be the main road.

This road was lined with great, tall trees not unlike the elms of our own New England in shape and leaf, save that they were covered with gigantic scarlet blossoms, which, mingling with the bright green of the leaves, made one of the most glorious pictures that nature had ever created.

These great trees formed a natural arch over the road, shutting out the hot rays of the tropical sun and keeping it cool and inviting. They arched so high that, as we walked along, I was unusually impressed with the largeness of the things that grow in the soil and the smallness of man.

We plodded along for a mile or more through a beautiful country. There were fertile valleys all about, it seemed, in which all manner of wonderfully flowering plants were blossoming amid what seemed to me to be well-kept plantations.

Here and there were the low coconut-thatched dwellings of the natives. To the right rose the peaks of the mountains until they were completely lost in the clouds, and on the left the bluest ocean I had ever seen rested without a ripple as the sun glinted over its surface.

What a beautiful place in which to live, I thought.

We must have gone some distance beyond a mile when my guide and keeper turned off the main road and into another more narrow and shorter that soon led to a gate.

This gate opened onto a garden of myriad flowers, strange and fragrant. Along the pebbled path we walked, and finally stopped before a native house, thatched with the ever-useful coconut palms, in style and finish perhaps a little more impressive than any other I had seen that morning.

One step led from the ground to the veranda. As my keeper put his foot thereon the latticed door was opened by a beautiful young girl—as charming and soulful a creature as ever my eyes looked on, and she had come out to greet us.

And greet us she surely did. As she smiled, she showed the whitest of snow-white teeth, and her eyes lit up with a great wonderment. She held out her hand as she came toward me. I looked at my keeper, who had removed his hat, and was standing in an attitude of the most abject obeisance.

Instinctively, I took her hand and returned her greeting. She directed the way into the house. I entered and she followed. He who had been my custodian since I was thrown on these shores of wonder, bowed as if he had received his full reward for being a willing servitor, and went his way.

To my surprise, she spoke a broken English. It was very "broken," and she spoke it very slowly and with great effort—but I could understand her, and it was not much trouble to make her understand me.

She was very pretty. Her skin was a most delicate brown, her eyes were piercing black, large and luminous, and her white teeth, her long black hair, and her finely cut cameo features, at once attracted my attention. When she stood on her bare feet and

drew her loose-fitting gown around her I noticed that, like *Rosalind*, she "was just as high as my heart."

She called in the most silvery tones, and two maid servants entered. She gave orders which I could not understand, and they disappeared.

I was sitting on a wicker-seat, and she drew another close to mine. Then she asked me my name, and all about me and my adventures, and just how I happened to be cast up on the island of Moona—for that was just where I happened to be at that particular moment

I told her as briefly as possible just what I had been through, and she listened with all the eagerness of a child.

Then I ventured to ask her name, and she replied, "Tati," with a long sound of the "a," which gave it a peculiarly pleasant musical tone.

She explained that she was more than Tati. Indeed, she was the Princess Tati, and her father, the old King of Moona, lived afar on the other side of the island, where he was maintained in limited luxury by the European government, which had once overpowered him and was now slowly turning the Utopia that his forefathers had created and handed down to him into the commercial status of modern civilization.

Tati was telling me that this was *her* house, that *her* grounds were outside, and all that nature brought forth thereon was *hers*, and *hers* alone. Frequently she went to visit her father and mother and sisters, and frequently they came to visit her. She loved her island home, she said, and cared little for the great lands that lay beyond its shores; and if all the men were like the officers of the regiments that policed the island—who never failed to insult her—then she was glad she was a daughter of the tropics.

While she chatted on, telling all about her island and the people, the maid servants entered with a tray of food and spread it on a cloth of green leaves, which they laid on the floor. These islanders never dined from tables.

There was a great dish of wild grapes, there was an omelet sprayed with some savory sauce, there was breadfruit in several forms, there were tiny fishes, and there were two bowls of the most savory coffee that I ever drank.

She sat on the floor in the posture known on our land as "tailor fashion," and bade me do likewise. I couldn't take the position as easily as she did, but I managed to make myself comfortable, and she pointed to my bowl of coffee and bade me taste it.

"It is delicious," I told her.

"Now, try a fish," she said, always smiling.

She looked at me queerly as I lifted a morsel of the food to my mouth. It tasted unlike any fish that I had ever eaten.

"You don't like it," she said.

I was trying to decide whether I did or not, when she continued:

"It is raw fish. It is the dish that we like best in Moona-land."

The fish tasted better, I must admit, than the idea of devouring it before it had been put through the recipe of a chef. But Tati ate it relishingly, and explained as she did so that her people never cooked fish; that the waters of the sea were so pure and the fish so fine they were preferred raw. A sauce of lemon and grated coconut added to their flavor and destroyed the taste of oil in the finny one's flesh.

Before the breakfast had gone further I found myself reaching for another fish, and Tati beamed on me as I did so.

She was my friend; that was plain, and, realizing that, it was my turn to ask her some questions.

"Princess Tati," I said, "won't you tell me why I was locked up last night?"

"Were you not comfortable?" she asked in return.

"Quite," I replied, "but I must admit that at first I was a bit frightened. I didn't know where I was."

"Weren't you comfortable, and didn't you have a nice dinner?"

"I was very comfortable," I said "I never slept better in all my life. And the dinner was splendid."

She looked at me coyly. Then she went on:

"I sent you the dinner, and—"

I interrupted her with a burst of thanks.

"I had you locked up," she continued. She hid her face, and her laughter was like the tinkling of bells.

It would have taken a hard-hearted wretch to have turned in anger on so beautiful a creature, even though she had made him a prisoner. That laughter would have dispelled any wrath.

"Tell me all about it," I said, laughing, too. "I am interested."

"Well, I'll tell you. We of the royal family of Moona have an old custom which the government that now rules us has never taken away. It is this: The princesses can lay claim to any strange man who comes to these

shores just as the princes can lay claim to the other sex."

She looked at me, wondering if I understood; and you, my reader, must remember that if I quote her in more perfect English than she really spoke, it is only to make plainer the wonderful simplicity and poetry of her thoughts.

"I heard the commotion when you were on the reef, and I ran down to the beach. I asked one of my servants to take some men in a canoe and bring you ashore. At first, I thought that you were some enemy, but when you stepped on our beach I could see by your face that you were a friend."

I blushed; and Tati blushed, too.

"I told my servant that I wanted you to visit me—oh, it has been a long time since a stranger has come here and we could put our old custom in vogue; and, as it was impossible for me to see you then, I told him to lock you in a little house that I own, down near the beach, and keep you there until morning."

"But why did you lock me in?" I asked.

"I was afraid you would get away," she answered with the artless look of one who has given a very good reason for having done something that is very foolish.

"I wouldn't have left here for days," I said.

"And you won't leave for days now, will you?" she asked rather appealingly.

I did not reply at first. I just sat and looked at this captivating creature — this child of a sunlit isle in a sunlit sea, who was more beautiful than any other girl in all the world.

I sat and looked at Tati, and a great power seemed centered in her face. Her eyes shone with a wondrous luster. Her lips parted—now they were playful and now profound. Her whole body was as languorous and supple as an Oriental's, and she seemed to possess a personal magnetism that was more than I could reist.

Here was a temptress!

Who would have dreamed that I, the prosaic John Anderson, soldier of fortune from far-away America, would be cast on a tropical isle and be seated in the presence of the princess!

I had heard of such romances in a vague way I had read of them in books, and had discarded them as mere playthings to cheer a tired brain. I had been told of a fairy land and all that was mystic, and believed it not —but here I was—homeless and penniless—ten thousand miles from the prairie, and a princess was actually talking to me—and—tearing my heart out by the roots.

CHAPTER XI.

Our Talk in the Arbor.

SHE stood up and placed her hands behind her and moved — I cannot say walked—with the noiseless, gliding motion of her kind, to the veranda.

I arose and followed. She led the way down the path and through the flowers to a blossom-bedecked arbor.

"I will stay on this island," I said to myself as I followed her. "I will stay, and I will be her friend, and maybe more. And, why not? Am I not four and twenty, and fair and strong? Am I not free to go whither I please? Does she not show by her look and word that she is interested in me?"

Tati sat down, and I sat beside her. I always said "Princess," but now I asked that she give me permission to call her by her first name.

"Surely," she replied, "and I will call you *Merita tanoa*. That," she went on to explain, "is our native language for 'American man,' and I am going to call you by that name."

So, in our future talks, I was ever *Merita tanoa*, though Tati frequently cut it short by simply saying *Merita*.

I asked her age, I asked about her life, I asked for every bit of information that she could tell about her interesting self. She told me everything; and she told me, too, that she had never been in love, and she wondered if there were any one who would make her love as she wanted to love.

It might have been a confession on her part that she cared for me. Be that as it was destined to be—I knew that I loved her with all my heart.

"Tati," I said, "perhaps some one has come along who can make you love—but, I cannot swear. I do know that some one has come along who loves you with all his heart."

I drew nearer to her and took her hand. Her soft fingers closed on mine — I knew then that she would not refuse to hear me. I put my arm about her shoulders and drew her closer and closer. Her body thrilled, her arm sought my neck, her great eyes beamed with love and her lips trembled.

I kissed her.

She nestled close and whispered, "My *Merita*."

I kissed her again.

"Will you stay here always?" she asked.

"I shall be glad to," I replied, looking down at my tattered clothes, still bearing the grease and grime of the Molly O. Malone, which even the waters of the sea had been unable to eradicate.

"But what shall I do for clothes?"

"You shall dress like a native—and live like a native," she went on. "I will give you some of our men's clothing. It is far more comfortable than your clothing, and you will soon get used to it and like it."

"Oh, you are so good!" I told her. "But what shall I do for food? And I must work so that I can get money to live."

Tati laughed. The natives of Moona had but little regard for work. And why should one want to work, I thought, when the land gives him food without tilling and the sea and all else adds to his supply of visible wants?

"You will live here," Tati went on, directing my future as she pleased, "and we will go to my father some day soon, and he will give you a plantation, if—if—"

She was hesitating. She came closer. Her head was on my breast, and she trembled.

I put my arm around her to comfort her, and bent tenderly over her.

"If what?" I asked.

"If -" She hesitated again. "Oh, can't you guess?"

Indeed, I tried to guess. A dozen different things ran riot through my brain. Finally she looked up into my eyes. Her fear had gone.

"If you marry me," she said, and hid her face again.

"Then the plantation is mine," I answered.

She reserved a part of her house for me. Her servants put it in the best order, and laid on the floor the best mat she possessed; and placed thereon the very best willow-rest for my head.

That night, when I stretched out for rest, I went over the day's happenings to the minutest detail. I wanted to be sure that I had not made a prime fool of myself; I wanted to be sure that it were best to stay on that beautiful isle where all was peace and plenty, and I wanted to be sure that my lot lay there and not aboard some vessel that would carry me to more practical shores.

While I was thus musing I fell asleep. In the morning I was awakened by a rustling at my side, and there stood my old friend the native who had so carefully locked me up the first night of my "arrival."

I shall always refer to him as my "keeper"; and, although he told me that his name was Akipo, I generally said "Keep" whenever I spoke to him.

Well, Akipo bore the glad tidings of his august mistress and several pieces of cloth. The latter, I soon learned, were a small white shirt common to all lands, and a square of colored print about four feet each way.

This, Akipo explained by many a gesture, was the native garment, and that I was to wear it. He was dressed in the regulation way he showed me, and I examined his clothes and prepared to dress likewise.

The shirt was very easy to get into; it is worn the same way the world over—but the four feet square of print was something quite new.

Akipo took his off and put it on several times to instruct me. The scheme was to simply wrap it around the waist and tuck the edges into some sort of an impossible knot that would stay put until the wearer was ready to retire for the night.

Once fastened, the cloth hung from the waist after the manner of a skirt. I realized at once that it was a very comfortable form of dress for tropical wear, and it seemed to match my complexion and fill other phases of importance, but—I simply could not manage to tie that wonderful knot.

Whenever I donned the cloth and knotted it about my waist and walked about the room, it would come untied. Akipo patiently adjusted his a dozen times with the most marvelous dexterity. He showed me that that famous knot could not come undone if it were only fastened properly—and I believed him.

It took skill and endurance, however. I finally mastered it, and of all the surprises that have come to me since the day I swam ashore on this tropical isle, that knot was the most mysterious and the most wonderful.

Breakfast was almost ready, and Akipo made the knot for me. I was sure of it when he did the work, and when I appeared before the princess in my new garb I feared no unseemly mishap.

Tati had the feast of the morning spread on leaves that she plucked herself from a shrub in the garden.

There was the raw fish and the fruit and the coffee; and this morning, in order to toast ourselves and our future, she had made the daintiest beverage of coconut water and limes and the essence of an herb that grew in her garden.

She poured it into a coconut-shell, and

wished me every joy as she drank. She handed the rustic goblet to me, and I wished the same as I quaffed to the depths Then we drank again. It was a harmless beverage. There was no stimulant mixed in it to fire the brain and set the wits awry—it was a wholesome liquor and as pure as the brook, but it had the tang of the earth and the snap of a whip.

After our breakfast we went again to the little arbor where, the day before, I had held my princess in my arms. Within its cooling shade we talked again of our love and our future, and we planned that we should visit the father immediately and convey to him the good news.

"And he will give us his blessing," said Tati. "I know that he will be very, very happy."

I wanted to see something of the island, and Tati suggested that Akipo take me around in a carriage which she would supply for the purpose.

She sent him off, and we strolled about her grounds—a riot of roses and a sea of color—and she told me how dear it was to her, for it was her very own home, and not even the foreign government which ruled over the island could take it from her. She was chatting about each and every spot in her paradise, when Akipo returned.

He hailed us from outside the gate. He sat on the front seat of the most dilapidated conveyance that I had ever seen. It was once a victoria. The horse that was hitched to it was no better. He was so poor and thin that I was really ashamed to have him exert his strength by dragging me along the highway.

But Tati explained that this rig was once the conveyance of the British consul, who had sold it to her for a nominal sum when his government had given him something better.

"It is the best that we have on the island," explained Tati. "You see, we don't ride much here. Most of our traveling is done by water, and on land we prefer to walk. But Foya is stronger than he looks." She went up to the horse and patted his neck. He neighed as if he wanted to convey the same impression.

I asked Tati to accompany me, but she wanted to remain and prepare for the trip to her father's. So I jumped in and Akipo clicked to the horse. We were off at a leisurely jog.

I turned to my princess and threw her a kiss, and she threw a dozen in return As I journeyed down the road I could see her in the garden. She was the acme of happiness.

What I saw of Moona that day made me want to stay for all time. It was beautiful beyond description. No pen can ever completely picture its tropical splendor, no brush can depict its natural glories. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Everywhere the inhabitants were idling in the shade of their eternally leafy trees. Everywhere little children ran gleefully, as naked as the day they were born. Everywhere beautiful girls and stalwart men passed along with peace and contentment on their faces. Everywhere there was plenty and sunshine and the glory of a contented life.

No one seemed to worry. If there was trouble in that blissful place, it was afraid to show its head.

The fascination was supreme. The gripping force of its wonder held me with chains of steel. I would stay!

Akipo could only point with pride, but when we drove up to the little village where the ships were at anchor in the harbor and the populace was more thickly centered, he stopped at the door of a small cottage.

Sitting on the front steps was a middle-aged, squat individual whom I quickly recognized as one of my own countrymen.

Just why Akipo stopped there I cannot tell. I was sorry that he had done so, for the look on the man's face was anything but pleasant—in fact, he was the only fly in the otherwise clear amber of that paradise.

Perhaps Akipo did it from a sense of kindness, believing that I was anxious to meet some one who could speak my tongue.

The stranger looked at me sullenly.

I greeted him cheerily, saying simply: "How do you do?"

He did not reply. Then I said:

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," and I tried to motion Akipo to move on.

Akipo evidently did not understand. Then the stranger glared at me more and more fiercely, and said:

"How did *you* get here?"

I did not like his tone. There was fright and fear in his face.

"If you must know, I may tell you," I replied. "But you seem to resent my presence, so I will move on."

I nudged Akipo, but still he did not understand. My new-found friend arose from his seat and came to the carriage.

"What are you doing here, and where did you come from?" he asked again.

"Well, if you must know, I swam ashore. I originally came from the United States of America, but by such a roundabout way that it would take weeks to tell you. Are you satisfied now?"

"Then—then you are not a detective?" he gasped.

"No," I replied. "Most certainly I am not."

He breathed a sigh of relief and held out his hand.

"Thank heaven for that!" he exclaimed. "Do get out and come in—let me give you some refreshment."

He took my hand and pressed it warmly. I hesitated, but he insisted.

"Do—please do come in and talk to me for a little while. It will be a godsend if you will. Please, oh! please, do!" he pleaded, and the tears came to his eyes.

"I have not spoken to a soul in English for so many years, and you are the first man from God's country that I have seen in a generation! Oh, do come in and talk to me, my friend! Have mercy on me, and stay a little while!"

The tears were pouring down his cheeks. His pleading and his predicament were more than I could stand.

I stepped out of the carriage and followed him into his humble home.

"What new sensation is in store for me now?" I said to myself as I passed his threshold.

(To be continued.)

A NEW DEVICE FOR CATCHING MAIL.

Clerks on Illinois Central Trains Can Now Gather in Two Bags Instead of One.

A NEW mail-catching device which not only delivers mail-bags to fast-moving trains, and receives them as well, handling two or more bags as easily as one, is being installed on the Freeport division of the Illinois Central Railroad.

The unique feature of the catching device is the buggy steel chain nets, which operate in the following manner: Attached to the outside of the mail car is a square steel frame to which the chain net is attached.

This frame is made to swing on the hinges attached to sliding bars so as to permit the device to be quickly shifted from one side of the car door to the other, according to the direction in which the car is moving.

Attached to the lower outside corner of the frame is one end of an iron rod, with the other end traveling on a bar attached to the car side, containing a set of spiral springs so adjusted as to bear by compression the shock resulting from the frame and net catching the mail-bag.

On the same outside corner of the frame, below where the rod is attached, is a hook or finger, for the attachment of the bags to be delivered.

The roadside device, which acts in conjunction with the one attached to the side of the car, is similar in all respects, except that the bags it delivers to the train are hung above the receiving net while with the car device the bags hang below the net.

The devices meet as the train rushes past, and the exchange is made, the force of the impact being absorbed by the slack of the chain net and the spiral springs. The reflex action of the springs throws the frames and the chain nets back with the mail-bags surrounded by the nets.—*Dixon Star.*

RAILROADING IN JAPAN.

THE trains used in Japan are built on the English model, the engines being much smaller than those with which we are familiar, and they are run on narrow-gaged tracks.

The coaches are divided into sections. Sleeping-cars and diners have lately been introduced. The sleeping-cars prove uncomfortable to Americans on account of the diminutiveness of the berths, as they are built for a small people, and those exceeding the size find sitting up more comfortable.

The diner has not proved a great success, as most of the trains stop from twenty to thirty minutes for meals. Natives meet the trains and sell to the traveler a small box of lunch for the sum of ten cents. The lower layer of each box is of rice, and on top of that are vegetables, hard-boiled eggs, and fruit. The whole is wrapped in a large green leaf and placed in the box. Hot saki, beer, and tea may also be bought

The guards of the train wear a blue uniform and are active, quick, and courteous.

The fuel is mostly wood, although some coal is burned. Owing to the size of the engine the speed of the train is not great, thirty miles an hour being the average time. The longest run in Japan is from Tokyo to Maji, a distance of three hundred miles. It takes two days and a night to cover the distance.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Finish at Frazer's.

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. Men already in the shadow of the gallows are not apt to hesitate about adding a few more notches to their guns when they are cornered. Serving as a deputy peace officer often proves quite as hair-raising an occupation as thawing dynamite or chumming with a rattlesnake.

Situations often arise where it is a case of kill or get killed, and it is not to be wondered at if most deputy sheriffs feel inclined to choose the former rather than the latter course. The experiences of the young lawyer who was sworn in to hunt down the Hugo hold-up men and was in at the death of the two unknown train-robbers surrounded at Fraser's ranch, is a tale of rapid rifle-play and of a bold strategy that came nearly causing the death of its author.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER FORTY-NINE.

Bullets Proved of Little Avail, but Sheriff Billy Walker Brought His Former Baseball Training Into Play with Fatal Results to the Train-Robbers.

FOR ten years, I have frequently wondered who we killed that day at Frazer's Ranch. If anybody who sees this should happen to know the name of the men who held up Union Pacific train No. 2, on the night of August 23, 1900, he will do me a favor and clear up a mystery.

I'm sure that various peace officers out West would like this information, also, for train-robbery is a crime against which the statute of limitations doesn't run, and there's still $10,000 in rewards outstanding.

My personal opinion has always been that the men belonged to "Butch" Cassidy's outfit, and that the redoubtable "Butch" himself directed the Hugo hold-up and escaped with his skin. That worthy still flourishes, and seems permanently secure in his stronghold up in the Routt country just below the Wyoming line, and he still fares forth and turns an occasional trick.

The West End averaged about one hold-up a month, somewhere between Pocatello and Salina, and the company was at its wits' end for some means of breaking up the operations of the gang which had its rendezvous in the wilds of northern Colorado.

Big rewards were posted, a big secret-

EDITOR'S NOTE: All the stories published in this TRUE STORY SERIES have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

Series began in the October, 1906, Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

THERE'S STILL $10,000 IN REWARDS OUTSTANDING.

service force maintained, and sheriffs all along the line were keen on the watch. The robbers, however, always made their getaway.

I was practising law and economy at Colby, a little cow-town in western Kansas, forty miles north of the Union Pacific and some ninety miles northeast of Hugo. I was young enough to be looking for trouble, and when, two days after, news of the robbery had reached Billy Walker, the sheriff, who swore me in as a deputy, I was game for anything.

My law office was across the street from Walker's livery stable. The nervy sheriff and I were chums, in a way. So when he came into my dingy little quarters, and in his deliberate way told me that he needed me in his business, I was ready on the instant.

"One of Frazer's men just brought me word that the fellers who stuck up No. 2 are rounded up at the ranch. I'm goin' to take you and some more of the boys out and git 'em. We'll start in ten minutes. There's a horse across at the barn for you."

Frazer's was some fifteen miles from town. It was a ranch known over four counties for its hospitality toward wayfaring cowmen who happened to be in its vicinity. The messenger who had just ridden in, brought word that two exhausted men, their horses quite "beat out," had arrived at the ranch early in the morning and demanded something to eat, feed for their horses, and a place to sleep for a few hours.

There had been no one at home excepting the women folk; old Frazer and the hands were away working cattle in the breaks of the Smoky Hill.

With ill-advised bravado they proceeded to terrorize the women by telling them that they were the men who had held up the train at Hugo, that they wanted to take turns sleeping, and that the man on watch would shoot any one who attempted to leave or enter the house. On the other hand, if they were not molested and Mrs. Frazer and her two daughters made no effort to report their presence, they would be on their way as soon as night came and no harm would be done.

They had not counted on their exhaustion, however, and, after a hearty breakfast, one of them lay on a bed with his chaps and gums on, and his rifle at his side. He fell asleep almost at once, while his confederate sat with his back to the wall, his rifle across his knee, where he could command the situation in case of a show of hostility.

Thirty-six hours in the saddle and no sleep is going some, however, and soon the women, who had gone about their household tasks with an eye on their unbidden guests, noticed that the watchman nodded, and, presently, his heavy breathing told that he, too, was asleep.

It needed no ghost to come from the grave to tell these Western women it was time to "hike" with the news. After assuring themselves that the men really were sound asleep, they slipped out-of-doors and ran toward the big road which led to the nearest neighbors, four miles away.

A mile from the house, they met one of their own "punchers" returning to the home ranch for some branding-irons. Although he had ridden far and his horse was tired, he faced toward town and brought word to Walker.

It was just at the beginning of the beef round-up and the home ranches were practically deserted, the men all being out on the open range to the south. So it happened that when our little posse from Colby arrived on the scene, we were the only men in twenty townships.

The Frazer ranch-house was the familiar "soddy" still common on the plains—a low, one-story, rectangular affair, with few windows and a front and back door.

The walls were made of squares of buffalo-grass sod and the roof of pine boards, warped and checked by the blazing sun of that cloudless, rainless land. It stood three hundred yards from the corrals and stable, on the top of a small knoll, conspicuous in that limitless sweep of treeless prairie.

We had ridden as hard as our tough little broncoes could go, and covered the fifteen miles from town in less than two hours

If our quarry had made the fatal mistake, earlier in the day, of yielding to the demands of their exhausted bodies, they were sufficiently awake and alert when we arrived on the scene. We reined up at a point which we thought well out of rifle range. There were eight of us, including Billy Walker, who is the coolest man in the face of trouble I've ever seen.

We hitched our horses in the barn, not however until the reception committee in the house had kicked up the dust around us with their rifles, to let us know they were on the job and had plenty of ammunition.

Whenever I hear a man boasting that he doesn't mind being shot at, as I have heard men boast, I set him down as a prime prevaricator; for, believe me, that peculiar "splutt"—a sound which only a bullet striking soft earth can make—is calculated to give one some discomfort.

I was mighty glad to get down on my stomach in the grass.

Walker stood up long enough, however, to shout to the men in the house who we were and what we wanted. He ordered them to walk out in front of the house, put their guns on the ground and their hands up over their heads. He guaranteed that they would

WITH ILL-ADVISED BRAVADO THEY PROCEEDED TO TERRORIZE THE WOMEN

be put safely into jail and have a fair trial. They shouted back something which we didn't hear in the noise of the fusillade which accompanied their answer. We didn't know then that they had killed a man in the hold-up, and were surprised that they wouldn't listen to reason.

Train-robbery only meant twenty years at the most in those days; but, with a murder charge against them, it was not surprising that they were desperate.

We deployed around the house, returning the fire, which we directed at the windows and doors, in the chance of picking them off, although we seldom caught a glimpse of them through the smoke.

Every time one of us ventured a little too close, drawing himself along inch by inch flat to the ground, he attracted their fire and found things mighty interesting. Jim Donelam was hit in the shoulder during the first hour. He was wounded, but he stuck, and wouldn't think of going back to town. Meanwhile the news had gone abroad, and we were reenforced by a half-dozen men with a taste for excitement.

By this time it was noon, and the sun was blazing hot. Heat waves danced across the gray, baked prairie, and grotesque mirage shapes played tricks on the horizon. We had exchanged enough shots for a good-sized battle, but were far from results. Two more of our men were hit, one of them so badly that they would have taken him back to town for treatment, but the men in the house seemed no nearer surrender than they had hours before.

If we had "pinked" either of them, it wasn't apparent, for both seemed keen for trouble, and, at intervals, kept up fire. We hoped they would exhaust their ammunition, or get discouraged and surrender. They evidently believed that they could hold out until it grew dark, and then make a dash for liberty. It was a long chance, but they decided to take it.

HE REACHED A POINT WHERE HE COULD TOSS A BLAZING BALL ON THE ROOF.

The affair had taken on something of the semblance of a show. The whole county apparently had turned out to see the scrap, keeping a safe distance well out of range. On the outskirts was a ring of wagons and buckboards filled with excited women and chil-

HE STOPPED SHORT AND FILLED HIS RIFLE.

dren, and an occasional timid man to keep them company.

The afternoon was half gone when Walker called my attention to a depression barely a foot deep, which ran within sixty yards of the house He had sent back to town for a quantity of waste used by the engine-wipers at the roundhouse. He was going to roll it into wads the size of a baseball, crawl up the swale close to the house, and, after touching a match to the waste, toss a blazing ball on the roof of the house.

"We've got 'em, good and tight, but they may stand us off for a week, for they've got grub and water in the house," said Walker "There's no use prolongin' the agony, so I'm going to burn 'em out. You fellows keep popping away so as to keep them busy with their knitting, and I'll do the sneak up the draw."

It was a risky operation. When it came to throwing the fiery balls, Walker stood up and exposed himself almost at pointblank range But that didn't stump him for a minute, although, to this day, as a result of his gameness, he limps

The man finally arrived with the waste. After giving the besieged another chance to surrender, which was answered by a volley, Bill Walker started on his perilous crawl up the shallow swale, with half a dozen balls of waste in the front of his flannel shirt. The rest of us covered his slow progress with a fusillade which did not lull for an instant. Our stock of ammunition had been replenished, fortunately, for we had been pretty liberal with it.

We kept one eye on Walker, who was making remarkably good progress along the five hundred yards he had to cover before he reached a point where he could toss a blazing ball onto the tinder-dry roof.

Fortunately the men at bay didn't discover what was going on until the tall form of the big sheriff loomed up within easy revolver range of the house. I stopped shooting, spellbound by the finest exhibition of nerve I've ever seen in my life.

Walker struck a match on the leg of his trousers. The wad of waste blazed for an instant, and then he threw it.

It fell short, but immediately he threw a second, a third, a fourth By this time the men in the house were directing their fire

at him alone, and we could see one of them, outlined by a window, pumping his gun for all he was worth.

His foolhardiness finished him, for we concentrated our aim at him, and saw him stagger, clasp his hands to his head, and tumble backward.

His partner was using the ledge of another window as a rest, and was emptying his magazine like clockwork.

Jets of flame and smoke, at first hardly discernible through the heat mist, began to show on the roof. Walker's fire-balls were getting in their work. He was now down on one knee, his gun rattling like a Gatling.

We saw him topple over, and knew he was out of it.

The wind had whipped the flames until the whole house was ablaze. Then a man rushed out. He stopped short for a moment and filled his rifle, and then made a break for our lines, shooting like a demon as he came.

He didn't get far. When we reached his body he was still gasping, but he was literally shot to pieces, and died before we could pick him up. There was absolutely nothing to identify him. We made a shallow grave near the burning house and buried him. Unless the coyotes dug him up, he's still there, with the secret of his identity secure.

The ranch-house was gutted, and the dirt walls collapsed. When the fire was extinguished the next day a few human bones were found in the ashes.

We took Billy Walker back to town, with a ball through his hip which left him a cripple for life. The last I heard of him he was still sheriff of Sherman County. The three others of our posse who were wounded pulled through and are still very much alive. The Union Pacific paid the ten-thousand-dollar reward, which was apportioned among us, and gave Frazer a check for the value of his house and what it contained.

Five men participated in the Hugo hold-up, killed an express messenger who resisted, and got off with several thousand dollars' worth of mail and express matter.

We got two of them, but the other three disappeared utterly. What became of the booty no one has ever been able to determine. Perhaps it burned that day at Frazer's, where the nameless outlaws found their finish.

PAT MURPHY'S EXPLANATION.

BY HERMAN DA COSTA.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

PAT MURPHY was conducthor an-n 96, fa-ast fr-reight
Th' sup'rintindint wr-rote him: "You r-run tin hours la-ate
Th' pris'dint wr-rote the G. M., th' G. M. wr-rote th' boss
An' now th' boss is axin me, ca-an Oi ixplain th' loss?
It's u-up t' you, Pat Murphy. Wha-at hav' yez got to sa-ay?
If you don't give a good ixcuse, Oi'll fir-re yez

TIM FAY"

"Dear-r Sor," Pat Murphy answer-red, "Oi no-otice Oi'll be canned
Unliss Oi wr-rite a good ixcuse, so ta-ake me pen in ha-and
We ha-ad six car-rs uv pe-eaches; a suddint stor-rm set in-n.
Th' li-ightnin' stroock thim pe-eaches, a-an to-ok aff ivery shkin.
We ha-ad to pu-ut th' shkins a-an back; it kipt us ther-re 'til curfey.
Oi ho-ope this wan is good enough. Yours thruly, sor,

PAT MURPHY."

A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY B. M. ADLER.

What This Great Sum Really Earned When It Was Placed on Public Exhibition.

I DOUBT if you, or any one else, outside of the scant half-dozen people who were directly concerned in the matter, know of the circumstances which brought on the Million Dollar Exhibit. You remember it, eh? As far as I am aware, it was about the only thing of its kind that ever took place in this or any other country!

It was exactly what its name implied. It wasn't a million dollars' worth of this, or a million dollars' worth of that, or a theatrical production that cost an alleged million, or a million-dollar beauty contest, or anything of the sort. It was just an exhibition of one million in United States ten-dollar gold pieces.

With some, a mere misfortune acts as a stimulant, while an actual disaster is not without its sharp delight. These are the men who bulge behind the ears, being possessed of highly developed bumps of combativeness. Theirs is the gladiatorial spirit which loves the struggle for retrievement for its own sake.

They build railroads, irrigate arid regions, organize trusts, and do big things on a big scale. Their joy lies in overcoming, and they are never so dangerous to the men or things opposing them as in the moment of supposed defeat.

Samuel Doniford was one of this kind. As he stood at the window, watching the bustle on Broadway below, you would never have dreamed that he left his hotel a few weeks before, a fairly wealthy man, and had returned to it early the same afternoon—broke.

He was the only one who had suffered, for the reason that the enterprises in which he was interested were in the foundation period, and he had paid the cost up to that point.

Consequently, the question of "settling up" was a matter of a few hours only, and when it was all over, he took himself off to the Catskills, showing up at the mountain hotel only at meals and bed-time, and spending the intervals among the pines, thinking.

He had returned to town earlier in the day, intending going down to the "Street," but a pile of accumulated correspondence prevented him. This explains why he was on upper Broadway at an hour when he would have been on his way up-town.

Yet, in spite of all, Sammy D., as he was known in certain "Street" circles, looked as if he was enjoying life to the full. With his hands plunged deep in his pockets, his legs somewhat apart, a sparkle of content in his eye, and placid smoke-wreaths issuing from his cigar at complacent intervals, he seemed anything but the ruined speculator which, in actuality, he was.

He did what the layman calls "speculating in Wall Street."

He had successfully promoted divers companies, some of which had subsequently flickered out while others had remained, attesting to his integrity and such financial genius as was his. He took a "flutter" here and he dabbled there—wherever he detected money breaking the surface of the financial waters.

Naturally such a business has its ups and downs, its big winnings and big losings, its unexpected plums and equally unexpected frosts.

Sam was, and, indeed, had been, on the down-grade for several months. The last straw in his financial back-breaking was added when one special enterprise in which he was interested, and which had been looked upon as sound, was found to have foundations of sand.

That is how it came to pass that within a few brief hours he was removed from the domain of the financially comfortable to the region of the "busted."

Last of all came a "black Friday" that seemed to gloom over the last vestige of his hopes.

Above the roar and bustle of the thoroughfare below rose the cries of the sellers of "Extras," raucous and ear-splitting.

"'Nother Day of Disaster! More Wall Street Firms Go Down! Outlook Darker Than Ever!"

Sam smiled, as he listened, but there was the light of battle in his eye. He looked at the clock. It was 4.15 P.M., and, before long, the retreat from Wall Street would make itself evident in the hotel-corridor, which was a favorite lounging place with "bulls" and "bears."

Then he went to the telephone and called up the hotel-desk.

"Is that you, Carter?" he said, as the clerk answered. "Well, I am not at home to any one—no one, remember—except Mr. Carwell."

"All right, sir."

"When Mr. Carwell comes, send him right up. And tell him to ring my bell three times. I shall not answer any other rings."

"Very good, sir."

Doniford hung up the receiver carefully and with a curious smile on his face.

Fifteen minutes later, the door-bell of his suite rang thrice, and Joseph Carwell, of the brokerage firm of Biddle, Carwell & Johns, entered.

Carwell and his associates cater to the outside public, their private "lamb" trade being comparatively small. Publicity being the foundation of their business, the principals of the firm, either in an individual or a collective manner, never failed to take advantage of an opportunity which should keep their names before the people.

Carwell and Sam Doniford were old college chums. When both drifted into the financial district, business bound them tighter. Doniford not infrequently did "outside" work for the firm, and Carwell and his associates had been interested in the former's enterprises in more than one instance.

"Hallo, Sammy," said Carwell, "how goes it?"

"Oh, so, so, Joe," replied the other.

"Still broke, Sam?"

"Yes, Joe, broke and down and out. But I'm not crying about it."

Carwell looked at his old chum with a leer of suspicion for a moment. Then he said:

"You can count on me and a lot of the boys to see you through."

"I am not so sure of that," smiled Doniford.

"I think you ought to be pretty sure of us by this time," answered Carwell.

"Why, yes, but there are limitations to every man's friendship."

Carwell tapped the floor with his walking-stick with a touch of good-natured impatience. "Out with it," he said. "What can I do for you, old man?"

"It isn't a question of what you can do, but whether you will do it."

"I am waiting for the question."

Sam paused and blew a ring of smoke.

"Joe," he said, "you may think me crazy when you have heard what I am going to say, but I am not, and I am going to boil my remarks down, anyhow. I have—if your offer still stands good—decided to join your firm. You asked me to do so once and I refused."

"Bully," cried Carwell, delightedly.

"Wait until I am through," replied Doniford. "I am not so sure that that smile of yours won't come off when you hear the conditions on which I am prepared to hitch up with you."

"Go ahead," said Carwell, confidently. "I think that anything that you may suggest will look good to me."

"That's the talk," said Doniford. "As a modest man, I might feel embarrassed, only I know my own worth. And now listen:

"My total worldly possessions, so far as I can figure them out—including raiment to wear and a ring wherewith to adorn—are represented by a balance at my bank of about eighty-nine dollars. I won't come to you with empty hands. Consequently, I have got to do things before I feel justified in asking you to add my name to your letterhead."

"Nonsense," began Carwell. "You must be aware—"

"I have thought this thing over, Joe, and I can only repeat that I will *not* come to you unless I can bring with me something—it will be mightily small, perhaps—something, anyhow, that will make me feel that I have at least added a drop or so to the big bucket—not meaning to insinuate that you are running a bucket-shop."

"Well, go ahead," said Carwell.

Doniford settled himself back in his chair comfortably and began to talk.

"With the average man, money is the dominant factor of interest and desire," he said to Carwell. "Everything in life tends to continue and foster this desire.

"Now, the public would like to get in

visual touch with the object of its financial affection Very few people have an opportunity of *seeing* a vast sum of money, and I can imagine nothing with a more drawing power than the *sight* of a million dollars."

Carwell looked puzzled. "What on earth are you driving at?" he said.

"Well," said Doniford coolly, "I am as convinced that an exhibition of one million dollars in gold would attract thousands, hundreds of thousands, provided it had its proper setting, and was boomed in the newspapers."

Carwell shook his head in a mystified manner. "But I don't see how."

"Naturally you don't," replied Doniford. "If you did, I shouldn't be talking to you. I have been doing the seeing, and now—"

"What do you want to do, you chump?" asked Carwell hurriedly, beginning to show signs of anger.

"I want to put one million dollars on exhibition, and make the public pay to see it," Doniford answered, mustering up all his courage.

"Well, you must take the public for as big a fool as you are," said Carwell. "I think you have gone balmy as well as broke."

"All right. You think it over." Sam arose and took his hat. In a minute he had gone.

Carwell was too dumfounded to call him back.

"I guess I've got him guessing," said Doniford to himself, as he stepped into a neighboring café. "I'll just give him fifteen minutes to think it over. By that time he will have made up his mind to agree. If he thinks any longer, he will say, 'No.'"

He was back at Carwell's door in just a quarter of an hour.

Hurrying through the outer office, he brushed aside the surprised office-boy who really yelled, "Card, sir!" as if Doniford were a process-server.

Carwell was standing just about where Doniford had last seen him.

"Thought it over?" asked Doniford.

Carwell smiled as if he had.

"How much did you say you wanted?" asked the broker.

"One million dollars."

"In cash?"

"Cash."

"What kind of cash, Sam?"

"Gold. Ten-dollar pieces."

"And you'll put it on exhibition like a freak in a dime museum?"

"Yep"

Carwell paused. Then he paced the floor of his office for a few moments and looked blandly out of the window at the scurrying, money-bent crowd below.

"Who'll take care of it and see that it isn't stolen?" he finally asked Doniford.

"I'll look out for that," replied Sam.

"And who'll secure me?"

"You—that is, your firm, will secure you. I'm not going to invest the money."

"That's a pretty big sum to lie idle, Sam."

"I'll pay you a mild interest on it," said Doniford. "Besides, you get your share of the gate receipts. I'll pay all of the expenses, and keep the balance for myself."

"And do you expect to make very much?" Carwell continued.

"Enough to buy an interest in your firm," replied Doniford. "It is the only way I would really come in."

All of a sudden the newspapers were filled with stories, Sunday and special articles, all based on the possibilities of a million dollars in gold.

The topic appealed to the imagination of the newspaper writers, and partly from Walter Ripley's personal popularity with the chiefs of the various staffs.

Ripley was a slick young press-agent whom Doniford engaged—a clever writer, a good talker, and a complete "mixer."

I shall give but one example of the ingenious nature of Mr. Ripley's methods. Letters appeared in a number of the newspapers questioning the genuineness of the coming exhibition. These letters were due to the fertile pen of the press-agent. The next day the newspapers came out with a statement from the Metropolian Sub-Treasury to the effect that the ten-dollar gold pieces, United States currency, selected by one of their agents from the quantity submitted by Samuel Doniford, of New York City, had been duly passed on and found to answer all official tests.

There also appeared a long letter from Biddle, Carwell & Johns, stating that they personally pledged themselves that such an exhibit was of the value that it purported to be.

There further appeared several affidavits from well-known men of the financial districts—each of whom was a chum of Doniford—setting forth that the experts had examined the gold and had declared it to be the real thing.

Thanks to the united cogitations of Doniford and Ripley, the million, when finally arranged for exhibition purposes, made an impressive showing.

In the center of the ground floor of a large office building on Broadway a massive oaken table had been built, surrounded by a wire cage.

Around this and bolted to the floor was a cage of thin but sufficiently strong iron bars painted black, which was so constructed that it could be taken apart and easily shipped.

It was Doniford's intention to show the million in a half-dozen or more of the big cities of the country.

The table was draped in black velvet, and the floor, inside the cage, was covered with a material of the same somber hue. On the table itself were arranged forty boxes containing the bullion.

The boxes were made of oak, stained dark green, banded with wrought iron, and having on two sides bars of the same metal that slid into sockets whose ends were fastened with solid-looking padlocks.

They were also lined with black velvet, and so made that their sides could be dropped down to expose the rows of seductive disks which they contained. Overhead, a cluster of calcium lighs focused their radiance on the coin.

Each box contained twenty-five piles of ten-dollar gold pieces, a hundred coins to the pile. Consequently, there were twenty-five thousand dollars in each box, which, multiplied by forty, the number of the boxes, brought the total up to one million dollars

The weight of a pile was 25,000 grains troy, the weight of the total exhibit being about 4,479½ pounds troy, or, say, 112 pounds to each box. The height of each pile was 8½ inches, and the diameter of each coin 1 1-16 of an inch. There was much more information regarding the money in the little book which was distributed to the visitors.

When the sides of the boxes were dropped and the thousand golden piles with their setting of dead black were revealed to the audience, the result was magnetic.

First came a sort of half disappointment, then interest, next speculation, and, finally, and by degrees as the possibilities contained in the spread of gold began to impress itself upon one's mentality, an absorption of thought and feeling that wasn't many degrees removed from actual hypnotism.

The dramatic instinct of Doniford also prompted him to endeavor to convey to the audience the tremendous value of the exhibit, by means other than the cage and so forth. Therefore he had a special detail of police outside and inside the room. In addition, he had a score or more of uniformed guards posted around the cage, keeping vigilant watch upon the audience.

Big fellows were they, each armed with a rifle, and wearing a businesslike and well-filled cartridge-belt.

In the lobbies, also, were more guards, and in the cage itself were a couple of others.

The industrious Ripley did not hesitate to tip off to some of his newspaper friends that, during the course of the exhibit, there would be more than one attempt made to overpower the guards and get away with the money, which by no means detracted from the general interest in the show.

Altogether, then, it wasn't surprising that, on the first evening that the million was made manifest, there was a full house, including a big turn-out of Sammy's friends, while the financial element of the city was also out in force.

At a late hour that night, and at his hotel, Doniford was reading a statement to this effect:

Disbursements:	
Cost of boxes, screens, table, cage, etc.	$195.00
Transportation of specie	50.00
Pay of eighteen guards, one day	180.00
Ripley, one week	100.00
Expenses, ditto	50.00
Hire of hall	100.00
Ushers, etc.	20.00
Advertising	260.00
Entertainment of police, etc.	75.00
Souvenirs	80.00
Total	$1,110.00
Receipts:	
103 box-seats at $2	$206.00
221 box-seats at $1.50	331.50
1,106 seats at $1	1,106.00
830 admissions at 50 cents	415.00
319 books at 25 cents	79.75
Total	$2,138.25
	1,110.00
Net	$1,028.25

Sammy nodded his head in a satisfied manner, saying to himself, "This makes a good start. Ripley's all right: I shall look after that man in the future."

Then he went to bed.

The exhibit, passing through various stages of mere vogue, soon became the biggest thing in town. It took many and diverse forms.

The inevitable thriller based on "the million" made its appearance at a local theater. Pulpits by the score used "the million" as a text in one direction or the other. At an

anarchistic meeting that was broken up by the police "the million" served the purpose of pointing a moral anent capitalists and their useless hordes.

Ripley grinned cheerfully when accused by Doniford of having put the police "next" the gathering.

The vaudeville performances bristled with gags regarding the exhibit, and it was also responsible for the popular song, "I Am the Man Who Made a Million in a Minute."

There was a million sextet interjected into a Broadway show. "The Merry Million Maidens Burlesque Company" appeared on the Bowery, and the word "million" became an integral part of the slang of the day. Food products and articles of ware from hose to neckties had "million" tacked on them.

The crop of cranks bred of "the million" was naturally a large one, and of all sorts and descriptions. It varied from the silent to the noisy, from the harmless to the more or less dangerous, from the blasphemous to the fervently religious.

One old fellow with a long white beard and a limp would walk around the big room for hours at a time, occasionally stopping to make worshipful gestures toward the interior.

Still another got into the habit of creeping into the lobby two or three times during the afternoon and evening, and attempting to preach on the sin of Mammon worship, using "the million" as a text.

An elderly woman, wearing a bonnet that dated back to the sixties, would insist upon it that "the million" was a part of the sum stolen from her by the government.

One gentle-eyed, shabbily dressed elderly man was accustomed to come to the box office nightly and, in an apologetic tone, ask for the loan of "the million" until the midday following. On being refused or asked to call again when the exhibition was over, he would extend profuse thanks and walk quietly away. He appeared every day during the run of the exhibit, and never attempted to voice a protestation in regard to his hopes deferred.

A little fiery dwarf with an enormous head was another of the regular callers at the box office. He was brief and to the point. "This money is mine! Give it up or I'll—" here he would scowl fiercely, growl in a guttural fashion, spin on his heel, and exit rapidly.

One tall, thin, venerable woman buttonholed Doniford one evening, and informed him that the incitement of people to greed and covetousness was a sin, and that she looked upon all those who were responsible for the exhibition as totally condemned.

Scores on scores of unhappy creatures, ill-clad, half-starved, and shivering, would implore the doorkeepers to let them have just a peep at "the million," or would endeavor, by means of the most ingenious excuses, to gratify their wish.

Several plain-clothes men who were stationed in the lobby informed Doniford that dozens of well-known crooks had taken in the show, either through curiosity or to pass upon it from a professional standpoint. One of these, on emerging from the hall late one night, was tapped on the shoulder by a detective.

"Hallo, Red," said he, "I thought you were out West?"

The crook grinned. "So I was. But I didn't like the climate."

"What do you think of the show?" queried the sleuth.

The grin broadened. "Say," said the snapper-up-of-unconsidered trifles, "these guys in New York is the easiest ever. I seen that the stuff was phoney the minute I put my lamps on it. And they's going down in their jeans to give up, thinking it's the real thing. Give me regards to the guy who's running this joint, and tell him I'd be proud to meet him."

A fashionable doctor discovered that the exhibit was responsible for a brand-new nervous disease which he christened "million-melancholia," and to which a Sunday newspaper devoted a couple of pages with illustrations.

Another doctor proved conclusively that rapt gazing at "the million" developed an hitherto unknown form of hysteria; while still another, through the pages of a scientific weekly, laid stress on the curious type of hypnosis produced by prolonged contemplation of the glittering mass. Which hypnosis was no figment of imagination, but a fact.

But still the crowds paid their money to see "the million."

On the other hand, the show had its tragic side. In the cases of at least three persons, the sight of "the million" seemed to bring to a crisis a latent madness that lurked within them.

Two suicides, according to the police records, were traceable to the unsatisfied desires brought into being by the mocking money.

A husband, seeking separation from his wife, alleged that she neglected her home for the sake of the society of "the million."

The jokesmiths of the evening newspapers and the comic weeklies averred that "the million" girl had replaced the matinée girl—which was no joke.

A new color of a reddish saffron was christened "million mauve," and dress goods and milliners' materials made the tint fashionable.

A number of well-meaning and altogether mistaken persons wrote or spoke to Doniford, begging him to close the exhibit on the score of its demoralizing effect on the public, to which Doniford politely replied "that money of itself was a good thing, and the result that it wrought on people was the outcome of their temperament, and not due to any evil inherent in the coin."

It was in one of the big cities of the West that the boxes containing the million dollars were opened for the last time. A number of theater managers in various parts of the country had offered Doniford later "dates" on liberal terms, but to these he turned a deaf ear.

The exhibit had accomplished the purpose for which it was brought into being. The account now stood thus:

Gross earnings, including royalty on sale of Biddle, Carwell & Johns's literature in halls	$43,611 20
Total expenses	14,800.63
Balance. . .	$28,810 57

With three more days to run, there was every chance that "the million" would bring his net profits up to $30,000, which was comfortably in excess of the sum he had originally proposed should warrant him on accepting the offer of Biddle, Carwell & Johns.

At length came the final hours of the public life of "the million." In spite of the nipping cold of the night and the occasional flurries of sleet that could find no resting-place on the wind-swept and frozen pavements, the gigantic auditorium was crowded.

"The million," in this particular city, had "caught on" with society with a vengeance. This, perhaps, because society had been brought into being within the generation and by quickly acquired millions.

Night after night there had been a tremendously impressive display of gorgeous décolletée gowns, and plastrons, and hoops, and headpieces of diamonds, and many liveries and lines of motor-cars, and all the rest of it.

In the lobbies there was the usual loud chatter, bad manners, crushing and pushing and rushing, and total disregard of everybody else's rights and comfort.

But once inside—the spell of "the million" wrought silence and the protean emotion of greed that took on the forms of many emotions, and a curiously quiet crowd would emerge from doors through which it entered.

There had been the usual difficulty in persuading some of the audience to vacate their seats—there being the every-day sprinkling of the slightly mad—but, at length, the ushers had effected a clearance, the ball was being clad in its night raiment, and the detail of guards for the night clustered around the cage awaiting the appearance of Doniford and Ripley to open its door, enter, and lock the boxes.

In the lobby, and sheltering themselves as best they could from the searching blasts that swept in at the front doors, was the platoon of police that had been told to aid the guards in their vigil.

"'Tis the lucky boys we are," said the roundsman in command, as he turned his back to a howling gust. "B-r-r-r! I'd hate to have a river post to-night."

"Except one was watchin' th' tide come up an' th' tide go down, wid his eyes behind a glass and his lips to it," suggested a fat bluecoat with a fiery red mustache.

"An' a trial, an' a fine of thirty days' pay to follow," replied "Rounds" severely.

"True 'tis, but like th' rest of me brave fellow officers, I've never been fined because—"

"Nivir mind your becauses," broke in the roundsman testily. "Be thankful that ye are living this bitter night, with hot coffee and sandwiches to come and—" He stopped.

"An' what?" asked a blue-nosed cop.

"Curiosity killed the owl, Byrnes," replied "Rounds," "an' I don't think it would be fittin' to encourage ye lest ye meet with a like end. But I'm told that Mr. Doniford is a mighty generous man an'— By me country's sake! What have we here!"

A savage and shrieking gust seemed to blow into the lobby a weazened figure that weakly tried to resist the rude play of the wind. Then the blast died as suddenly as it had come, leaving its shivering plaything stranded in the expanse of onyx and marble.

He was very old, and a much-shrunken man, with a short, thick, snow-white beard. What little flesh was left on his deeply lined face was livid, scarlet, and purple with cold. His eyes, that had retreated far back in their sockets, were of an intense blue, but watery and uncertain. A suit of shabby black, shoes cracked and holed, but much polished where there was any leather to polish, a frayed but clean collar, the remnants of a white tie, a single glove, and no overcoat, constituted the attire of the forlorn creature.

He looked around him dazedly, tottered, and would have fallen had not the roundsman caught him.

"What's the trouble, friend?" said the big policeman as he steadied the frail form.

"Nothing -I thank you," quavered the old man. "I—ah, yes, I remember. I was on my way to—to—my apartments when—" —he passed a blue hand over his forehead "something I—ah—do not know what—" Here he stopped and eyed the other in a frightened fashion.

"Well, sir?" said "Rounds" encouragingly. "Go on. You were saying that you lived —where?"

"Why, what does it matter to you where I live, sir!" cried the other shrilly. "I—ah you have no right to ask me! How—how dare you be guilty of such an—impertinence! I have done nothing wrong nothing wrong—why, then—why—"

He would have fallen again if it had not been for the arm of the officer. "Rounds" beckoned to one of his fellows.

"Ring up headquarters," he said in an undertone, "and tell 'em to send an ambulance from St. Stephen's. He's nutty with the cold, and in a bad way generally."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the object of "Rounds's" solicitude, when he had recovered himself a little, "but I am not—not quite myself to-night. You see, I've been—yes—I've been—ah—" Again the blue hand made its unhappy gesture over the forehead.

"Of course, sir, of course," said "Rounds" cheerfully. "This weather would put any man down and out—"

"I—do—not quite understand," answered the old man doubtfully. "I am—not down. I am—that is—I was—" He muttered and tapped his foot with weak impatience. "It is very annoying not to remember—just what one—is when—"

"Look here," said the bluecoat coaxingly, "s'pose you rest for a while inside, and have a cup of coffee and then—we'll take you home—"

"*No*, sir," he answered with pitiful fierceness. "I allow no man to take me to my apartments. I am quite capable—of—of, you know—"

He stopped and sobbed miserably.

"That's all right," said the officer assuringly; "and now come in out of the wind, and we'll fix you up and you'll feel as fit as a fiddle in no time."

"Both ambulances are out at St. Stephen's, Jim, but they'll send one on from the Burgess in about fifteen minutes," muttered the cop, who had been to the phone.

"All right; and, say, ask the box-office if we can take this old chap inside the hall to wait for the 'bus. I reckon 'the million' won't be in no danger from him."

Permission was given, and, almost carrying the unfortunate, the roundsman put him into an orchestra chair. Looking around cautiously, the man in uniform produced a flask from his hip pocket. Unscrewing its top, he poured some of the contents between the blue lips of his charge.

The old man gasped, choked, and stammered incoherently

"Feel better?" said "Rounds."

"Thank you. I—ah—yes—I was cold."

He remained quiet for a few moments. As the stimulant began to take effect, he looked around him curiously until his eyes rested on "the million," for the calciums kept their steady vigil all night.

As he looked, the spell began to work upon him, the livid hue of the cold seemed to leave his cheeks, he straightened himself, his trembling hands clutched convulsively at the arms of his seat, his breath came in quick gasps, and his eyes emerged from their obscurity.

"Where am I, and what is that?" he asked in a tone of almost savage entreaty.

"This is the Coliseum, and that is a million dollars—you must have read about it in the newspapers!"

"A—million—dollars!" he shrieked.

"Sure," cooed the bluecoat, laying his hand soothingly on the other's shoulder.

Again there was silence. When he spoke again, the voice of the poor wretch was no longer recognizable, but it had a ring of command in it that sent a thrill of astonishment through the seasoned "Rounds."

"Jarvis, how often have I told you not to serve the '53 vintage with the coffee? You know that I prefer that cognac that Villiers sent me from La Rhame. You are very forgetful, Jarvis. Put a screen here," said the old man.

His thin fingers tapped impatiently on the seat arm, and the shrill voice went on:

"Let the coach meet madam at midnight. No, I am not going myself. Spread for three in the red room. I am not at home to any one to-night, except to Mason and a friend that he may bring with him. Do you hear, Jarvis? Do you hear?" He turned a pair of querulous eyes on "Rounds."

Then his mood changed, and he began muttering broken phrases, which, so far as

the other could gather, had to do with financial affairs in which big sums of money were involved.

"Kemp," said the old man suddenly, "I shall drive to my office to-day in the Russian sleigh. Have it ready for me in ten minutes, and send across the road to ask if Munford will accompany me" Here he broke off. "Munford, Munford, the infernal scoundrel!"

He burst into vehement denunciations of men whose names "Rounds" could not quite catch, yet some of which seemed to be familiar. Somebody had apparently done grave injury to him. Then he stopped abruptly.

"Jarvis," he said very feebly, "you will have to help me from my carriage. I I am not well this morning. Now, now," and he put his arm inside that of the roundsman and rose with an effort to his feet. "We will go to the bank first." He pointed in the direction of "the million."

"Rounds," thinking to humor him, led him slowly down the aisle, the old man's eyes, their pupils dilating with every step, fixed on the glowing mass of yellow inside the cage. Suddenly he halted, and the bluecoat could feel the blood leaping through the shrunken veins of his companion's hands.

"That—is—the—"

"'The million,'" said "Rounds" softly, and even as he spoke a tremor ran through the frail form that he was supporting.

"'The million!'" cried the old man with an awful shriek. "You lie! 'The million' went where other millions went. They—they—" He drooped suddenly.

"Rounds" lifted him up and placed him in a seat, then ran to the door just as the ambulance came clanging down the street.

The shrunken form was lying easily in the broad, luxurious expanse of blue velvet on which it had been placed by "Rounds." A sort of cynical smile curved the bloodless lips.

It was an easy matter to expose the bony chest, for nothing but the coat and shirt had to be removed.

"Heart disease," said the surgeon. "Dead as a door-nail."

With the surgeon had come some policemen. One was an old, grizzled fellow, who had passed the greater part of his life on the force. O'Brien was his name. On divers occasions he had been promoted, but on divers occasions reduced, by reason of his combative instincts, which were always getting him into trouble. He was an encyclopedia of crime so far as the metropolis was concerned. Even as he looked on the body he uttered a cry.

"Well," said Rounds sternly, "have ye no respect for the dead?"

O'Brien pointed with a shaking finger to a triangle of faint blue stars tattooed on the breast of the dead man.

"Hold your tongue man, hold your tongue," he said hoarsely. "Do you know the meaning of that?"

"No," said "Rounds" wonderingly, while the others gathered around, for they knew that it would take much to so move O'Brien.

"Do you remember, any of you—no, you don't, you're all boys—the failure of the Shipping and Transportation Bank, way back in the early sixties, that ruined thousands?"

"Rounds" nodded. "I have read of it."

"Do you remember its president?"

"I don't."

"He was Watson Scoville, once of the United States army, known as 'Stars' Scoville. During the war with Mexico he was a captain. He used to strip himself to the waist, and he had three stars tattooed on his breast, and his men, who loved the very shoes of him, gave him his nickname because of them—the stars."

"Rounds" drew his breath. "I remember it all now—that is, I read of it."

O'Brien took no notice, but went right on:

"The reputation he had was great, and the friends he made were many, and so when he became one of the directors of the bank it flourished, and he was made president.

"Then, boys, it was women and wine, and all the rest of it. Then came speculation, and then the smash. One morning the bank's doors were closed and 'Star' Scoville was missing. It was a popular bank, and thousands of poor people were ruined. Scoville was blamed for it all, although some declared that he had been led to do wrong by a couple of his most intimate friends, who were his enemies.

"He was never heard of except by rumor, and that from many lands." He paused and added slowly: "There was—and, as far as I know, it is still standing—a reward of five thousand dollars for him, dead or alive. But show me the man that would dare claim it!"

Then there was silence.

From behind, "the million" glared at the living and the dead with its dull, yellow stare.

Ten Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY GILSON WILLETS,
Special Traveling Correspondent of "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

DOWN in sunny New Orleans there are many good railroad yarns, and little wonder that Mr. Willets, while in that charming old city, found a goodly bunch and a kindly lot of railroaders to tell them. Thanks, once more, boys. Many may marvel at the first story told here by the Scottish disciple of Sir Izaak Walton while he patiently awaited a bite. And yet the speed of a train and the speed of a horse may be compared without creating much doubt, especially when the horse is a Kentucky thoroughbred spurred on by a pretty girl

No. 5.—ROMANCES OF CRESCENT CITY RAILROADERS.

A Girl Who Played Jockey To Prevent a Head-on Collision—The Stork Train—Bledsoe's Locomotive Ataxia—When Seab Davis Stayed—An Engineer's Sixth Sense.

THE south-bound night local of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad stopped at Bonnieville, Kentucky. The only passenger to alight was a young woman, who, after entering the station, put her hands on the operator's shoulders and permitted him to kiss her.

"Oh, you turtle-doves!" sang out the conductor, who had entered to hand the operator certain documents in yellow envelopes.

"Con," he went on, addressing the operator, "the despatcher at Louisville is sorry, but he couldn't send a relief by this train. He says if you can hold out till morning, a relief will arrive on the up train from Nashville."

"I've been on the job now over thirty-six hours," replied the operator, "but I reckon I can hold out till morning."

The conductor departed, the train pulled out, and the young girl said:

"Why, Con, what's happened? You say you've been here since yesterday morning?"

Conrad Wells, that being "Con's" full name, explained to his *fiancée* that the night operator, on the preceding day, had been taken ill and couldn't come to work. Therefore, Con had remained at his post, notifying the despatcher at Louisville of the night man's illness, and asking that a relief be sent down at once. But the needed relief had not come, and the conductor of the down train had just brought word that the new man would not arrive till morning.

The young girl, Annie McSway, had just returned from a week's visit to Louisville, so all this was news to her.

"Look here, Con," she said, "you're almost asleep now. Let me take your place. You go over to the farm and go to bed."

Con shook his head, obstinately refusing the girl's pleading that she be permitted to take his place. Con was a boarder at her father's house, two miles from the track, and Annie had promised to marry him. She had learned the Morse code with her betrothed as teacher, and now she could "send" and "receive" as proficiently as any regular ham.

"Your father brought Dandy up here this

afternoon for you to ride home," Con said to Annie. Dandy was a Kentucky thoroughbred which a Louisville turfman was "pasturing" with Annie's father.

As Annie reluctantly started to leave the station, the key began clicking. She paused, listened, and made a mental note of the incoming message, the purport of which was that the north-bound night local for Louisville must be flagged at Bonnieville and held there on the siding to permit the passing of a certain "special."

"That up train is due to pass here in about half an hour, isn't it?" Annie asked. "Well then, Con, be sure you keep awake. What if you should go to sleep?"

Con reassured her, and Annie mounted Dandy and rode away. She walked her horse, though the spirited animal several times tried to break into a run. Her mind was filled with thoughts of poor Con down at the station.

She recalled how haggard and hollow-eyed he looked as the result of his long "trick," and her heart became heavy. His smile, when he had assured her that he would have no trouble in keeping awake, was positively ghastly. Annie shuddered.

"What if he should go to sleep, despite himself?" she asked herself, as she rode into the barn-yard behind her father's house.

Her father employed but one hired man. The house was dark. Both master and man had gone to bed. Annie proceeded to feed Dandy. Then, suddenly, as she poured a measure of oats into Dandy's manger, she heard a locomotive whistle.

"It's the up train," she said. "The whistle means that it is approaching Bonnieville station. In a moment it should stop."

She went out of the stable and listened. Through the still night she could distinctly hear the train rolling along, two miles away.

"Great Heaven!" she exclaimed. "It did not stop. Con failed to flag it."

With presence of mind, she flew to the saddle which, a few minutes before, she had taken from Dandy's back.

She knew that she must ride for the lives of the passengers and crews of the up train and the special, and must reach one or the other of them before they could meet.

"I'll ride to where the post-road crosses the track four miles from Bonnieville," said Annie. "That gives me only two miles to ride, while the up train must travel four miles."

This happened in the days of hand-brakes, when the Louisville and Nashville was a single-tracker through that part of Kentucky. It must be explained that the track from Bonnieville, to a point four miles north of that town was crescent-shaped, and that two miles from the track, yet midway between the two ends of that crescent, stood the McSway farmhouse. Seven miles up the track from Bonnieville station was Upton, the next station north.

The relative position of the farm and the crescent-shaped track was such that, in no matter which direction Annie rode, the distance would be about two miles. She struck out on the post-road in the desperate hope of reaching the track at the point where the road crossed it at the end of the crescent, four miles north of Bonnieville.

Could she reach the crossing before the local could travel the four miles up from Bonnieville, or before the special could make the three miles down from Upton?

That was the supreme question in Annie's mind as she let Dandy go at full gallop.

She had heard her father say that Dandy could make a mile in four minutes. She would be at the crossing in about eight minutes. If only the up train took a trifle longer than eight minutes to run the four miles around the crescent, she would be in time.

Before starting, Annie seized an unlighted lantern. After covering the first mile she thought of lighting it.

She gave a cry of horror. She had no matches! How foolish to have forgotten to bring a match! Well, the lantern was useless. Should she get rid of it? throw it away?

She would keep it, for maybe she would pass some one on the way who would have a match.

Along the post road galloped Dandy. Annie wondered if the train was gaining on her. She had no way to reckon time. All she knew was that when she pulled up Dandy down at the crossing, she was within the rays of the headlight of the up train. Annie breathed a sigh of relief. She was in time. As the headlight drew nearer, she waved her dark lantern.

The engineer did not see her! The train rushed by!

At the crossing, the post-road turned and ran parallel with the track all the way to Upton. Quick as thought, Annie now drove her heels into Dandy's ribs and tore on up the track, in a desperate race to overtake the train.

"If I can only catch up with the rear car," she told herself, "and hurl this lantern

in through one of the windows—surely then they will know enough to stop."

On, on she raced, a horse against a locomotive. And she actually overtook the train. Summoning all her strength, then, she flung the lantern at the rear car, trusting that, by

"We had to shoot your horse, Miss McSway," was the reply, the shot accounting for the boom of cannon

"He was all tore to pieces and in terrible pain," continued the man who bent over Annie. "He seemed winded, beyond recovery.

THE ENGINEER DID NOT SEE HER! THE TRAIN RUSHED BY!

sheer good luck, it would crash through one of the windows.

As she hurled the lantern, however, Dandy swerved and dashed pell-mell into a barbed-wire fence, sending Annie flying into a freshly plowed field. She lay there very still.

She thought she heard the boom of a cannon, and it awoke her. Men stood over and around her, and she heard one of them say:

"It's all over. He's dead."

"Who's killed?" were Annie's first words.

That's the way with thoroughbreds They'll run till they drop, never to rise again."

"Dandy dead!" gasped Annie. "My poor father! He was responsible for that horse, and the owner may make us a deal of trouble."

She remembered the reason for her ride, and now she quickly explained the situation to the men around her.

"We thought something was wrong," said the conductor, "or you wouldn't have tossed your lantern into the car. Hey, there!" turn-

ing to a trainman, "you take a lantern forward. We'll back down to Bonnieville, and then resume the run and pick you up after we've let the special pass."

Annie, suffering nothing worse from her fall than a badly bruised body, walked to the train, which was backed to Bonnieville station.

"I WANT TO MARRY THE GIRL THAT SENT ME THIS DRAFT FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS."

"What do you suppose happened to Con Wells that he didn't flag us?" asked the conductor of Annie on the way back.

"I suppose he fell asleep," replied Annie. "Poor Con! Do you suppose they will discharge him for this? We want to marry next month, but if they discharge him—well, I don't know what we'll do. And poor Dandy! What will my father say? Will he have to pay for that horse, do you think?"

She explained how the thoroughbred had been entrusted to her father for pasturing and exercise.

"It'll be all right, little girl; don't worry," said the conductor comfortingly.

At Bonnieville station the engineer backed the train on to the siding, while the conductor and Annie rushed breathlessly into the station—only to find that Conrad Wells was not there.

"Where can he possibly be?" asked Annie, so deeply distressed that she could speak hardly above a whisper.

She felt that Con had run away.

While they searched in vain for the missing operator, the special thundered by—none on board knowing that the train had been in dire peril.

Annie pleaded with the conductor to permit her to take Con's place till he should return.

"Perhaps he chased after the train," she said, "and is somewhere up the track now, on his way back."

Anyhow, she held the conviction that Con Wells had flown for all time from that region. Some such thought seemed also to be in the conductor's mind, for he said:

"Let's think a minute, little girl. An operator, worn out by a watch of thirty-six hours, falls asleep just because he can't keep awake. Possibly he had been asleep only one little minute when my train, which he should have flagged, rolled by and woke him up. Too late, however, to flag us. Well, Con was an imaginative customer. He sees the two trains come together.

"He beholds fearful slaughter. He feels that he is disgraced in the eyes of the railroad company. He is ashamed to face you, the girl he is engaged to marry. Above all, he hears the victims of the disaster crying out their reproaches between their groans of agony. Maddened by these thoughts and visions, his nerve gone and his mind unbalanced by what he has done, he rushes out into the night, raving, not knowing where he is going or what he is doing. That is how I account for Con's absence. But he will turn up to-morrow," the conductor added consolingly, "and if he is discharged, Annie, you stick to him."

"Of course I will," she answered. "And now—I'll take his place to-night and stay here till the relief comes in the morning. I understand all the duties of an operator."

The upshot of the matter was that the train pulled out for Louisville, leaving Annie McSway in charge at the Bonnieville station, where she remained on duty till morning.

Then she trudged homeward, tears welling from her eyes on the way. Con Wells, her sweetheart, had not appeared.

Her father, after hearing the story, tried to show Annie that he was not worrying over the death of Dandy. Annie, however, fully understood how deeply anxious he was about that horse, and, silently, she grieved with him.

Two days later, two letters were handed to Farmer McSway at the Bonnieville post-office. One was for himself—and it contained a bill for one thousand dollars from the Louisville owner of the thoroughbred, with a curt note saying that McSway had "permitted the animal to be ridden recklessly to death."

The other letter was for Annie—an offer from the railroad company to employ her as successor to Conrad Wells, as operator on the day watch at Bonnieville.

During the two days since her wild ride, Annie had not heard a word from Con, nor had any one else. He had disappeared, as if swallowed up by the earth. Furthermore, Conrad Wells was never heard from thereafter by any one in Bonnieville.

Annie accepted the proffered position with the determination to save part of her salary every month to pay for the horse.

Weeks passed. Not another line was received by Mr. McSway from the owner of the horse, yet the old man grieved over the matter more and more each day. He wrote to the owner, pleading that he be released from responsibility for the death of the horse, saying that "it was a great ride for a great purpose," and that a rich man should not seek damages from a poor man, "considering the circumstances under which the horse met its end."

No answer came from Louisville Annie's father grieved till he died.

"A broken heart," Annie sobbed.

After her father's death Annie continued to run the farm, with the help of the hired man, at the same time attending to her duties as operator at the station. At length, after weary months of work, she had saved one hundred dollars, which she sent to the owner of Dandy, saying that it was the "first instalment on account," and adding that she would send further instalments of a hundred dollars as fast as she could save the money, till the horse was paid for.

The very next day the down train from Louisville brought a stranger whom Bonnieville viewed with awe He wore a wondrous expanse of colored shirt-front and a marvelous waistcoat. A huge diamond bedecked his shirt-bosom, while another adorned one of his fingers.

"I'm looking for a young woman named Miss Annie McSway," he said to the operator at the station.

"I am Miss McSway," was the answer.

"You are? Well then, look here. When does the next train pull out for Louisville?"

"At five o'clock this evening."

"Ah! It's two o'clock now. Can you be ready to go up on that train with me, Miss McSway?"

"Why, sir, what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that I want to marry the girl that sent me this draft for a hundred dollars for a dead horse o' mine. I was the owner of that horse. When I wrote your father, enclosing a bill for the animal, I didn't know the circumstances under which the horse was killed. As soon as I heard all about it, however, I let the matter drop and went off to Europe, forgetting to write to your father to tell him it was all O. K., and that Dandy was killed by a Jim-dandy girl in a mighty good cause, and to let the matter drop.

"JACK, I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS."

"Well, Miss Annie, here I am. They tell me your father died of a broken heart because he could not pay for that horse. I'm here to make reparation to his daughter to the farthest extent a man can go. I want you to marry me. A girl like you, that saves a hundred dollars out of a picayune salary to pay what she supposes to be her father's debt, is a girl who'll make a good enough wife for me. Are you game, Miss Annie?"

Annie said she couldn't even entertain such a proposition—and the man with the loud clothes went away with a smile that showed that he wasn't to be defeated easily in anything he undertook.

To Bonnieville he returned once a week, for weeks and weeks, always to put the same question to Annie. He sent a whole string of horses to be boarded at her farm, and paid fancy prices for their keep, so that Annie soon found that the income from her four-footed boarders amounted to about ten times the amount of her salary.

"But then," she argued, "he may take the horses away some time, and then where'll I be?"

So she clung to her job as operator at the Bonnieville station, despite the income for the care of the horses.

"By ginger! you've got the grit of a *man*," cried the turfman from Louisville one day on arrival at Bonnieville. It was then four months after he had made Annie his first proposal of marriage.

"I want to tell you, Annie," he said, "that this siege is on for keeps—and I never give up."

He never did give up. He discarded his noisy clothes and arrived one day in Bonnieville in refined apparel.

Annie smiled as he approached.

That day the village parson performed a marriage ceremony, after which Annie, the bride, went up to Louisville, with her bridegroom, to live in a big house and enjoy the happiness she had earned.

This tale was related by a gray-haired Scotchman, while he fished in Mississippi Sound, at Pass Christian, Mississippi, from the end of a pier. He is a retired railroader, well-to-do in worldly goods. I sat beside him as he told the story—and he didn't get a single nibble. That didn't bother him, however, for during his recital he seemed to have forgotten all about the business of fishing.

"Sweet Annie McSway!" he exclaimed, after finishing the tale. "Ut was a bonnie lass of Bonnieville, she was."

"Oh! Then you knew her yourself—personally?" I said.

"Aye! And her poor father, too. And a braw mon he were, lad. Don't ee see, lad, 't was I that was the new mon up from Nashville that relieved sweet Annie McSway that marnin' after her greet ride. And 't was I, lad, that relieved her every nicht at the end of her work o' the dee."

"No wonder you know the details of her story so well," I said.

My meeting with this interesting Scotchman was purely accidental, and the manner of it was this:

On February 8, last, in a Pullman of a Louisville and Nashville train, on the run from Mobile to New Orleans, a traveling salesman handed me a card on which was printed this warning:

VOID NEW ORLEANS, FEB. 7-9.

The drummer explained that the warning was given to traveling men at the time of the Mardi Gras in the Crescent City, because hotel accommodations were practically impossible unless one had engaged rooms ahead, and also because business could not be transacted with expedition while the crowd remained in the city. To "avoid New Orleans," the date being February 8, I left the train at Pass Christian to remain there overnight.

In that tourist resort, I thought, there would be a dearth of railroad stories. Nevertheless, I went down to the station to look and listen for any possible grist for my mill.

A train from New Orleans pulled in. In the cab was an engineer whom I had met, two years before, while staying at Biloxi—Engineer François, who had the run between New Orleans and Mobile.

"Hallo!" he cried, remembering me. "Here! let me show you a shaving from one of the biggest wads in the country."

He displayed a crisp, new five-dollar bill. "A lady from New York handed me that, in an envelope, when I pulled her into New Orleans this morning," said François. "At the

same time she gave my fireman three dollars, and the conductor and trainmen got something, too At every change-crew place all the way down from New York, she sent out tips from her private car just like these. The lady was Mrs. Russell Sage. She's here for Mardi Gras."

Just then François received the signal to pull out. "Go talk to Old Man Rutherford," he shouted, as he opened the throttle. "There he is—down there by the station—cussing about something. He came down with us from New Orleans to fish. So-long!"

In front of the station, the man whom François had called "Old Man Rutherford" was venting his indignation thus:

"Ut's feelin' sick I am. Ut will not be good for that mon if iver I catch 'im wi' that feeshin'-rod."

And he swore some more.

"Thought you were a good Presbyterian, Mr. Rutherford," said one of the station-men.

"Aye, mon. So I be. But, don't ye see, I don't gie a saxpence aboot the kirk ween I'm mad like noo."

And he tore off toward the town, swearing some more in his excitement.

"He's Old Man Rutherford," said the station-man. "And he's a regular bang-goes-saxpence Highlander. He's an old railroader from Kentucky. He began as an operator, became a conductor, and retired some years ago. Lives in New Orleans, and comes over here once a week to fish. On the trip over here just now some one stole his fishing-tackle, and that's what he's so mad about. But he will buy a new rod and will fish, just the same. You'd better get next to him—he's chock-full of railroad stories."

The next morning I found Mr. Rutherford at the end of the pier. I introduced myself, and after a while he said:

"Hast iver heard, lad, of sweet Annie McSway, the bonniest lass of Bonnieville, Kentucky? 'Tis a sad tale mostly, but if 'tis stories of the railroad you're feeshin' for, 'tis of sweet Annie McSway that I'm thankin' I must tell ye aboot."

Forthwith he spun the yarn, in his own dialect, the most important facts in which I have repeated here.

A girl with wondrous hair, and exceeding efficient as a news-agent, stood behind her phalanx of magazines at the news-stand in the Union Station, New Orleans, and bestowed upon me a generous smile, as I picked up a copy of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for March, 1910, and dropped a dime into her self-supporting palm.

"I know you," she said. "Your picture is in there," pointing to the red-covered magazine. "Go over to the Grunewald Hotel," she added, after having asked me a million questions about the Great White Way. "There's a stack of two hundred sawbones over there from the Eye-See and the Yazoo. They just came in this morning."

I went to the Grunewald and made the acquaintance of some of the "sawbones." They were members of the Joint Association of Surgeons of the Illinois Central, the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley and the Indiana Southern railways.

They had just come from a smoker given them by the New Orleans officials of the Eye-See, and they told me of how they had presented a big mahogany hall-clock to their secretary, Dr. Charles Fry, who had been sawing bones for the Eye-See for three and thirty years, and was altogether the "greatest-ever" railroad surgeon.

One of the Eye-See doctors then went with me to a quiet corner of the lobby under the balcony where the orchestra played, and related this story of an Eye-See engineer.

Will Bledsoe, with a run out of Memphis, Tennessee, to Paducah, Kentucky, was such a marvel of physical perfection that the Eye-See boys at Memphis called him "The Health Trust."

"I reckon," said Bledsoe's fireman, Jack Manting, "that your brotherhood never will have to pay you an allowance for sickness. It would seem to me that you're too blamed healthy, Bledsoe."

"I've been railroadin' for twenty-one years," replied Bledsoe, "and I've been a member of the B. L. E. for ten years. I've never had to accept a cent of disability money."

Whereupon Bledsoe jumped up into his cab, and pulled out for Paducah. That night, when he returned to Memphis and looked after his engine, he said to Manting:

"Jack, I can't move my legs. I've known it ever since we struck the yard limits, and I thought it was only because my feet were asleep. But it's something more than that, Jack. Look'"

Bledsoe made a painful effort to step across the cab, but his legs wabbled woefully. The fireman had to lift Bledsoe from the cab, after which a number of roundhouse men carried him to the Eye-See hospital, where a doctor examined him.

"Bledsoe," said the doctor, "you're the last man one would expect to find with this disease. There's no apparent cause for it. You're not a drinker."

"But what *is* the matter with me, doctor?" asked Bledsoe.

"Locomotor ataxia."

"You mean locomotive ataxia. Well, what am I in for?"

"You've got one hope of getting mended so you can walk same as ever. That's from treatment by some osteopath."

For weeks after that, every Sunday, the Eye-See boys called at the hospital to see Engineer Bledsoe, who had always been a mighty popular man.

"I've got locomotive ataxia, boys," he would tell them. "You fellers that work on locomotives had better look out, or you'll get it too."

"But what do we have to do to keep away from this here locomotive ataxia?" his friends would ask.

"Well, you see, boys, you mustn't keep your legs too still when you're ridin' in your cabs. You must keep your legs wigglin' most of the time. If you do that, you won't get locomotive ataxia like I've got."

For weeks after that, firemen noticed that the men at the throttles, out of Memphis, kept their feet wiggling—on the sly, when they thought their firemen weren't looking.

Time passed, Bledsoe disappeared from Memphis, and Eye-See men wondered what had become of him. One day an engineer, who had been taking a holiday and improving it by traveling through Missouri, returned and said:

"I've found Will Bledsoe, boys. Found him at Kirksville, Missouri, on the Wabash. He's got a store there, the dinkiest little place in mercantile history.

"I put in part of my vacation," he continued, "taking a treatment at a sanatorium at Kirksville. There was an osteopathic college run in connection with the sanatorium, and, on the first day of my arrival, what do I see, opposite that college, but a little shop with a big sign on top of it, readin': 'Will Bledsoe.'

"'Wonder if that's our Will Bledsoe that got the locomotive ataxia?' I asked myself. And then I went over to the store to take a look. Painted on the side of the shop were these announcements: 'Dealer in Medical Text Books, Candies and Cigars, also Soft Drinks, and Stationery Sandwiches.'

"Well, boys, I took special note of the 'stationery sandwiches'—and in just a minute I'll tell you what happened to that sign.

"I entered the shop. No one was there. I waited. In a moment in walks a young chap, who weighs himself out a pound of candy, wraps it up, puts some money on the counter and walks out.

"Pretty soon another young chap comes in, helps himself to six cigars, lays a quarter on the counter, and takes his leave.

"Next comes a kid with a bundle under his arm. He opens it, takes out a string of sausages, lights an oil-stove over in the corner, cooks the sausage and puts them back in the paper. Then he slices off a lot of cold ham, cuts up half a loaf of bread, and makes the tow ingredients into sandwiches. After which he puts some coin on the counter and starts to walk out.

"Then I says:

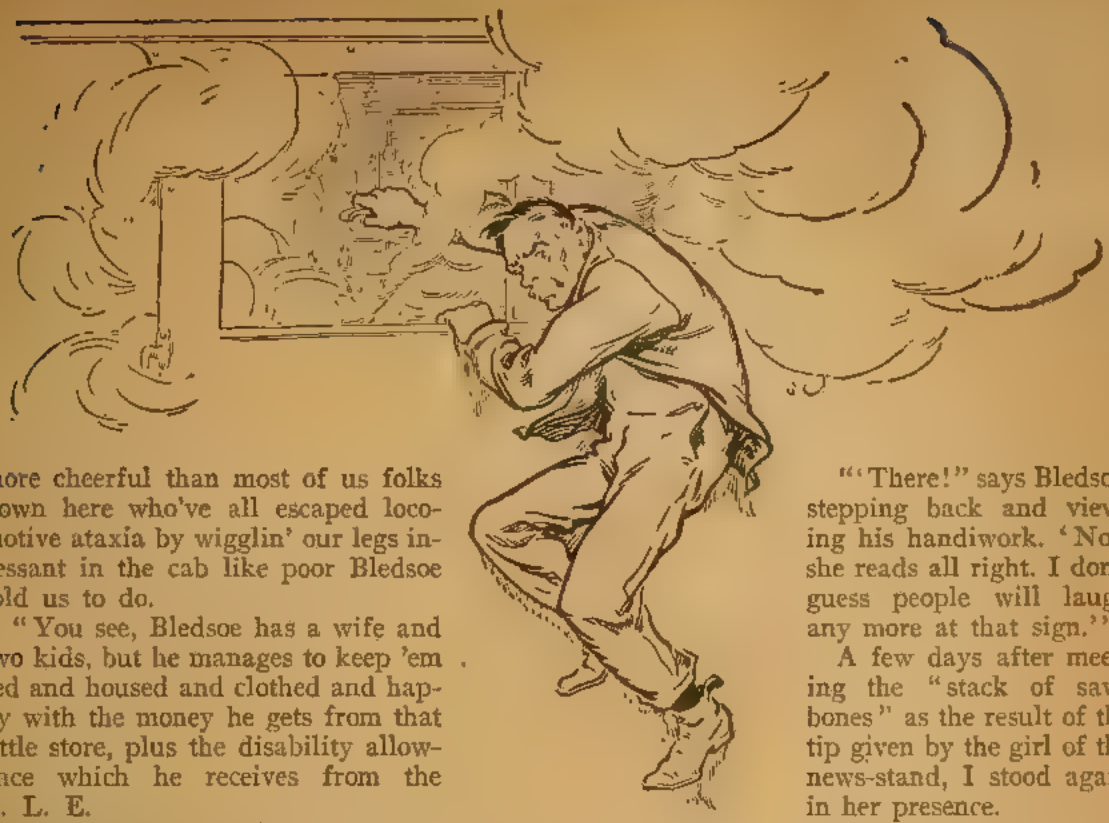
"'What-all kind of a place is this here shop, anyway?'

"'It's Bledsoe's,' the kid answered. 'He can't walk much, and he's here in the shop only part of the day—because he's got locomotor ataxia. This is the littlest shop in Missouri, but it's got more clerks than the biggest department-store over in St. Louis. This shop's got at least six or seven hundred clerks.'

"'Now, whatever do you mean?' I asks.

"'I mean,' he replies, 'that we students in the osteopathic college and the patients in the osteopathic sanatorium recognize the helplessness of Will Bledsoe, who supports his family by running this shop. So we come in here and help ourselves to anything we want, and leave the money. You see, Bledsoe is taking the treatment at the hospital, and that keeps him absent from the store.'

"Well, now, boys," went on the engineer, "when I hears all that, the tears come mighty near the surface, and I asks where Bledsoe lives. Then I goes down street till I finds his house. Yes, there was Bledsoe, with all his locomotive ataxia still in his legs, so that he could only drag 'em along behind him like they was two balls and chains he was haulin'. And cheerful? Say, he was



"SEAB PUT HIS WELL-BOILED ARM INTO THE STEAM."

more cheerful than most of us folks down here who've all escaped locomotive ataxia by wigglin' our legs incessant in the cab like poor Bledsoe told us to do.

"You see, Bledsoe has a wife and two kids, but he manages to keep 'em fed and housed and clothed and happy with the money he gets from that little store, plus the disability allowance which he receives from the B. L. E.

"Now, what I say, boys, is that Will Bledsoe is a true hero of great fortitude and courage, and I vote that we goes right down-town and mail Bledsoe a lot of post-cards with our sentiments written onto them."

"I know what I'll say on mine," said one of the Eye-See engineers. "I'm going to write on mine: 'Dear Will: What's a stationery sandwich?'"

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler who had discovered Bledsoe at Kirksville.

"Didn't you say his sign on the side of his store read: 'Stationery Sandwiches?'"

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you about that. I told Bledsoe about it, and he laughed in guffaws that could be heard clean down the street to the osteopathic college. He hobbles down to the shop with him then, and as soon as he goes there he takes a paint-brush and hobbles outside and begins work on that sign, saying:

"'I never noticed before that this here sign reads incorrectly. I see now what's the matter with it. It is ridiculous the way it is, isn't it? The darned things is spelled wrong. It should read this-a-way.'

"And Bledsoe daubs out the 'e' in stationery and puts the letter 'a' over the daub, so that the sign then read:

"'Stationary sandwiches.'

"'There!' says Bledsoe, stepping back and viewing his handiwork. 'Now she reads all right. I don't guess people will laugh any more at that sign.'"

A few days after meeting the "stack of sawbones" as the result of the tip given by the girl of the news-stand, I stood again in her presence.

"Seen the crowd?" she asked. "No? Then, go out to the end of the train-shed, and you'll see the whole population of New Orleans. Some's in autos, some's in carriages, some's afoot, some's on mules, some's colored, some's white, and some's—"

"What's doing?" I interrupted.

The Stork Train.

"They're waiting for the 'Stork Train.'"

"Stork Train?"

"Yep. Stork Train. An Eye-See train's coming in with a special car full of babies from New York consigned to New Orleans folks that haven't any babies of their own, and are going to adopt the car-load."

A half-hour later I stood in the midst of a cheering crowd of men and women at the outer end of the train-shed as the Stork Train pulled in with its car-load of babies. There were about sixty babies in that car, aged from eighteen months to three years, all from the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum. People in New York didn't seem to want babies, while all New Orleans seemed to want babies mighty bad.

"Number forty-four!" shouted Joe Butler, the asylum man in charge of the car, as he took a red-haired youngster from the arms

of one of the trained nurses. "Who's got the ticket for number forty-four?"

"Here!" came the answer. A middle-aged man, with a countenance that gossiped of extreme embarrassment, got out of an automobile, came forward and took possession of number forty-four.

"Number eleven!" shouted Joe Butler, taking a black-haired two-year-old from a nurse's arm. "Who's here for number eleven?"

"Me!" yelled a young woman from a place in the densest section of the crowd.

"Give that woman a chance to come forward," shouted Joe Butler.

"Ain't it cute!" fairly shrieked a Creole lady, as the young woman received the little one and nearly suffocated it with a series of foster-mother kisses.

Just then a man at my elbow said: "Hallo, Gil."

I turned. "Why, hallo, Gil," I responded.

It was Mr. Gilbert, a traveling Pullman inspector whom I had met two years before on the Florida East Coast Railway. We talked of babies, of course, since babies were now crying all around us, in the midst of engine-bells and whistles and escaping steam and the yells of the crowd every time Joe Butler appeared on the car-platform with a new kid.

"Yes," said Mr. Gilbert, "babies and children play their part in railroading. I was on an Illinois Central train, out of Springfield, Illinois, back in September, 1908, when we ran into an open switch at Divernon.

"The engineer of that train was Alf Shell. The fireman, Ed Taylor. In the Pullman in which I was riding was Ethel Barrymore, the actress. As the train rounded a curve, Miss Barrymore, sitting by the window, suddenly cried in horror:

"'There's a child on the track!'

"She jumped up, terribly excited. She could not see up the track now, the curve having given her only the one swift glimpse in which she had seen the child. She seemed to be holding her breath now, expectantly.

"Meantime, Alf Shell had tooted his whistle frantically—and now, next instant, both Miss Barrymore and I saw the child, a little girl, walk through a gate into a yard beside the track.

"But just then came a fearful crash—and the next thing I knew I was thrown violently to the floor, while Miss Barrymore was hurled against the opposite seat.

"For a second, all was still. Then came wild, frenzied shouts. Passengers were climbing out of the windows. Others were praying. Some were laughing hysterically. Miss Barrymore sat perfectly still and calm, but with a look of horror in her face.

"'I wonder how many graves were filled just then?' she said.

"'Come out and see,' I replied.

"I tried to get out by the door. It was jammed. I dropped out of a window, and, while the porter assisted Miss Barrymore from the inside, I helped her through the window from the outside. I left her standing there and hurried forward to see 'how many graves had been filled.'

"I found that the train had run into an open switch, and that Engineer Alf Shell and Fireman Ed Taylor had jumped just after blowing the whistle so frantically to warn the child on the track. Both the enginemen were injured, but that seemed to be the total of casualties.

"The engine had plunged into a ditch and was reduced to scrap.

"'No one's hurt except the engineer and fireman,' said the conductor.

"Just then I heard an agonized scream. It came from the yard into which Miss Barrymore and I had seen the little girl walk after stepping from in front of the train. I can see Miss Barrymore standing in that yard now, with her hands to her face, her whole attitude one of horror and pity. That scream—no, it was not the actress who had screamed. It was unmistakably the scream of a mother. Only a mother could give such an agonized cry as we had heard.

"With the conductor, I rushed into the yard. The little girl lay there—dead.

"'Her name was Bettie McGuire?' said Miss Barrymore, wiping away her tears. 'I gathered that from what the stricken mother said before she began raving like you hear her now.'

"The mother, on her knees beside the dead child, seemed to have gone suddenly mad. With her arms uplifted, she cried over and over:

"'God have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep thy law!'

"While the crazed mother continued reiterating this prayer, the injured engineer was carried into the yard and laid on the ground beside the lifeless child.

"'I'm so glad I didn't hit her,' he said, not comprehending that the child was dead. 'Thank Heaven, I saved the kid.'

"Just then men carrying Fireman Taylor entered the yard. Taylor heard what the en-

gineer said, and noticing that the child was not alive, as the engineer supposed, put his finger on his lips and cried: 'No!' just as one of the men was about to tell the engineer the truth. The fireman then beckoned to us to come nearer to him and he whispered:

"'Don't tell Shell about the kid—or he'll never recover from this. He is mighty fond of kids. Don't tell him the truth?'

"Before Fireman Taylor finished his warning, Ethel Barrymore knelt over the injured engineer, Shell, and I heard her saying to him:

"'Yes, yes! The little girl is all right. You saved her. She's perfectly happy now.'"

Here Inspector Gilbert, of the Pullman Company, stopped short. I could see that he couldn't say more.

"Number thirty-five!" cried Joe Butler from the rear platform of the Stork Train, as a trained nurse put another child into his arms. "Who's here for number thirty five?"

As a happy-faced man and woman came forward to claim number thirty five, I turned again to Inspector Gilbert, and said:

"But what killed little Betty McGuire? Surely she was not hit by the train, for you and Miss Barrymore both saw her toddle into the yard."

"She was killed," he replied, "by flying fragments of Alf Shell's demolished engine when it plunged into the ditch."

"Number fifty-nine!" shouted Joe Butler, holding up one more little one. The crowd flung laughter up to the roof of the train-shed, and Pullman Inspector Gilbert, standing beside me, cried:

"Hanged if it ain't a piccaninny!"

The Jo-Jah Lad Who Stayed.

Seab Davis, Georgia Railroad engineer, with a run between Atlanta and Augusta, came home with his hands skinned down to raw beef, his face boiled to a lobster-red, and with the hair of his head singed down to a shortness that made him look as if he had been the victim of an Apache buck.

"THEY HAD STEPPED INTO A WASHOUT THREE FEET DEEP."

A Southern Railroad man, at New Orleans, told me the story.

"Just before Seab pulled into Clarkson, Jo-Jah, on his run that day, suh, he suddenly became fully aware that something had happened to his engine. He saw his fireman land in a heap on the tender, heard a ripping and banging all around him; saw the cab getting knocked to smithereens, and then—the steam-gage and steam pipes let loose and Seab found himself in the midst of scalding steam worse'n any Russian bath attendant ever unloaded on a fat man.

"Drivin'-rod broke? You hit it right, suh. And when a drivin'-rod breaks in one of these modern engines, the men in the cab should be good and ready for the next world.

"Well, suh, what did my Jo-Jah engineer friend do? Did he jump for his life and let the train wreck itself to suit itself? No, suh. Seab Davis stayed. With his face and hands scalded, he crawled out of the window and hung onto the outside of the cab till the escaping steam had abated. He didn't wait long, however, for a smash was due at any second. So, with the cab filled with scalding steam and while the broken rod was pounding away, Seab put his already well-boiled arm into the steam again, found the air-brake, jammed on the air and stopped the train.

"That, suh, is how a Jo-Jah engineer averted a wreck and saved the lives of many passengers."

The Sixth Sense.

"The sixth sense," said a Louisville and Nashville man, at the L. and N. station in New Orleans, "is what makes a good engineer. Unless he possesses it, he'll be having accidents all the time and his engine will frequently need the shop. I'll bet no engineer can define that sixth sense in words. We who possess it simply know that we can feel the track and road-bed under us, that we can hear, see, and feel things about the machinery—things of which the fireman may have no knowledge. I'm going to show you how one of our engineers, Charlie Wilson, who pulls the Washington-New Orleans Limited between Montgomery and Mobile, proved the possession of his sixth sense.

"One night in March, 1908, Charlie Wilson was pulling his all-Pullman train down to Mobile. As the train rushed along, he said to his fireman:

"'Did you feel something just then?—as if we had dipped in and out of a hole?'

"'Hole nothing,' exclaimed the fireman. 'What do you think this road-bed is? a sieve? a broiling-iron?'

"Wilson kept perfectly quiet after that as mile after mile was run off, but all the time he was exercising his sixth sense. He didn't look or listen or smell or taste or touch, but he just let his body be a part of his machine. Twice again he was conscious that the engine seemed to dip in and out of a hole, the last one so deep, as it were, that he put on the emergency and stopped.

"'What's wrong?' asked the fireman.

"'There's something wrong with this road-bed—I don't know just what,' replied Wilson, as he lighted a torch, climbed down from the cab and walked slowly up the track.

"Up came the conductor, wanting to know why Wilson had stopped the crack train on the line in the middle of nowhere and for no apparent reason.

"'I don't know why I stopped,' said Wilson. 'But I'm not going on till I've examined this track for a mile ahead.'

"'You're crazy, Wilson,' said the conductor, as he walked beside the engineer.

"'Sure he's crazy,' concurred the fireman, who was accompanying them on the trip of inspection.

"They had proceeded perhaps five hundred yards when—splash! They had stepped into a washout three feet deep and fifty feet long.

"'Well, am I crazy?' asked Wilson.

"'No! You're a he witch,' replied the conductor. 'How'd you know of this?'

"'Sixth sense,' said Wilson.

"'What's that?" the fireman asked.

"'Ask the psychologists,' replied Wilson. 'I've got it and they haven't, yet they can tell you what it is, while I can't.'

"Wilson backed the train to a siding and reported the damage to the track—then waited till the wreckers came up from Mobile and bridged the washout.

"Meantime, the passengers slept on, knowing nothing of the cause of the delay till morning came and the train resumed its run. Arriving at Mobile, a committee of passengers called the engineer down from his cab.

"'Mr. Wilson,' said a Bernstein, the spokesman, 'in behalf of the passengers on this train, I want to thank you for what you did last night. Your judgment and coolness undoubtedly saved the train from a terrible disaster. But for your—I don't know exactly what you call it—we would have run into that washout and many of us might now be dead or injured. Also, on behalf of the passengers, I wish to tender you this purse as a token of our appreciation.'

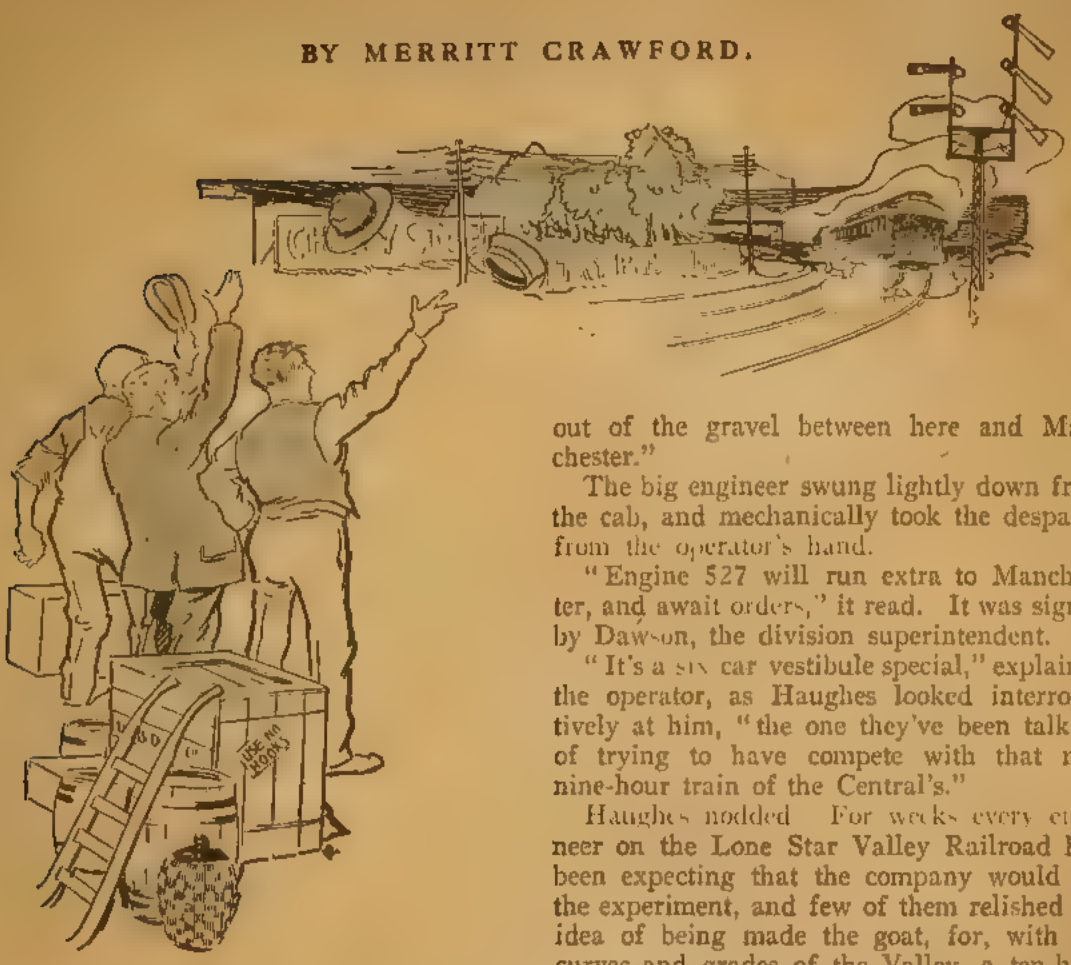
"Wilson accepted the purse and made a simple reply that he had only done his duty.

"When he got to the roundhouse and opened the purse, he whistled in astonishment and then smiled. Turning to a group of engineers, he said:

"'If any of you fellows own a sixth sense, just you use it to the limit on every run. Take it from me—there's money in it. Last night the proceeds of my sixth sense netted me a sum equal to two months' pay!'"

75 MILES IN 28 MINUTES.

BY MERRITT CRAWFORD.



THE seven-ten local from Sayre had pulled into the station at Geneva, and "Big Jim" Haughes, the engineer, was leaning out of the cab, waiting for the passengers to alight before taking her to the yard. It was the end of the run, and the prospect of a hot, appetizing meal to a tired, hungry man, after a hard day at the throttle, is alluring.

Haughes glanced back impatiently as the crowd began to thin out on the platform, but did not get the signal to pull the local to the siding. Then he saw that the conductor was talking with the operator, who had just come out of his office, and, as he looked, both turned and came toward him. The latter had a despatch in his hand. He held it out toward "Big Jim."

"I guess you don't get a hot supper to-night, Jim," said the operator, grinning, as they neared him, "unless you can pick it out of the gravel between here and Manchester."

The big engineer swung lightly down from the cab, and mechanically took the despatch from the operator's hand.

"Engine 527 will run extra to Manchester, and await orders," it read. It was signed by Dawson, the division superintendent.

"It's a six car vestibule special," explained the operator, as Haughes looked interrogatively at him, "the one they've been talking of trying to have compete with that new nine-hour train of the Central's."

Haughes nodded. For weeks every engineer on the Lone Star Valley Railroad had been expecting that the company would try the experiment, and few of them relished the idea of being made the goat, for, with the curves and grades of the Valley, a ten-hour schedule between Buffalo and New York, much less one of nine hours, seemed an impossibility.

"I wish Dawson had picked some other man than me for the job," said Haughes, as he climbed back on the foot-board, taking advantage of the engineer's time-honored privilege to grumble at the thought of a lost supper. "There's nothing but a call-down in it for any one, if you can't make the schedule, and explanations to make if you take chances. I'd rather let some one else have the glory."

The others smiled. Jim Haughes was known from end to end of the system as one of the most daring engineers in the road's employ. Both the conductor and the operator knew that he would have been the most disappointed man on the Seneca Division if the super had assigned the run to some one else. While he might be outwardly fretted, "Big Jim" exulted.

"Well, good luck to you, Jim," said the

conductor, who had not yet spoken, after a pause. "If old 527 can't bring that special through on time, there isn't another engine, between here and Buffalo, that can." He glanced sharply down the empty platform, and gave the signal to "go ahead."

Five minutes later, having switched the local to its accustomed siding, 527 was eating up the miles to Manchester. At Manchester, Haughes, and Stebbins, his fireman, had hardly got 527 off the turntable before Dawson, the division chief, came up.

"Rochester wires that the special left there eighteen minutes late," he said, "so she'll probably lose four or five minutes more on the grade between here and Mendon. How much of that do you think you can make up, Haughes?"

"Big Jim" set down the oil-can he had been using, and looked critically over his engine before replying. After his grooming, 527 sputtered and gurgled skittishly, as though impatient to be off.

"I'm not promising anything, Mr. Dawson," he said slowly, after a moment's thought; "but, if we don't lose too much time between here and Geneva, we'll make up some of it all right. Only give me a clear track from Burdett on."

"The special has the right-of-way over everything," said Dawson, casting a satisfied eye over 527's shining brasses; "so it's up to you to make up what you can."

With another nod he turned and went back toward the telegraph-office. Haughes shrugged his shoulders as he gazed after him.

"As usual, Harry," he repeated, somewhat cynically, to the fireman, "it's up to us."

Stebbins grunted his concurrence in the opinion. He did not believe in wasting words, and just then he was busying himself with a final examination of 527's intricate anatomy.

"She's O. K., Jim," he said, a moment later, as he crawled from beneath the engine, "and ready for the ninety miles to Sayre."

Haughes held up his hand with a warning gesture.

"There's the special blowing at the crossing three miles this side of Farmington," he said, after listening a moment; "she'll be here directly."

True to Dawson's prediction, the special had lost more time before its arrival at the end of the division; and when Haughes and the 527 pulled out of Manchester, there were exactly twenty-three minutes to make up.

It was a short run of fifteen miles to Geneva, their only stop, but it was a sharp upgrade all the way. Haughes knew that, unless 527 could hold her own for the distance, it would be difficult to make up much of the time the engineer of the Buffalo Division had lost.

From Geneva to Burdett is a distance of thirty-five miles, with a steady, gradual rise of approximately forty-two feet to the mile; but if 527 was steaming well as they pulled out of Geneva, "Big Jim" had few fears for this part of the run.

After Burdett, it was down-grade for the thirty-nine miles to Sayre, the other end of the division—a straight track with a single bad curve. It was on this stretch that Haughes counted to make up most of his time.

Seven minutes after leaving Manchester they passed through Clifton Springs with a roar that wakened the echoes of that peaceful watering-place.

A glance at his watch told Haughes that his engine had made the five and a quarter miles in schedule time, while the indicator showed that she still had plenty of pressure in reserve. He was saving it, for he knew that the next ten miles would be the hardest of the run.

Up and up they climbed with undiminished speed, as notch by notch "Big Jim" coaxed his engine, shrieking and protesting like a living thing, to the limit of her powers. Behind the fire-box Stebbins toiled, with the light glowing ruddily upon his sweat and grime streaked face. More an automaton than a man he seemed, as with swift, certain movements he fed the fuel that gave 527 her life and power.

Through Phelps and Oaks Corners they sped, while the station operators, timing their passing, cheered them on wildly. As they entered the yards at Geneva, Haughes again looked at his watch, and almost as he did so brought the special to a stop before the station. They had gained one minute.

But here a delay was encountered. A large funeral-party waited on the platform to board the special, and a hasty glance at the gage showed that 527 must have water before another twenty miles, or they would be in difficulties. There was no alternative. It was directly against orders for any train to tank up at Geneva, and it meant a thirty-day "lay-off" for any engineer or fireman to violate this rule.

Haughes and Stebbins were out to make up time. A stop for a plug at any station

beyond meant further loss, and Haughes did not mean to stop this side of Sayre.

"I guess we'll have to chance it, Harry," he said to Stebbins. "Maybe we'll need a month's vacation after this trip, anyway. At least, we'll give those mourners"—he indicated the funeral cortège, then slowly boarding the train — "enough excitement in the next seventy-five miles to make 'em forget what they came for."

Stebbins grinned approvingly at his chief. With a twist of his hand, the cool waters gushed into the almost empty tank. An instant later Haughes pressed down the injector, and 527 fairly hissed her gratitude. Then, with two preparatory snorts, when the conductor gave the "Go ahead" signal, her drivers began to revolve, and she was off again for the last and longest lap of her killing race against time.

"I WISH DAWSON HAD PICKED SOME OTHER MAN."

They had gained a minute in that record climb from Manchester; but, what with the funeral-party and the necessary tanking up, this minute had been lost, and five others besides. As they cleared the platform, Haughes saw that the special was twenty eight minutes behind the schedule. It was now or never.

The 527 was steaming well, but obviously not yet doing her best. As they passed through Varick, seven miles out of Geneva, not a second had been chipped off their handicap. Haughes called to Stebbins, and a moment later, with a shower of glowing sparks spouting from her stack, the engine responded to his hand.

At Kendaia, the next station, they had gained forty seconds; at Gilbert, two minutes; and at Hector, four stations beyond, the special had just twenty-three minutes to make up — exactly where they had started from Manchester.

Five miles beyond lay Burdett, and from this point it would be easy running. In the next forty-four miles twenty-three minutes must be gained, if human skill and daring could accomplish it.

With a rush, her flying wheels driving a cloud of dust skyward, the special thundered through Burdett, with three minutes clipped off the twenty-three that had burdened her at Hector. Haughes saw a little knot of men, on the platform under the station lantern, toss their caps into the air as he approached.

After that, Haughes saw nothing but two shining rails that glimmered and vanished into the inky blackness far ahead. He dared not look aside.

Trees and telegraph-poles, rocks, fences, and hedges, houses with their gleaming windows, and white, twinkling mile-posts, all merged into one indistinguishable blur.

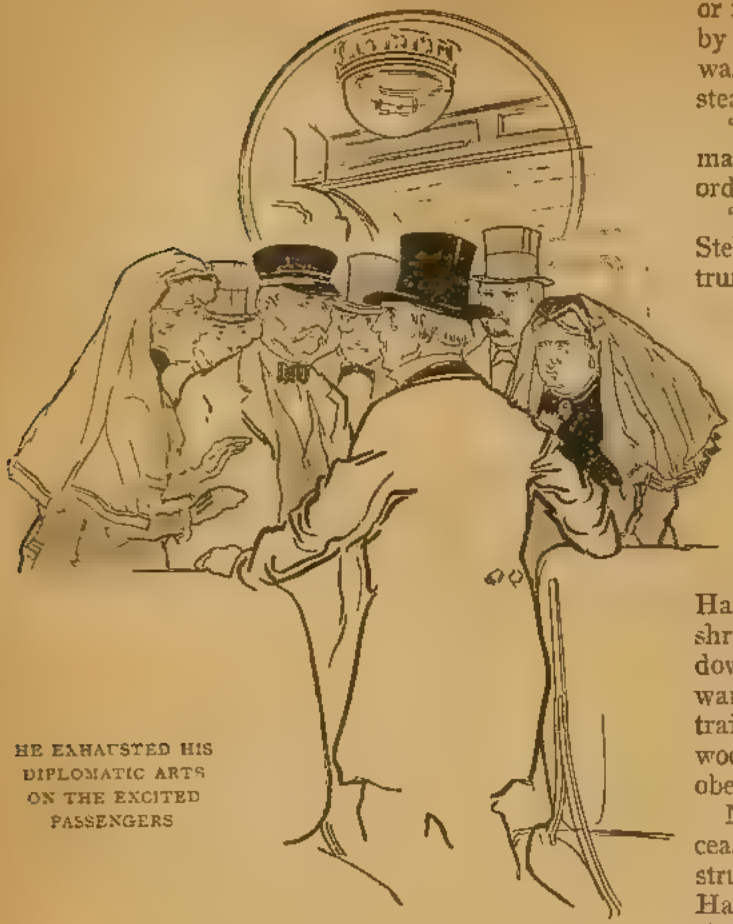
In the coaches behind, sleep was impossible. The funeral-party and the other passengers sat silent, or talked excitedly together, a prey to nervous apprehension.

A hundred anxious queries had been hurled at the conductor until, at last, he had sought refuge in flight.

Was there any danger? Was the train running away? Had the engineer lost control of his engine, or had he suddenly dropped dead, as they had heard engineers sometimes did? What possible excuse was there for such excessive speed? It was beyond the bounds of all reason. What right had a reckless engineer to imperil their lives for the sake of a few minutes, about which nobody cared?

These and many other questions were flung at the conductor, who replied as soothingly and reassuringly as possible, but never once did his hand reach upward for the rope overhead. He knew "Big Jim" Haughes, and fancied perhaps that, even had he done so, his signal would have been ignored. When a train is late, it is for the engineer to worry, not the conductor; and "Big Jim" was out to make up time. Realizing this, and having exhausted his diplomatic arts on the excited passengers, he wisely retreated.

Up ahead in the cab, ignorant of the turmoil behind him, Haughes was making rapid mental calculations. The special was



HE EXHAUSTED HIS DIPLOMATIC ARTS ON THE EXCITED PASSENGERS

nearing Van Etten Junction, and between that point and Lockwood, the next station, lay the most dangerous curve on the entire division.

Just around it was a block and a siding, neither of which could be seen until the curve was completely cleared. Somewhere between the special and Sayre were two second-class merchandise freights — symbol trains—and the question in Haughes's mind was whether they had tried to make Sayre ahead of the special, or had been held out at the Lockwood siding.

If the former was the case, and the conductors of the freights had every reason to suppose they had plenty of time, a collision was almost inevitable. Everything rested with the tower-man. If he had not held them out before 527 had rounded the curve, the special would be upon them. Yet, if he slackened speed by the smallest fraction, they could not make Sayre on time.

In the flash of a moment Haughes made his decision.

There were thirteen miles yet to go, and but nine minutes to make them in. If the block was clear he meant to make them, but, clear or not, he would not close his throttle by a notch until he knew. The 527 was steaming as she had never steamed before.

"Big Jim" beckoned to his fireman. The roar of the engine made ordinary speech impossible.

"Harry," he shouted, close to Stebbins's ear, using his hand as a trumpet, "give me the block—coming into Lockwood—from the other side of the cab — with your — lanterns!"

Stebbins nodded and made ready. From the opposite side of the cab the semaphore could be seen an instant before they cleared the curve.

As they left Van Etten Junction, three miles from the block, Haughes opened up his whistle. It shrieked and reverberated up and down the length of the valley — a warning to the crews of the symbol trains, then hurrying into the Lockwood siding that was not to be disobeyed.

Not for an instant did the 527 cease her discordant wailing until she struck the curve. Only then did Haughes release his hold of the rope, shifting his gaze from the track ahead to the figure of his fireman opposite. The next ten or twenty seconds would tell the tale for both of them.

Although it was the smallest fraction of time, it seemed an age to the waiting engineer before Stebbins gave the signal. An instant of tense watching, and then—high above the fireman's head — flashed the red lantern. The block was up. The freights must be on the main track—dead ahead.

The cry on "Big Jim's" lips crumbled away to a whisper as instinctively his hand shot out toward his levers; but even as it did so, with a single, spasmodic movement, Stebbins jerked the red lantern downward, and swung the other savagely high against the roof of the cab.

The block had cleared.

Out of the cab of the 527 two angry faces glared at the tower-man frantically waving his green lantern, while he still sought to clear his fouled semaphore. On the siding the green tail-lights of the symbol trains twinkled an instant as their crews cheered "Big Jim" and the special racing past. They had reached the siding with hardly a minute to spare.

Again 527's whistle shrilled a warning as they neared the railroad crossing at East Waverley; and as the special shot through the two-mile-long yards at the Junction, it sent forth a wild slogan of defiance and victory. The race was over. As the train rumbled into the station at Sayre, a crowd of townspeople and railway officials waited on the platform.

"On time—to the second—with twenty-eight minutes made up between here and Varick—best run ever made over the Seneca Division," was the burden of their ejaculations.

Haughes and the 527 had won. As he and Stebbins clambered a little unsteadily from the cab, the crowd swarmed round them with congratulations. Both seemed to be dazed.

"Don't you know that you've broken all records on the division—that you made the last thirteen miles from Van Etten Junction in exactly nine minutes?" asked one of the admiring group around Haughes, at a loss to understand his silence.

"Big Jim" turned limply and wearily toward the speaker. He was thinking of the symbol trains and the fouled semaphore.

"Yes, I know it," he rejoined hoarsely; "of course I know it—but I don't care a hang about it. Let me get out of here, so I can go somewhere and lie down. I'm tired."

In the morning, however, after a night's rest, when Dawson congratulated him on the run, and informed him, moreover, that the Seneca Division alone had brought the special through on schedule, I think you will agree with me that "Big Jim" did care more about it than he had previously acknowledged. Especially when neither he nor Stebbins ever heard anything about their disregard for orders in tanking up at Geneva.

FIREMEN WHO STUDY TO SAVE COAL.

ANOTHER railroad to recognize the important part that a school for firemen plays in keeping down fuel expenses, is the Lehigh Valley.

When a man is employed as fireman, he receives a list of questions upon which he is examined at the end of his first year of service. Later he receives another series for mastery during his second year, and then, finally, a third series for his third year. He is not expected, however, to work out all the problems himself, for several aids have been established for him.

A copy of a book on fuel and steam economy is put into the hands of every fireman who enters the service of the company, and regular instruction in the operation of air-brakes is provided. The management of the company has appointed assistant road foremen, whose special duty is to give instruction in the proper and economical use of fuel. Moreover, every fireman is invited to apply to the master mechanic, general foreman, road foreman of engines, and the general air brake and fuel inspector, or to any other official, for information upon any matter in connection with his work.

When he takes the examination, which forms a part of the educational scheme, the fireman must make a high record to pass. In the first two series of questions an average of 75 per cent is required, and in the last series an average of 80 per cent. He may feel sure, though, that no catch questions will be put forward to puzzle him. They will be all thoroughly practical. Here are a few examples:

How should a fire be built up before starting? How often should fresh coal be applied to a fire? If a hole appears in a fire how should it be treated?

State as fully as you can just when the blower should be used. What is the result if the blower is left on too long?

In making station stops, should a fresh fire be put in at shutting off or at starting? In approaching long down grades how should the fire be handled?

Should an injector be left on continuously throughout a trip, or be put on and shut off at intervals? What attention should a fire receive when the injector is working? What is a safety-valve? How does a safety-valve operate?

When and how often should the grates be shaken? Does an engine popping affect in any way the amount of coal used per trip?

What effect does the stopping up of flues have on a fire? How can this be overcome?

If you should open a fire-door and discover a dull or red fire, what would you do? Why? If an engine burns the fire at one side or at the back end of the fire-box, what is wrong?

What is an ash-pan? Should air be admitted to the grates through the ash-pan? If a fire appears in an ash-pan, what is the cause?

What is the object of a locomotive water-glass?

What is a clean fire?

What is the difference between a wide and a narrow fire box engine?

What is a stray bolt? What purpose does it serve?

Name all the important parts of the air-brake equipment as applied to a locomotive? What is an automatic brake? How is an automatic air-brake applied. How is it released?

What is meant by emergency position, or an emergency application? What is the proper method for bleeding off a brake? What is meant by cutting out a brake?

THE ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN.

BY GEORGE FOXHALL,
Author of "Love-Song of the Rail."

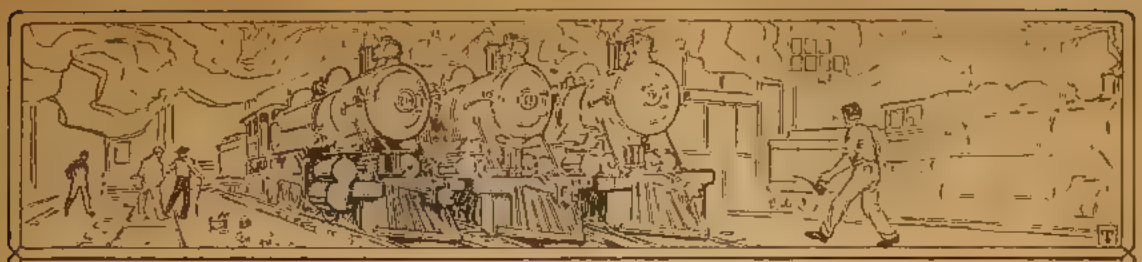
Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

THERE'S a most convenient party
Works at our division point.
He's the man who takes the labor and the blame;
He's the man who gets the raggin' when the things are out of joint,
And it's Mr. Roundhouse Foreman is his name.

He's only just past forty,
But his hair is turning gray;
It happened in the six months he's been here.
We are confidently betting we can turn his mind astray
By the time he's been the foreman for a year.

Do you see those feet a wavin'
From that steam dome? Yes, you bet,
They're certainly a goin' with a vim;
There's a delicate connection that no other man can get
But the foreman—an' those feet belong to him.

And from mornin' until evenin',
And from evenin' until dawn,
The same old cries are ringin' in his ears:
"Say, these tires on No. 90 are as flat as any lawn,
An' the way she hops would move a toad to tears."



It's, "Have you fixed that pop-valve?"
And "What about those flues?"
Or, "That left-side main-drive axle-box is tight!
The way that durned injector works would give a jay the blues!"
And "Them pistons are too loose to take a bite."

Oh, we don't wait for something
That could really, truly be.
What's imagination given for but to use?
We're as full of whims as women; if mechanics are at sea,
We explain our wants with satire or abuse.

"Hey, the 247's tender
Should be covered in with wire;
She shakes her coal out on the right-of-way."
"The 27's crown-sheet is too close up to the fire—
What's that about a hotter fire, you say?"

"The old 96 is lying
With her wheels turned to the sky,
The way she's twisted up is just a shame;
An earthquake did the damage, but—you bet your piece of pie—
They say the roundhouse foreman is to blame."

But, in spite of all the failings
That we must admit are his,
We stand by him in his dark and stormy hours;
An' if we do abuse him, we admit he knows his biz,
An' when he dies—we're going to send some flowers.

THE NEW HOME FOR AGED AND DISABLED RAILROAD MEN RECENTLY BUILT AT HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS. THE PORTRAIT IN THE UPPER CORNER IS THAT OF JOHN O'KEEFE, THE MANAGER.

A Home for Aged and Disabled Railroad Men.

BY FRANK S. HOWE.

THE bugbear of helpless or infirm railroaders who have grown old in the service of their companies, or been rendered unable to earn a livelihood by sickness or injury, is no more. The four great brotherhoods have united for the protection of members who might become public charges in case misfortune overtakes them The new home at Highland Park, Illinois, will prove a welcome haven to many who have been rendered incapable for work.

While a number of the railroads have adopted pension systems for the support of their veteran employees, there are many cases where the old-timers are not so well provided for, and to them the home is indeed a blessing. The fact that there are only seventy-seven inmates in the new institution tells the remarkable story of the ability of railroad men to keep their heads above the waters of helplessness. It indicates a tendency toward thrift of which any other class of men might well be proud.

What the Brotherhoods Have Done to Safeguard Their Aged Comrades Against the Rigors of Fate in the Helplessness of Old Age.

T picture-que Highland Park, Illinois, twenty three miles north of Chicago, on the majestic bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan, stands a living monument to the railroad man's generosity — the new Home for the Aged and Disabled Railroad Employees of America.

The society through whose efforts this shelter for the helpless brothers of the rail was built was organized in 1890, its object being to provide for worthy, aged, and disabled railroad men who are members of the four railway brotherhoods — namely, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the Order of Railway Conductors, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

The original idea had its inception in the mind of Dr. Frank M. Ingalls, a former railroad employee, during the above-named year, who, in the discharge of his duties as a physician, discovered a member of his brotherhood in the almshouse of Cook County, Illinois.

Where the Idea Originated.

Inspired by a desire to benefit the man who was ill and in need of assistance, and appreciating the stigma cast upon his brotherhood by allowing one of its members to become an inmate of a public poorhouse, he conceived the idea of establishing a home where members of all the brotherhoods might receive the comforts and care of a home when no longer able to withstand the hardships and exposure incident to their employment, and perhaps, with proper care and nursing, be rendered able to take up some other line of industry.

The plan was first adopted in Dr Ingalls's own home in Chicago. It met with almost instant approval and success, and during the following year, the modern physical require-

ments and standards for railroad employees having increased the number of indigents among the ranks, the home was permanently installed in beautiful Highland Park.

The original home there consisted of several wooden structures, which housed the inmates for nearly nineteen years, but increasing calls for assistance, and a perfect understanding of its samaritan purposes by the various brotherhoods, made it possible to dedicate the new $125,000 home on April 12 of this year.

A Pleasant Location.

The management and control of the home is invested in a board of trustees, made up of representatives of each of the four railroad organizations. It covers about five acres of land, and is located at Beech and St. John Streets, Highland Park. The buildings face the main-line tracks of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway and the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railway.

Sheridan Road, one of the greatest automobile boulevards in the United States, connecting Chicago and Milwaukee, is two blocks east of the grounds, and Lake Michigan is only three blocks away; the lake shore at this point being a ninety-foot bluff, from the top of which an excellent view of the lake and the passing boats is obtainable.

The home consists of two buildings—the main structure containing the inmates and attendants, and the other the power plant and laundry. At the present time it supports seventy-seven inmates, at a monthly cost of about fourteen hundred dollars.

The Building Arrangements.

The main building, surrounded by a fine grove of hard maple, elm, oak, and hickory trees, contains three stories and a high basement, practically all above the ground, built in the form of the letter "T." The front part is one hundred and fifty feet long by forty-two feet wide, while the center extension is forty feet wide by sixty-two feet long.

The building is of a strictly modern style of architecture, the construction being absolutely fireproof throughout.

There are porches or sun balconies on each floor, ten feet wide by fifty feet long, which are easily accessible to all the inmates. The shell of the buildings is of red brick and Spanish tile.

The electric automatic elevator will carry its passengers from any floor to the recreation and card rooms in the basement in less than one minute. It has a separate entrance on one side, on the ground level, for the accommodation of those who are obliged to use wheel-chairs.

The main building contains eighty-six beds, besides the hospital, which will accommodate twelve beds. Each floor has a recreation and reading room. To the right of the entrance is the reception-room for guests, and in the extreme right end is the library, with bookcases for several hundred volumes. To the left of the entrance is the business office of the superintendent, connecting with a handsome private reception-room.

The main dining-room on the first floor has a seating capacity of twenty-four persons. Just off it is the superintendent's private dining-room, and connected with the kitchen is a dining-room for attendants and employees about the home. The menu served is above that of the average family.

For the Comfort of Inmates.

At the rear of the second floor is the entertainment-room. This valuable adjunct has a seating capacity for seventy persons, with room at the rear and in the aisles for the wheel-chair inmates. The chairs in this room are of opera style, facing a rostrum ample for all demands made upon it. On Sunday afternoons the inmates are entertained in this room by performers from the Highland Park and neighboring clubs and churches.

The heating plant and laundry is located in a separate building, two stories high, of the same fireproof materials used in the main structure. The boilers, fuel-room, and machinery-room are located on the first floor, and the laundry machinery on the second floor.

The management is designated under three heads—the officers, board of trustees, and board of managers. L. S. Coffin, of Iowa, is president. The board of trustees is made up of four members—William Kilpatrick, secretary board of railroad and warehouse commissioners of Illinois; L. Ziegenfus, P. H. Morrissey, and George Goding. The board of managers consists of Warren S. Stone, John J. Hannahan, P. H. Morrissey, A. B. Garretson, Frank P. Sargent, and nineteen others located in different sections of the United States.

The home is under the immediate supervision of John O'Keefe, who acts as secre-

tary, treasurer, and manager. Mr. O'Keefe is an old railroad employee, having entered railroad service in 1879, on the old Sault Ste. Marie and St. Paul Railroad, as a brakeman. He was later a passenger-conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and left that position to accept the management of the home.

Mr. Kilpatrick, who makes regular weekly visits to the home, is an old train despatcher and conductor, having spent thirty years in railroad service, resigning as conductor on the Northwestern to accept his present position on the warehouse commission.

Every officer in any way connected with the home has seen years of railroad service.

The only persons who draw salary or other compensation from the home are the secretary and treasurer and the regular attendants.

The construction of the new home was commenced July 1, 1909, and completed March 10, 1910. Any railroad employee in good standing as a member of any of the four organizations, who is incapacitated for work, is eligible to admission upon application approved by his lodge.

The entertainment-room, which is also used as a chapel, is open to all religious creeds. If an inmate should die at the home, if his body is not claimed by relatives, he is buried in the beautiful cemetery at Highland Park, the expense of which is borne by the sustaining lodge of his particular organization.

The discipline at the home is, of necessity, not strict. Only such measures are taken as are necessary to insure safety and harmony among the inmates. The billiard and pool rooms are accessible at all times to the men.

The oldest member of the home is Jefferson Newell, the oldest living ex-employee of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway. His age is ninety-one. The youngest inmate is thirty-four years old.

A regularly appointed physician and surgeon has charge of all illness occurring at the home. All Chicago daily newspapers and many weekly and monthly periodicals are at the disposition of the inmates.

From a personal inspection and observation, the writer is justified in stating that the home is a lasting credit to the organizations which have so generously contributed to its construction and maintenance.

It depends wholly upon contributions from the numerous lodges throughout the country, but is not averse to contributions from outside charities which may be interested in the railroad man's welfare. John O'Keefe, the manager, is affable and kind-hearted, and railroad men may feel assured that the new home is in the hands of one whose natural instinct is the uplifting of humanity.

TOO FAST FOR THE HEADLIGHT.

"SAY, boys, you know the other night No. 3 was two hours late," says Papa Gould, as he turned the soft side of the lumping-beam up to sit on, behind the roundhouse stove.

"Well, I was called on time, and when I got to the depot they were reported on time; but up the line a piece at Rock Cut, there was a slide and I got them two hours late.

"As you know, old 27 is just getting in good shape since her last trip through the shop; so, I thought I would see what she would do and take a few minutes off the record. So I did not loaf along, but commenced looking at this roundhouse from the start.

"I had things in good shape, when my headlight began to grow dim. I told Jim to go outside and see what was the matter. He came back and said it was burning fine. At the first stop for water I examined it myself, but could not find anything wrong. But after I got to going again it was the same thing over. So I examined it running, but could not see anything wrong.

"There was not as much light on the rail as a hand-lamp would make. I began to wonder what was the matter, and I bet you could not guess in a year what really was wrong.

"'Cover down,' says one.

"'Dirty reflector,' says another.

"'Door open,' says another.

"'All wrong,' says papa.

"'Well, what *was* wrong?' says the roundhouse fireman. Nothing reported on it.'

"'Well,' says papa, 'the only thing I could think of was that we were going so fast that the light couldn't keep ahead of the engine."—*Locomotive Engineers' Journal.*

Clogged tubes might make fine fence-posts, but who wants fence-posts on a boiler?—Musings of the Master Mechanic.

The Railroad Man's Brain Teasers.

Clever Conundrums Intended to Circumvent the Cerebrum of Cautious Calculators.

IF you haven't forgotten your algebra, perhaps you can solve this one by R. R Gaston, of the Mop, Loti, Kansas:

(7) Conductor Z starts out from A with a "drag." When he gets to B he sets out half of his cars and a half car more. At C he sets out half of what he has left and a half car more and at D he sets out half of the remaining cars and a half car more. When he arrives at the end of his run he has five cars. How many cars did he start with?

Roy C. Cowan, Kansas City, Missouri, kindly contributes this.

(8) Three farmers, A, B, and C, buy a grindstone, each paying one-third of the cost. They are at a loss to know how to divide the stone, but finally decide to let A take the stone and grind off his part, and then turn it over to B. B takes off his part and then turns the balance over to C, the last part being C's part. What was the size of the stone when A gave it to B and when B gave it to C; also, how much did each man take off? The stone was 30 inches in diameter to start with

Dan M Powell, Black River, Washington, is the author of this one:

(9) A purchasing agent sent his representative to spend equal sums for Pullmans, common coaches, and cabooses. For each one that he purchased that was unnecessary he was to forfeit $10. He found good cabooses at $1,200 each, coaches at $3,000 each, and Pullmans at two prices, $7,500 and $8,000, respectively. He took Pullmans at $7,500 each. How much did he forfeit? How many of each kind did he purchase? How many should he have purchased in order to forfeit nothing?

ANSWERS TO THE SEPTEMBER TEASERS.

(4) Nine times as bright. The intensity of light received by an illuminated object varies inversely as the square of its distance from the source of light.

(5) Eight times as bright. Same explanation as No. 4.

(6) North-bound engine cuts off train at south end of switch, runs to north end of switch and backs in with bad-order cars. South-bound train then pulls over main line and stops opposite bad-order cars, then north-bound engine runs over main track and stops sixty car-lengths north of north end of switch. Then south-bound engine backs in south end of switch and pushes bad-order cars out on main line to north-bound engine. South-bound engine then runs back over switch and backs south-bound train north to bad-order cars. Then south-bound engine goes over main line and pulls north-bound train up on main line opposite switch, then couples on to south-bound train, runs over switch out on main line at south end and high-balls; then north-bound engine backs bad-order cars in on side track, pulls out on main line, couples on to north-bound train, and high-balls.

PRESIDENT OF THE LINE.

BY JOHN WELLSLEY SANDERS.

The Influence of a Good Mother Cannot Stay the Hand of the Slayer.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Little Room.

JUST what happened between the two men during the first ten minutes of their stay in the little back-room in Joe Smith's place we will chronicle later. Suffice to say here, Smith, himself, served their order, after which he carefully closed the door, and went on with his customary occupation of "passing the suds over the counter," to satisfy the seemingly unquenchable thirst of the patrons of his place.

Joe Smith knew that something unusual was going on. To his method of thinking, "Brown" Taber was about to pull off a big deal. In the language of the East Side, he had a "game bird" whom he intended to "roll." Joe Smith knew "Brown's" ability in this connection, and if "Brown" had found a good one, it meant that there would be an increase in the receipts of the place—for "Brown" was, indeed, a spender when he was in funds.

Smith was in the act of mopping up his wet bar when he turned his face to the door, and was surprised to see the latticed partitions that hid it from the gaze of those in the street open very slowly and very cautiously.

He looked at the newcomer with more than surprise, for as the latticed doors opened wider and wider he saw that the person entering was a woman.

The little gray dress looked somewhat familiar, too, and then as the whole body emerged into view, there stood "Brown" Taber's mother.

She was very frightened. She seemed to stand on the threshold of the saloon as if it were going to swallow her up, as if she were fearful that, once the doors closed on her, she would be lost forevermore.

Joe Smith laid down his rag, disregarded the several orders that were hurled at him by the men at the bar, and came around to where Mrs. Taber was standing.

There was a wicked look in his eye. He knew that Mrs. Taber had the respect of the parish notwithstanding her son's terrible record—that everybody in the neighborhood loved her. He knew that she had come for her son, but, in the event of the big deal that was to be pulled off behind the closed door, he knew also that "Brown" did not want to be disturbed.

"Is 'Brown' here?" was the little woman's first question.

Joe Smith hesitated. He wanted time to think. What could he do? How could he serve both? He hated worse than anything to lie to the little woman, and, on the other hand, if he betrayed "Brown," the chances were that "Brown" would wind it all up by punching his head.

"Is 'Brown' here?" she asked again.

"No," said Smith.

Mrs. Taber looked at him. He had never before seen such an expression on her face. He wanted to withdraw his answer and tell her the truth, but for once his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. It was impossible for him to utter what was in his mind.

"Joe," she said hesitatingly, "Joe," and then she faltered again. "You're not telling me the truth."

Joe tried to stammer something, but Mrs. Taber relieved him of further attempt.

"Tell me where he is. I want him."

She scanned the idling bums gathered around the bar, she looked into every corner in a vain of hope of seeing her son, but he was nowhere in sight.

Began in the May Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

She noticed the door leading to the little room where he and Blander were planning their awful crime. At first she thought that she would muster up all her courage and blaze a way to where her son might be, but something failed her.

The place was so filthy, and the great, uncanny-looking men who were standing about the bar, gaping at her as if she had come to demolish their pet resort, added to her fright.

She thought for a moment that she would go to Father Flynn and ask him to accompany her back to the saloon, but it flashed through her mind that if she did so Joe Smith would slip her son into the street, and her quest would be foiled.

She would remain there until "Brownie" was produced. She would not budge an inch until he came from his hiding-place.

"I know that he is here, Joe, and I must stay here until he appears."

"Hadn't you better stand outside?" asked Joe.

"No," she answered. "My boy is here. I know that he is in trouble, and I want to save him."

Perhaps the many times that Joe Smith's mother tried to save him from trouble flashed through his mind then; perhaps he was moved by a sudden determination to atone for the lie that he told; however, he went over to the wall, fetched a chair, and brushed it off carefully. Most politely did he proffer it to the little woman. Not knowing what was about to happen, she thanked him and sat down.

Smith went over to the room where Blander and Taber were still in conference and knocked on the door.

There was no answer, and he knocked again.

There was still no answer. He tried to open the door, only to find it locked.

Joe Smith rattled the door loudly again and again. He kicked it and pounded on it.

There was no sound from inside.

He turned to the crowd around the bar. He looked at Mrs. Taber. His face was ghastly white.

"Give me a hand here, boys," he said.

Mrs. Taber rose from her chair and walked in the direction of the door. Her wildest fears were now at a fever point. What could all this mean?

"Did 'Brownie' go in there?" she asked.

"The last time that I saw him, he went in there," said Joe Smith, "but it doesn't look much like he was in there now. However, I'll find out in a minute."

With several strong men, Smith put his shoulder to the door. It gave a sagging, cracking sound, and then opened.

Smith was the first to enter. He turned up the dim gas-light and looked around, while the room quickly filled with the patrons of the place.

Mrs. Taber was well on the outside. She hadn't the strength to elbow her way by those powerful men.

Joe Smith and his patrons who crowded into the room saw something that made their blood freeze and their marrow congeal.

There was only one man in the room.

He was not "Brown" Taber.

He was Stephen Blander, alias Bertrand Clivers of the great Mainland System of Railroads—or all that was left of him.

He was dead. His head was resting on his arm and his body was stretched across the only table of the room.

His throat was cut from ear to ear.

There was no sign of "Brown" Taber.

The room showed no signs of a struggle. Even the two glasses partly filled with beer had not been upset, but were standing on the table just about where Joe Smith had placed them—mute sentinels of some awful crime.

One of the strangers darted out of the room, scared beyond description, shrieking the one word:

"Murder!"

His blanched face, his awful cry as he darted past Mrs. Taber and into the street, told her that something terrible had happened and that her "Brownie" was again in trouble. She sank back in the chair in a faint. Joe Smith, with unusual presence of mind and with more brute strength than he imagined he possessed, pushed the crowd from the room, and went over to Mrs. Taber.

"'Brown' went into that room, to-night, with a man. The man is in there dead, and 'Brown' has vanished!"

He spoke quickly to her. But she did not hear all that he said, for she had fallen into a dead faint.

Meantime, the first man to cry out the news and dash into the street continued to herald the terrible tidings as he ran down the block yelling "Murder!" at the highest force of his voice.

Two policemen were standing on the corner. They came toward him and he fell into their arms.

"Where?" asked one.

"Corner saloon," the man gasped.

"Take him along, and let's see, Cassidy," said one of the officers, and the well-meaning informant was dragged back to Joe Smith's

saloon to assure the officers that he had told the truth.

When the police arrived they found the place in a turmoil. It was thronged with men, and, in the midst of it all, Joe Smith was trying to administer some stimulant to Mrs. Taber, while the crowd, thinking that she was the one who had met with foul play, crowded around her until she was almost crushed.

The officers were obliged to use their nightsticks to get to Smith and Mrs. Taber. The crowd surged and pushed and fought with one another to get a point of vantage. Once or twice some one said something insulting to the officers, and they were unmerciful with their clubs.

Several other policemen heard of the affair and joined their brothers. It was too much for them, however. The crowd in the street was increasing every moment, and soon the officers found themselves wedged in so tightly that they were unable to move in either direction, or, in fact, in any direction.

Finally a citizen, with more sense than the rest of his kind, rushed to a neighboring store and telephoned for the reserves.

In a few minutes twenty men were on the spot. They formed a flying wedge, so to speak. The New York police are the best-trained men in the world when it comes to handling a mob, and soon the reserves had forced their way to the entrance of Joe Smith's saloon.

In a few minutes more they had cleared it. They drove the crowds half a block from the place, and then started to investigate.

Lieutenant Groton, in charge of the particular precinct of which Joe Smith's place was, perhaps, the center, soon rushed up in his swift automobile.

He was one of the first to question Joe about the crime.

Smith told the lieutenant the story as quickly and briefly as possible, explaining Mrs. Taber's presence. He told it straightforwardly. He had no one and nothing to shield.

Lieutenant Groton, noticing that Mrs. Taber was swooning at intervals, ordered her to be conveyed to a hospital, two officers taking her in charge while they awaited the ambulance.

The lieutenant then led the way into the room and looked at the body of the dead Blander. The officer was soon convinced that it was murder.

"Where is 'Brown' Taber?" He turned sharply on Joe Smith as he asked the question.

"I don't know," answered Smith.

"Are you sure?" continued the lieutenant.

"On the body of my sainted mother," replied Joe Smith, adding a few statements of a similar nature to further establish his innocence.

"Well, I'll have to take you in as a witness."

The officer beckoned to two of his men to take Joe Smith in charge.

As they laid their hands on Smith, Lieutenant Groton beckoned them to bring him into the room where Blander's body lay.

"How do you suppose Taber got out of here?" asked the officer.

"Search me; I don't know," replied Smith.

"Take him away," ordered the lieutenant.

How did "Brown" Taber escape? That was the all-important question. How did the man who was, from all appearance, responsible for that hideous crime get out of that room unobserved and get away? The lieutenant wondered, the policemen wondered, and Joe Smith, while being led off to the detention pen in the Tombs, as the most important witness in the case, wondered more than all the rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Breaking the News.

ON the following morning the newspapers contained a startling item on their front pages to the effect that the body of "a well-dressed man had been found in a back-room of Joe Smith's saloon on the East Side, with the throat cut from ear to ear."

"Nothing," continued the newspaper narrative, "was found on the dead man that would lead to an identification," and then followed a minute description of Blander—his height, the color of his eyes, the cut of his clothing, and all the rest.

Indeed, the description was so very minute that Detective Tom Tracie, while taking his coffee in his humble Harlem flat, suddenly dropped back in his chair and almost choked.

And Jimmie Winters, sipping his coffee in his Washington Square apartments, wondered if it didn't sound very much like his old enemy, Blander.

And even Vincent Wilson, on his way down-town to the offices of the Mainland System in Louisville, was so much impressed by the telegraphic report which he read in his paper that he alighted from the car at the

nearest telegraph office and sent a wire to Tom Tracie, which read:

> Have read despatch from New York in morning paper unknown man found murdered May be our man. Advise that you see.

But Tracie didn't need any such advice. In fact, he was on his way to the Morgue to see the body before Wilson's telegram reached him.

Up to this time, the only person connected with this tragedy who had not been surprised by the item in the morning paper was the lady at the Continental Hotel on Fifth Avenue, who innocently believed that her rightful married name was Mrs. Bertrand Clivers.

It wasn't the custom for Meriel to read the newspapers with any degree of interest unless it was the gossip of the social world or a description of the latest gowns. The long and unbroken record of crime in all its phases that kept the more sordid of the metropolis in mental pabulum was, to her, as tiresome as Dead Sea fruit. If she did notice the glaring head-lines, the news had made no impression on her.

Tom Tracie took one look at the body, and then hastened down to the office of the commissioner of police. That officer hadn't arrived, but his chief assistant was present, and to him Tracie told the entire story of the Blander-Clivers mystery, winding up with the information that the much-sought-for financier was now a corpse in the Morgue, while the man who killed him had escaped.

In a short time this information was given out to the Associated Press, and was whirled over the country. Shortly before nine o'clock Vincent Wilson was preparing some reports for the division superintendents, when a messenger-boy appeared with a telegram. It was from Tracie, and it read:

> Body of man you wired about is that of Blander or Clivers. No clue to his assailant.

President Jones, of the Mainland System, was not due at his office until after ten o'clock, but Wilson couldn't wait until then to tell him. Putting on his hat, he rushed down to the street, hailed a cab, and ordered the driver to rush to the home of the big man, which was situated on the outskirts of the city.

"I'm right! I'm right! I knew that I was right!" he kept repeating over and over to himself as the cab tore out to President Jones's residence.

Mr. Jones was standing in the large window of his home awaiting his motor-car which took him to his office every morning.

He was surprised when he saw the cab driving up, and from the manner in which the driver lashed his horse he knew that something out of the ordinary had happened.

But when Vincent Wilson jumped out, ran up the steps, and rang the bell, he surmised that something in the way of news regarding the peculations of the trusted employee was to be told him.

President Jones met Wilson at the door.

"He's been found!" gasped Wilson, producing the telegram.

"Who?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Clivers, or Blander, or whatever his name is," went on Wilson. "Found dead, in the back-room of an East Side saloon in New York, with his throat cut. The report is that he was murdered, but I'll bet that he committed suicide!"

The president of the Mainland System read the wire carefully once, twice, perhaps a dozen times, before he uttered a word.

Then he took the newspapers and glanced at the head-lines, and, in order to go over the whole thing as quietly and calmly as possible, he called Vincent Wilson into his study, and there the two men went over every detail of the matter so far as they knew the facts.

"It's our man, all right," said President Jones at length.

"There can be no doubt about it," Wilson spoke, with all the excitement of a boy who has found a new swimming-hole. He had done a big thing, so he felt. He had been instrumental in exposing Blander, and Blander, fearing detection and a term in jail, had killed himself. That was Vincent Wilson's construction of the death of the man.

"Now, Wilson," said President Jones, "I am going to send you to New York on this matter. I want you to take the first train for the East, and see Tracie. Look at the body, and when you are sure that the remains are those of—er—Clivers"—Mr. Jones found it difficult to get out of the habit of calling the dead man by any other name save the one he used as an officer of the Mainland—"then, as our representative, have Tracie take you to the commissioner of police and tell him all that you know about this case. Come to the office first with me, and I will give you a letter that will serve to identify you, in case you need it."

By this time Mr. Jones's motor-car was at the door. Wilson dismissed his cab and jumped in with his superior officer. During the fast trip over the thoroughfare to the offices of the company, Mr. Jones told Wilson that he really had no doubt but that the

right man had been found to protect the company's interests in the person of Vincent Wilson.

"It took courage to do what you did," said the president. "Many a man would have let it pass, or would have held it against Clivers and blackmailed him. But you showed great courage, and the company owes you something that it is not going to forget to pay."

"That's all right," said Wilson. "The satisfaction that I picked the right man is glory enough for me."

Armed with his letter of introduction, Wilson took the first train for New York, but long before he had reached the metropolis the matter was public property.

In fact, he read about it in the New York newspapers that were brought aboard the train, so fast does news travel in these advanced times. President Jones had been interviewed almost within two hours after the departure of his trusted employee. The world knew the story; it was on every tongue, and the manner in which the flame started was this:

After wiring Wilson, Tom Tracie called up Jimmie Winters, and Jimmie jumped in a taxicab and drove over to the Morgue, where Tracie was awaiting him. There he identified the body, and, as the commissioner of police had put the entire matter in the hands of Tracie, he found it part of his duty to notify the dead man's wife.

This pleasant detail even the detective disliked, but he knew that Jimmie would be just the person. With his gentle manner and diplomacy, Jimmie would break all the harrowing details to Meriel in the most approved fashion.

Jimmie didn't like the idea of going alone, so both agreed to go together.

Jimmie sent up his card. It was then about eleven in the morning, and Meriel was preparing for her morning canter in the park. She had been somewhat lonesome, and the prospect of talking to Jimmie was most alluring just then. Meantime, Tracie had had a whispered conversation with the manager, and the two men were allowed to go up to Meriel's room.

She greeted Jimmie with all the joy she possessed.

It was evident that she was in ignorance of the whole affair.

"You have brought a friend?" She saw Tracie, and she held out her hand with all the old graciousness.

"Yes," replied Jimmie. "Mr. Tracie."

Tracie bowed. The trio were seated in the parlor of the suite, and Jimmie, mustering up all his courage, broke the news.

"We have come on a painful mission, Meriel," he said as tenderly as possible. "It is about Mr.—Mr.—your husband."

Meriel didn't betray the slightest emotion.

"Did you read this morning's papers?" asked Jimmie.

"I glanced at them."

"Well," Jimmie went on, "Mr. Tracie is a member of the detective force of this city, and he has been trailing your husband for some time. Last night he was found—dead—"

"Dead!" exclaimed Meriel. She fell over in a heap. The men quickly resuscitated her.

"Tell me all about it," she said when she recovered.

They told her all—all. They told her everything they knew of the unfortunate man. They opened her eyes to the most hideous fact that can come to a woman—the fact that she was married to a thief who was masquerading under another name. They told her, too, that she would be a fool to shed one tear for him. Meriel decided quickly that she wouldn't be a fool.

Tracie left the room, and Jimmie was alone with the woman he loved more than all else in this world.

It was surprising how quickly Meriel was recovering. In fact, she was beginning to hate the man. She thought that, despite his peculiar ways, he was honest; but now the mask had been removed, the cloak torn from his shoulders, and, though he was dead, he was revealed to her in all the hideousness and loathsomeness of his real self.

"It is an awful scandal, and I want you to get away from New York until it blows over," said Jimmie. "Take a little trip somewhere for a month or two, and then go back to your old home, where we knew you before that viper came into your life. Just now the town is talking of nothing but this man. There are some who believe that he committed suicide—and, if that is not true, then he was planning some awful crime with the man who entered that saloon with him."

Meriel took the suggestion, and departed quietly before her connection with the affair was aired in the papers. It was aired, too, in every possible manner and from every standpoint. Her photographs were published far and wide, scores of reporters were on her trail, and dozens of newspaper pho-

tographers stood in front of her hotel for days, waiting for her to appear.

But Meriel had slipped away, far away to a quiet retreat in the mountains.

And nobody knew where but Jimmie.

CHAPTER XIX.

Curtain.

HOW had the death of Blander been encompassed?

It happened on that fatal night, shortly after Blander and Taber had entered the little room. Blander asked Taber if he were ready to undertake the job.

"I am," replied "Brown," "if you care to come to my terms."

"I have decided on that," was Blander's answer. "Furthermore, I have brought the cash with me."

He took a long, black wallet from his inside pocket, and counted out just two hundred twenty-dollar bills.

"I thought that you would not care to have it too large—that is, the bills of too large a denomination," said Blander as he leisurely counted out the bills, laying one on top of the other while the hungry eyes of "Brown" Taber feasted on them.

Blander stacked them up nicely, ran over them a second time, asking "Brown" to watch closely so as to detect any errors

When both men were assured that the amount of the first payment of the contract—four thousand dollars—was correct, Blander took from his vest-pocket a rubber band, incased the bills in it, and handed them to "Brown," asking:

"When can you do this?"

"Now," replied Taber—"right now."

Taber rose to his feet. There was something unusual in his voice that startled Blander.

In a moment "Brown" Taber had whipped out a knife.

In another moment he had sprung at Blander. In another, Blander was forced against the wall by the powerful thug, and as he raised his hands to heave—either in fright or mute appeal, "Brown" brought the knife across his throat.

Blander went down in a heap, striking the table. Taber put out his mighty arm to break the fall, for he didn't want any sound to be heard outside. Blander landed on the table just as the police found him. Death had come to him quickly. There is no doubt that in such moments the shock and surprise caused by fright adds greatly to relieve the suffering.

The one and only thing that Taber wanted—the four thousand dollars in small, easily passed bills—was now his. He had never taken the commission of the crime proposed by the dead man seriously; but "if this old guy," as he said to himself, "is coming around with four thousand in good American cash, I'm not going to pass him by."

"I'll get it if I have to kill him," said "Brown" to himself that night, just before he and Blander had entered the saloon.

Realizing that the man was dead, Taber at once began his plan of escape. It was shrewd and well thought out. He had the money, and he was going to some country afar, where his face was unknown. He was tired of the humdrum of the East Side, where he was pointed out as the most prominent crook within its borders to every slumming party that happened along. Now he would vacate for good.

Once he thought of his mother. Mother! Mother! Dear, good, kind little mother, who had never deserted him! What would she do? She had begged him not to—he drew a hand across his eyes, for he wanted to blur her from his mind just then. Perhaps when he was settled in the new land she would come to him if the shock didn't kill her.

But this was no time for sentiment. Mother or no mother, he must get out of that room.

The criminal is a criminal always. What is bred in the bone cannot be eliminated from the mind. Lombroso, that great Italian who devoted his whole life to a scientific study of such men as "Brown" Taber, tried to tell just why a thief is always a thief. The fact is, he can't help it.

It is born in him. He must steal, on the same principle that he must eat. He must kill, on the same principle that he must breathe. The holiest sentiments of mother, of wife, of family, will not stay his hand a moment, once the idea seizes him.

Brown Taber looked around the room. He looked on the dead man, lying there very still. He put the money in his pocket, and then he went through the clothing of the dead and removed every vestige of paper that would possibly serve as a clue to identification.

He even tore the initials from the dead man's hat, and pulled a signet-ring from his finger. Taber didn't want to leave the slightest trace.

Then he turned the light very low. Ta-

king the tray on which Joe Smith had served the drinks, he stepped over to the door and opened it very cautiously about two inches. He looked steadily at Smith and at the men around the bar. There were about a dozen present, but finally all departed but four men, who with Joe Smith made five.

One of them began a story, and the others leaned over the bar. As it progressed in interest their heads bent lower and they were oblivious to all else. At what seemed to be the psychological moment, Taber opened the door a little wider and sent the tin tray crashing against the wall.

It landed with a loud clang and rolled to the floor. Just as "Brown" expected, Smith and the five men hastened over to see what had happened.

As they did so, he slipped out and into the street.

It all happened in the flash of a moment—oh, he knew so well just how the men would act, and how much time he would have to make the street!

One turn of his head, and it might all be over. He stepped onto the sidewalk just as if nothing had happened. He walked along toward the Bowery as if he were on some ordinary errand. No one would have thought that he was an escaping murderer with four thousand dollars in his pocket.

"Only one of my trays," said Smith. "It must have fallen off the table Come back to the bar."

"Gee, but it made some noise," said one of the men—and that was all that was said about the incident then.

Shortly after Smith had proved his innocence and promised to testify if ever "Brown" Taber was caught—when he was free to go back to his "joint" again—he frequently wondered if that tray had really fallen from the table.

"If 'Brown' used that business in his getaway," he frequently said, "then he is a better crook than I expected. It was a pretty slick piece of work. And there were we guys rubberin' at the tray, and 'Brown' sneakin' out of the door. I wonder how much he took off the fellow, anyhow?"

When "Brown" Taber reached the Bowery, he started north. He arrived at the Grand Central Station in time to catch a train for Chicago. Once in that city, he "planted" himself with a bunch of thieves whom he knew.

They were all glad to see him, and glad to know that he had pulled off a successful "trick." But after they began to read the papers, and to realize that "Brown" must have "landed" pretty well, they all wanted a "bit."

He began to see that if he made a "divvy," he would be minus the greater part of his roll, and then there was the trouble of some "dishonest" crook squealing to the police and ending his freedom.

Above all, there was that place in the unknown land, where he could pose as a decent man and—send for mother.

So he started out anew. This time he struck out for the Northwest. Notwithstanding the fact that the police of every State were on the lookout for him, and his picture had been brought to light in every rogues' gallery, he managed to evade the sleuths.

With great skill he crossed the frontier, journeyed into Canada, and at Vancouver took the steamer for Australia, traveling in the steerage as a miner bound for the gold-diggings in the western part of that faraway country.

It was a pleasant, invigorating voyage, and it gave him time to think. The chief object of his thoughts was his mother. He wondered and wondered how she was getting along, and he hoped and he prayed that Father Flynn would comfort her, and that her neighbors would not be unkind to her.

But what if the police should molest her, thinking that she knew where he was? And what if the landlord should have her ejected because of the notoriety?

He buried his face in his hands. No, he would not think such thoughts. The journey would soon be over, and he could send for mother. Then she would come to him quietly and alone, and he would give her a home of which she would be proud.

The long sea trip was over, and one day "Brown" found himself in the beautiful harbor of Sydney. He went ashore, and he soon knew that he would like the colonial city. It was a very sprightly place, and the people all seemed happy, and it looked very much like the American cities to which he had been accustomed.

Here he would settle. He found work, and he gloried in the joy of honest labor for the first time in his life. He remained sober and banked his stolen money. He didn't want to invest it until mother came, for he wanted her to help him put it where it would do the most good.

After three months of the first honest life that he had ever known, he sat down and wrote to her. The note was couched in plain and simple language. He didn't want

to tell her too much. It simply said "Come to me," and it was unsigned, but mother would understand.

He waited and waited for an answer. He waited and waited, and every time that the steamer arrived from faraway America, he would go to the wharf and scan the faces, hoping to see the dear, sweet smile of mother as she leaned over the taffrail.

But mother never came. And mother never read the short missive bidding her to cross the ocean. She never recovered from the awful shock of the murder. Two weeks after, she died in a delirium, calling to her "Brownie" to be a good boy just as she called to him when he was a little lad running around the streets — a little mischievous, perhaps, but her pride and joy, her flesh and blood.

The good priest never deserted her in her last hours on earth. He said a mass over her body, and the little church was crowded with the people who loved her because she was a good mother.

One day the postman came to Father Flynn with a strange envelope addressed to Mrs. Taber, for the priest was her executor. The postman wanted to know if Father Flynn, as such, would take the letter.

He took it, and looked at it with a puzzled face. He seemed to recognize the writing. "Brown" had tried to disguise it, but the familiar lines were there.

"Yes, I will take care of it," said Father Flynn. "So he is in Australia," he continued, as the postman went his way.

Taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote across the envelope, "Not here. Return to writer," and deposited it in the nearest box.

It went back to Australia—where it may be resting in the dead-letter office to this day.

Some years after, Jimmie married the beautiful Meriel, and gave her a name of which she could be proud.

And, some years later, too, Vincent Wilson became president of the line—the great Mainland System.

And "Brown" Taber was lost in the crowds that migrated to the new gold-mines of Western Australia, where he was swallowed up in the hunt for the yellow metal.

(The End.)

THE OLD FREIGHT-CAR.

BY J. E. HARE.

I'M an old and battered freight-car,
Resting in the railroad yard;
My existence is a hustle
That is mighty, mighty hard.
I have journeyed out to Frisco,
I have braved the Northland's cold,
I have hauled the rich ore laden
With Nevada's yellow gold.

I have borne the grain of Kansas,
And fruit of southern lands;
I have crossed the blazing deserts,
And the Arizona sands;
I have journeyed into countries
That were wild alike and strange;
I have climbed the lofty Rockies;
I've been stalled on snowy range.

I have jogged far down to Mexico,
The cactus land so gay;
I have jolted to Seattle,
With headlands dark and gray;
I have gone way up to Michigan
For loads of lumber clear;
I've gone empty to Milwaukee,
And come back full of beer.

From Maine to California,
From the mountains to the sea,
From Montreal to Texas,
Has been a stroll for me.
In winter and in summer,
I have been upon the go;
At times my trips were rushed a bit,
At others, very slow.

Good-by, I must be leaving,
I'll be on my way, old pard;
I hear the switching-engine
Coming puffing down the yard.
Soon they'll couple me to others,
Some as old, but not so spry.
Bump! Toot! Toot! I'm going,
I'm off again, good-by.

ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

The Straight Air Is On, and the Automatic Air Is Ready—and Perhaps There's a Little Hot Air, Too.

As usual, we are on the job bright and early We are hard at work planting another stop look-and-listen post, for we intend to have a clear track for our November speed-burner, and if anybody doesn't happen to know that we are headed his way with as fine a train as ever came out of the shops, we want to put him wise right now.

We've got a right-of-way over everything on the whole system, from the fast freight to the limited, and there is no chance of our getting short-circuited or put out of business by a burn-out, as we don't have to depend on trolley wires or third rails to feed us with juice.

We have every ounce of our power aboard. Our tender is filled with live, snappy articles, short stories, and serials, every one a gage-booster, and guaranteed to keep the white feather trailing at the steam dome as long as there is a single page left.

But don't look for smoke—we are not wasting any of our energy in that direction—for everything that goes into our fire-box has got to be up to standard, and we've got a tallow-pot who won't handle anything but the best grade of anthracite reading matter.

Among the fiction, "Until Relieved," by George H. Fellows, is a story that will make a hit with the ops and towermen who have experienced the wear and tear of long hours of overtime It worries a fellow some to keep his eyes open steadily for over two days. After such a strain, a man is lucky who can still smile and look the world in the face with an easy conscience.

"An Hour In the Pit," by Robert Fulkerson Hoffman, is a live tale that gives us some side lights on the reason why a certain individual gave up his job in the drop-pit and took to wiping. It is full of snap and ginger, and is varnished with the lore of the roundhouse.

There will be two good ghost stories in the November number—one concerning the doings of an artificial specter concocted in the laboratory of Honk and Horace, which caused as many shivers as any inhabitant of spirit land could hope to inspire while the other is a tale in which there is a spook engine that keeps the reader guessing

"Hoop's Hobbies" by B A Kobelt, is one long series of laughs

Augustus Wittfeld has given us another one of his Dugan epics, well up to the standard of the other tales which, though published some time ago, our readers are hardly apt to have forgotten.

Right here we must say a word for the new serial by George Allan England, "The Steeled Conscience," the first instalment of which appears in this number. When it comes to power, intensity, and human interest, this story has everything of its kind on the whole line side-tracked, and waiting at the switches for it to go by. It is just alive with exciting situations, and has a jolt in every chapter that has got the kick of a mogul stopped fifty different ways

We will begin a new serial in the November number. It is by a writer who will make his first appearance in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. He is Dan Duane, and the name of his story is "In the Hornet's Nest." Mr. Duane writes the sort of stuff that will make your crown-sheet buckle and your boiler foam. As they say in the lingo of the ring, his story has the wallop

Charles Frederick Carter's "How the Railroads Came to New England," is one of those articles which carry the old-timers back to the days when they were the whole dome-cap

Arno Dosch has been abroad in the land unearthing new stories of daring and heroism. We will have a cluster of them for good Thanksgiving measure. Only railroad men can figure in such stories as these. They made our eyes stick out like the markers on a dog-house when the night is clear.

Those who are watching latest developments in locomotive practise will find the article by R. H. Rogers, showing the superiority of the Walschert valve-gear over the time-honored Stephenson link motion, of particular interest. It will be published in the November number. Mr. Rogers gives a close account of the operation of both systems of valves, and leavea little doubt as to which has the greater efficiency

Clear track for November!

THE COAL THAT LOCOMOTIVES EAT.

ACCORDING to a report recently made to the geological survey, one-fifth of the coal mined in the United States in 1906 was burned in railroad locomotives, at a cost of close to $170,500,000 Compared with the immense amount of coal that is consumed annually for light, heat, and power in the great cities and factory districts of this country, this figure seems remarkably large, but, says the *Erie Employees' Magazine* its principal significance lies in the argument which its analysis makes for the conservation of natural resources.

Professor W. F. M. Goss, dean of the University of Illinois, who conducted the experiments, reports

that of the 90,000,000 tons of coal the railroads used in 1906, 10,080,000 tons are lost through the heat and gases discharged from the stacks of the locomotives, 8,640,000 tons through cinders and sparks, 5,040,000 tons through radiation, leakage of steam and water, 2,880,000 tons through unconsumed fuel in the ashes, and 720,000 tons through the incomplete combustion of the gases.

Moreover, 18,000,000 tons are consumed in starting fires, in moving the locomotives to their trains, in backing trains into or out of sidings, and in keeping locomotives hot while standing.

AN OLD-TIME EPIC.

IN response to a volume of requests that we add it to our collection of famous old time railroad poems, we are pleased to present in this month's Carpet, Will Carleton's epic of the rails known as "The Death-Bridge of the Tay." Mr. Carleton is a poet of whom America is justly proud. He wrote "Over the Hills to the Poor House," and "Betsy and I Are Out," which will live as long as the language—and so will

THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY.

BY WILL CARLETON

THE night and the storm fell together upon the old town of Dundee;
And, trembling, the mighty Firth river held out its cold hand toward the sea.
Like the dull booming bolts of a cannon, the wind swept the streets and the shores;
It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys, it crashed 'gainst the windows and doors.

Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged through the streets up and down,
And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of "Murder!" o'er river, and hill-top, and town;
It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries; it perched upon minaret and dome;
Then sprang on the shivering Firth river, and tortured its waves into foam.

Look! the moon has come out, clad in splendor, the turbulent scene to behold!
She smiles at the night's devastation—she dresses the storm-king in gold.
Away to the north, ragged mountains climb high through the shuddering air;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley, to read what new ruin is there.

Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and sinuous shape,
With fire-sides so soon to be darkened, and doors to be shaded with crape!
To the south, like a spider-web weaving, there curves, for a two-mile away,
This world's latest man-devised wonder—the far-famous bridge of the Tay.

It stretches and gleams into distance; it creeps the broad stream o'er and o'er,
Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the opposite shore.

But look! through the mists of the southward, there flash to the eye, clear and plain—
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction — the lights of a swift-coming train.

'Mid the lights that so gaily are gleaming yon city of Dundee within,
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the ocean has been.
His age-burdened parents are watching from the window that looks on the Firth,
For the train that will come with their darling—their truest-loved treasure on earth.

"He'll be comin' the nicht," says the father, "for sure the handwritin's his ain;
The letter says, 'Ha' the lamp lichted—I'll come on the seven o'clock train.
For years in the mines I've been toiling, in this wonderfu' West o'er the sea;
My work has brought back kingly wages—there's plenty for you an' for me.
So sit ye an' wait for my coming (ye will na' watch for me in vain),
An' see me glide over the river, along o' the roar o' the train.'"

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents with hand clasped in hand,
And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the storm shaken land.
They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the treacherous line;
Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust—its lamp-eyes they glimmer and shine.

It braces itself 'gainst the tempest; it fights for each inch with the foe;
With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of water below.
But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles the fragile bridge-wall;
They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a thunder-bolt fall!

Down, down, through the dark the train plunges, with speed unaccustomed and dire;
It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hailstorm of fire!
No wonder the mother faints dead-like, and clings like a clod to the floor;
No wonder the man flies in frenzy, and dashes his way through the door!

He fights his way out through the tempest; he is beaten, and baffled, and tossed;
He cries, "*The train's gang off the Tay Brig! Lend help here to look for the lost!*"
Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river that flee;
The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled through the town of Dundee.

Out, out creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-strewn buttress and piers;
They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the blood of old Scotch mountaineers;
But they leave it along as they clamber, they mark all their hand-path with red;
Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless—a grave dancing over its dead.

A moment they gaze down in horror; then creep from the death-laden tide,
With the news, "There's nae help for our loved ones, save God's mercy for them who have died!"

The morning broke bright with the sunshine, and the Firth threw its gold glances back,
While yet on the heart of the people death's cloud rested heavy and black.
And the couple who waited last evening, their man-statured son to accost,
Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned for the boy that was lost
"'Twas sae sad," moaned the crushed, aged mother, each word dripping o'er with a tear,
"Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he should perish sae near!

"Oh, Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for mony a day,
And when ye ha' come back sae near us, why could na' ye come a' the way?"
"I hae come all the way!" said a strong voice, and a bearded and sun-beaten face
Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long and filial embrace.

"I cam' on last night far as Newport; but Maggie, my bride that's to be,
She ran through the storm to the station, to get the first greetin' o' me
I leaped from the carriage to kiss her; she held me sae fast and sae ticht,
The train it ran off and did leave me: I could na' get over the nicht.

"I tried for to walk the brig over—my head it was a' in a whirl
I could na' ye know the sad reason—I had to go back to my girl!
I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie—she's promised to soon be my wife,
She's a darling wee bit of a lassie—and her fondness it saved me my life!"

SONGS WANTED.

CAN any of our readers supply us with the words of the old poem, entitled "I Want To Be a Brakeman." It was written, we believe, about twenty years ago, and many of you old-timers brother boomers who had gathered at Pocatello, Idaho, one winter's night The first line ran

No conductor for me, just a brakeman, by hen!
I can make a couplin' on a dead run.

We also have a request to publish a poem written about the Oregon Short Line. It was the story, we believe, of a stove-pipe session of some brother boomers who had gathered at Pocatello, Idaho, one winter's night The first line ran

It was on the O S L

Who knows it?

Still another reader writes as follows "I would like to have you publish a poem written about a railroad wreck that occurred near Chattanooga on the Southern Railroad, just as a train was leaving the tunnel near Missionary Ridge at Sherman Heights. All that I remember of it is:

'Twas only a poor dying brakeman,
Nobody knew his name.

Dig into your memories, boys, and see who can send in the complete poem first.

And still they come! One of our New Jersey lads sends in a polite epistle. Says he: "Will you please publish 'When McCracken Went a Braking'? It starts off so

When McCracken went a braking,
It was ten to one that he
A brakeman solid gold and
Fourteen carat fine would be

RAILROAD FACTS AND FIGURES.

WE have received a copy of "The Railway Library," an interesting volume on railroad statistics containing many valuable reports on the progress and operation of the great systems of this country during the past year. The work was compiled by Slason Thompson, manager of the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics, in Chicago

Besides containing numerous figures and data on every phase of railroading imaginable, the book presents addresses and reports of some of the foremost railroad executives of America, in which their best views on transportation problems are set forth

Railroad men who enjoy keeping up to date on these matters will find "The Railroad Library" a valuable book. It not only contains a large fund of information, but the subject-matter is so well arranged that it is also valuable as a reference book

RAILWAY SCHOLARSHIPS.

GEORGE F. WOLFE, of Youngwood, Pennsylvania, and M. Roy Strong, of Cleveland, Ohio, were recently announced as the successful candidates for the Frank Thomson Scholarships With the addition of these two young men, there will be eight holders of these scholarships, which amount to six hundred dollars annually, and which are awarded upon a competitive examination to sons of employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

The successful candidates for the scholarships in 1907 were W. B. Rudd, of Media, Pennsylvania, who graduated in June of this year from Yale University, and George J. Richers, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, who is taking a course in engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1908, Merritt E. Gill, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, now at the University of Michigan, and Harry Wallis Anderson, of Folcroft, Delaware County, Pennsylvania now at the University of Pennsylvania, were award-

ed the scholarships. Benjamin M. Snyder, Jr., of Elmira, New York, and Wallace B. Porter, of Youngstown, Ohio, won the scholarships in 1909.

Young Wolfe is a son of George B. Wolfe, a locomotive engineer on the Southwest Branch of the Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is seventeen years old, and has just graduated from the high school in Greensburg, Pennsylvania. He expects to enter the civil engineering department of Lehigh University.

M. Roy Strong is a son of Arthur W. Strong, telegraph operator, on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania Lines. He has been attending the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio. He is twenty-one years of age, and expects to continue at the Case School. Strong is at present a member of the engineer corps on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Division.

The Thomson Scholarships were established by Anne Thomson, Frank Graham Thomson, and Clark Thomson; children of the late President Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The grantors of this trust fund of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars declared it was their desire to afford to the sons of living and deceased employees of the Pennsylvania System an opportunity for a technical education. With the awards for 1910 there are eight beneficiaries of the Thomson Scholarship Fund receiving a college education. This number will be maintained by awarding two scholarships every year.

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway has promulgated an order to establish a scholarship in the Armour Institute at Chicago to be awarded to the apprentice of the system having the best record. Another will be awarded next year. Afterward, should the arrangement work out satisfactorily, one scholarship will be awarded each year. The only conditions attaching to the competition are that the apprentice selected shall have served three and a half years with the road, and be able to pass the entrance examination of the Institute.

DESPATCHING BY PHONE.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN your July number you published an article on train-despatching by telephone. I believe some of the statements therein are erroneous. The article states that the telephone minimizes the danger of mistakes in the transmission and receipt of train orders. In the Morse code of telegraph, each and every letter is distinctly different. When spoken through a telephone the letters "b," "c," "d," "e," "g," "p," "t," "v," and "z" sound very similar, and in many cases it is very difficult to distinguish between them. On this I base my claim that the telegraph is safer than the telephone.

Now in regard to speed. The article says that a despatcher using the telegraph has his speed restricted to accord with the receiving ability of the operators. I cannot see that he is rid of this restriction where the telephone is in use. A first-class operator can copy a telegraphic order just as fast as he can write. Can he do more with the telephone? I know of one despatcher now using the telephone who claims he can handle three telegraphic orders in the same time he uses for one with the telephone.

The article claims that on one road, during two years of train despatching by telephone, not a single accident was caused by mistakes in train orders. I fail to see anything remarkable about that. On the road which employs me, I cannot recall an accident caused by a mistake in the transmission or receipt of telegraphic train orders, in the past seven years.

If the telephone is to take the place of the telegraph, it will not be for the sake of safety, but to reduce expenses.—V. H. W., Erie, Pennsylvania.

We are glad to publish Mr. V. H. W.'s letter, for we welcome a free and frank discussion from all our readers on anything we may publish. However, the article to which our contributor refers was not an original article for these pages, but, as we plainly indicated, it was reprinted from no less reliable authority, the *Railway and Engineering Review*. We wanted to place before our readers the views of that publication on train-despatching by telephone.

As to our personal view, we do not believe that the telegraph operators need fear that they are destined to extinction by the introduction of this new method, any more than the engineer need fear that the electric-motor will deprive him of his work. Some roads will adopt the new scheme of telephoning, but there will always be a place for the "opr." In the great compound of railway operation, his position is just as secure now as ever.

BRET HARTE'S RAILWAY POEM.

ONE of our readers sends in the following old-time railroad poem. It is by a man whose name stands at the head of American letters, and it is a fitting addition to our collection:

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

BY BRET HARTE

HALF an hour till train-time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
On time? Well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right;
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No? He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village,
And killed old Donovan's son.

Bill hadn't been married more'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there
And bring down the night express.

He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on number one,
Thinking of nothing but Mary
And the train he had to run

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't 'a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must 'a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge;
They came down—the drunken devils
Tore up a rail from the bridge;
But Mary heard 'em a workin',
And guessed there was something wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes
Bill's train it would be along!

She wouldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't 'a' done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then, down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stoped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin'
On the track in her weddin'-dress;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hallo! here's the train—good by, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

WE DON'T BLAME HIM.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

By way of a bouquet kindly accept the following: Noting the article by "A St. Joseph Booster" in the August number that he would continue to read THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, if he had to steal it, reminds me that I really did steal this August number from a caboose where I chanced to be visiting. You may chalk me up with a few "brownies," as it was worth the money.

I must say further, that you gentlemen are about the jolliest that could possibly get together in one bunch in an editorial office, not that I know anything about your line of business, but you certainly hand out the dope in a way that makes a hit with me.

I am working at a lonesome telegraph job near Denver, and I am always looking forward to the next number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It's about the best thing I have struck yet to help pass away my twelve hours per, only it doesn't last long enough when it only comes once a month. But keep the good work going. You are doing fine.—F. B. R., Denver, Colorado.

LONGEST STRETCH OF "STRAIGHT."

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

In the August RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, mention is made of a seventy-mile stretch of straight track on the Rock Island lines, in Texas. In this connection I will cite a longer section of track without a single curve. It is on the Mexican Central division of the National Railways of Mexico, on their line from Monterey, Nuevo Leon, to Torreón, Coahuila, between the stations of Letona and Santa Lucia. This piece of straight track is something like one hundred and sixty kilometers long, or about one hundred miles.

E. J. LOPEZ,
Sabinas, Coahuila, Mexico.

FROM "HASH HOUSE WILLIE."

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Being a steady reader of your magazine, I surely had a surprise the other day when I came to "The Railroad Eating Shack," by Miss Bessie Bardsley, in your August number. I am "Hash House Willie." Last winter, in Caliente, Nevada, on the Salt Lake route, mid the sage-brush, one of the Wells-Fargo men christened me that way. The railroad is my home. If I can't do anything else on the railroad, I take jobs in the eating shacks. At present I am with a commissary outfit of the O. S. L.

We all envied Miss Bardsley for one thing: she left us before the famous disaster of last New Year's Day. If you know her present address, kindly tell her that "Hash House Willie" will play her any tune she prefers "where the porter beats the gong," and that "No. 2 is dining behind the engine."

Your magazine has a department, "Told in the Smoker." It will soon have "Told in the Eating Shack."

Our present station is a siding called Orchard, Idaho. The Oregon express No. 5 happened to meet the east-bound fast mail here the other day, and that enabled me to secure the August number from the "news butch."

If you have your magazine for the year 1909 on hand, kindly notify me in your next number.

HASH HOUSE WILLIE,
Ogden, Utah

We are glad to hear from you, Hash House, and it pleases us to state that any and all back numbers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, from the first, October, 1906, can be secured by sending 10 cents per copy to this office.

LOCOMOTIVE PERCENTAGES.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

In your August number, page 420, in reply to E. R., Parsons, Kansas, you say you "never heard of locomotive percentages." There are some roads that have a kind of percentage rating that E. R. may have in mind.

Their tonnage is based on the maximum load their largest engine can handle over the maximum grade. This engine is called a 100-per-cent engine, and the various lighter types would range downward, something like 97 per cent, 93 per cent, or what they might figure to the smallest, which might be a 52-per-cent engine.

If they subsequently bought a larger type it would be known as a 110-per-cent engine, or whatever it figured, until such time as they saw fit to

rearrange the percentages in terms of their newest and heaviest type.

These percentages are of use during inclement weather to figure various types of power from one base.—C. S. C., Dillonvale, Ohio.

THANKS, BROTHER BILLIN!

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I WISH to say a few words in praise of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. I think it just fills the bill from our point of view, and I don't see how it can be improved. I always look forward to the coming of my magazine with the greatest of pleasure, and I read every story from cover to cover. I think "The Observations of a Country Station-Agent" and "Ten Thousand Miles by Rail" are fine. I enclose a money order for two dollars for two years more.

J. V. BILLIN,
Church Point, Louisiana.

HAVE YOU SEEN "12345"?

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN your August number, H. B. Meyers, Macon, Georgia, states he saw Illinois Central 12345, at Savannah, Georgia, May 23, 1910. On July 30, Illinois Central 12345 was delivered to us as a merchandise car from Chicago division, being billed from Chicago to West Lebanon, Indiana, containing merchandise. We handled this car on that date from Rantoul, Illinois, to West Lebanon, Indiana, and was returned the same day on our train, No. 892, from West Lebanon, Indiana, to Rantoul, Illinois. The car was set out in the Rantoul yards and again went forward on No. 891, of August 2, to Dillsburg, Illinois, where it was loaded with corn for Memphis, Tennessee, and was sent out on No. 892 of August 2, and set out at Rantoul, Illinois, with final destination as Memphis, Tennessee. Would be pleased to hear further from Illinois Central 12345

G. G. DOUGLAS,
Brakeman I. C. R. R., Rantoul, Illinois.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN your August number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, I noticed a letter from one of your readers in Georgia, stating that he had seen Illinois Central car 12345, after having read an article published by you some time ago about an operator who was on the lookout for such a car number. I also read that article, and have been watching for a 12345 car myself, and on July 13 last I saw Erie 12345 passing through Newark, New Jersey. To-day [July 28] I saw Chicago Great Western car 23156 also passing through Newark. This also being a "straight," I thought you might be interested.

You are certainly putting out a great magazine, and I look forward to its coming every month with the greatest interest. Although not a subscriber, I have never missed a single number since the first issue.

A. L. CRANE,
Springfield, New Jersey.

Charles H Bevier, tie inspector, C. and G. W. Railway, writes from Carleton, Michigan, that he loaded the I. C. car No. 12345 on July 10, at Brookport, Illinois, with ties for the C. and G. W. Railway, billed to Carbondale, Illinois.

J. S. Pearson, Paradise, Montana, also writes: "I have just spotted a car No. 12345 here. It was loaded with lumber for Ravenna, Nebraska. I had been looking for one for some years, and this is the first I saw."

NO FLAG FOR US.

EDITOR, THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I HAVE been a constant reader of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE from the time it was first issued. I have enjoyed every article written it has published. It has been a source of information to me, and it is helpful to any man working on a railroad.

That you may know the interest I take in your magazine, I have kept *every copy* since Vol. I, No. 1. I am keeping them to look over again, and if anything should happen that you should have to discontinue publishing, I can start and read them over again until you get another that can equal it, which I think very doubtful.—C. F. A., Somerville, Massachusetts.

STILL ANOTHER OLD ONE.

MR. J. W. WOOD, of the Katy, who kindly contributed "How It Works," from his scrap-book for our September number, sends us another for this month. Our kindest regards to Mr. Wood. All join in:

CREDULITY.

"SUPPOSE," said the fireman, rubbing the grime
From off his dark complexion,
"Suppose you were trying to make up time,
And not a tank on the section!
And, suppose that the water was down to three,
And team was tanding pat,
With the gage somewhere up in high 'G'—
What's done in a case like that?"

"Done!" smiled the lofty engineer,
"I'd just haul open the throttle!
I've run a train on a bottle of beer,
And then thrown in the bottle!
There's engineers on passenger-trains
That's made up time on a flask;
It's only a matter of pluck and brains—
But, tell me, why did you ask?"

"Because," said the fireman, rubbing his nose
And giving the shovel a yank,
"I think, by the way she snorts and blows,
There's not a drop in the tank.
And now, old man, I would like to see
A beer-bottle start her pump:
Here's one that the section boss gave me—
Now, work it, or else you jump!"

One bound, and the lofty engineer
Went out of that engine van,
And when he struck it didn't appear
Which was the chief end of man.
"I hope," the grimy fireman said,
As he opened the throttle wide,
"I hope he isn't really dead—
But I'm engineer, if he died!"

Heating for delicate women

The width of a window-sill separates fierce Winter from gentle Summer—that is, if your heating outfit has been rightly chosen. The most delicate women and the frailest flowers thrive and bloom in the wholesome warmth and ventilation brought about by

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

The cleanly, genial warmth these outfits produce enables your wife to dress in light-weight, becoming clothing, to appear at her graceful best, to work and exercise unrestrictedly; and relieve her of all back-breaking drudgery that is a part of old-fashioned heating methods.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are sure aids to domestic happiness and economy. They keep the house cozy and healthful in all kinds of bad weather. By saving much coal and doing away with repair bills, as well as giving long life to furnishings and decorations, they more than earn their cost. In fact, they are in every way an investment—not an expense.

A No. 2218 IDEAL Boiler and 910 ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $135 were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

A No. A-942 IDEAL Boiler and 490 ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators costing the owner $215, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This does not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

ADVANTAGE 21. All IDEAL Steam Boilers are fitted with Sylphon Regulator, which is the greatest improvement made in a century, for giving perfect control over the draft and check dampers. This regulator keeps the steam steadily at the right point for economical heating and insures uniform heating of the rooms. Saves running up and down the cellar stairs during quick-changing weather. (If you have a boiler without this regulator be sure to write us for full particulars.) Ask also for our new edition of "Ideal Heating" (free) which tells all the *advantages* of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.

If you want to make your home a haven of warmth, don't wait until you build, but comfort your present house with an outfit of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Put in now without disturbing your old heaters until ready to start fire in the new.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. J CHICAGO

LEFT-OVER MEATS MADE APPETIZING

Cookery Hints That Enable You to Serve a Satisfying Hot Dinner Instead of a Cold Lunch.

By MARY JANE McCLURE

MANY housekeepers look helplessly at the cold, roast beef, lamb, etc., left after the first meal, and know that the family will not relish a dinner made from its cold slices, but don't know what else can be done with it.

Take a lesson from the skilful and thrifty German cook and provide yourself with a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Then rejoice when your roast is large enough to provide for a second dinner, for without labor you may serve a savory meat dish more delicious than the original.

Rub a teaspoonful of butter and a tablespoon of flour together in a saucepan, adding a cup of hot water and finally *a quarter of a teaspoonful* of the Beef Extract. Use a light hand, for Armour's Extract is the strongest made, and it is easy to get in too much. Chop or slice your meat and drop it into this rich sauce and let it get thoroughly hot. Serve with French fried potatoes and see if your family don't vote you a veritable chef.

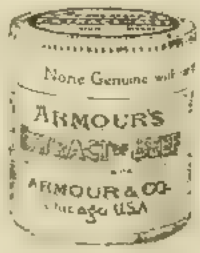
Any left-over meat is delicious served in this way. Roast beef, mutton, lamb or veal, even chicken or game.

Foreign cooks know the virtue of Armour's Extract of Beef and would not dream of trying to do without it. It is one of the secrets of setting an economical table while appearing lavish.

It gives richness and flavor to the cheaper cuts of meat—saves boiling meat for soup stock—is the basis of rich gravies and sauces. Remember that a little goes a long way—it is the *concentrated* beef essence—the strength and flavor that *you* cook out.

Armour's Extract of Beef

Four times as strong as the ordinary—the touch that gives sauces, gravies and soups an inimitable flavor. Send for "Popular Recipes," a cook book that teaches you the secrets of appetizing cookery. Save the metal cap, or the paper certificate under the cap from every jar you buy, and send either to us with ten cents to pay the cost of carriage and packing and get a handsome silver tea, bouillon or after-dinner coffee spoon or butter spreader free. Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA, the highest grade of extra plate. You can't buy anything like them, and each will bear any initial you wish. Our usual limit is six, but for a time we will allow each family to get one dozen. Remember to send ten cents with every certificate or cap. This offer is made only to those living in the United States.



Department 38

CHICAGO **ARMOUR AND COMPANY** CHICAGO

(80)

A United Nation

Millions of people touch elbows and are kept in constant personal contact by the Bell System.

There are all kinds of people, but only one kind of telephone service that brings them all together. They have varying needs, an infinite variety, but the same Bell system and the same Bell telephone fits them all.

Each Bell Station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

Only by such a universal system can a nation be bound together.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the

PHILO SYSTEM

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible and getting unheard of results that are hard to believe without seeing

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of from one to two square feet to the broiler without any loss and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here from 4 cents a pound above the highest market price.

OUR SIX-MONTH-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, explains, in easy to understand directions that are right to the point and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

CHICKEN FEED AT 15 CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, overheating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

SOUTH BRITAIN CONN., April 19, 1909.

MR. E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I have followed your system as close as I could, the result is a complete success. If there can be any improvement on nature, your brooder is it. The first year I had only your System and your Brooder. That year I started with one or two hens, put them as a mate hatched in one of your brooders out of eleven eggs set I got nine. These nine pullets all weighed 5 pounds a pound. They then averaged 21 eggs each and the most beautiful hens to look at you ever saw and he wants all I can spare this season. Yours truly,

A. F. NELSON

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1909.

MR. E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Supposing you will be interested to learn of our success in keeping poultry by the [illegible] plan I have worked in our yard, I completed [illegible] Since [illegible] we have had 60 hens and pullets and have sold [illegible] eggs and have on hand [illegible] eggs. We have [illegible] 60 spring chickens and [illegible] of poultry in Hatchers. We are pleased with the results so far and intend to do better the coming year.

With best wishes we are

Very truly yours

(MRS.) C. A. GOODRICH

Three-pound Roasters Ten Weeks Old

Special Offer Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the POULTRY REVIEW, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.

E. R. Philo, 2401 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

The Softest Hosiery Made

Put a hand inside a Holeproof Sock and notice the *fineness* of it, the soft silky yarn, the pliability of the texture and the neat, snappy style in color and weave. Then take a pair home and notice how closely they hug every inch of the ankle and foot. Judge "Holeproof" *then*—not before you have done this.

Judge by the Facts

Don't judge them by what you have heard of some hose or by inferior guaranteed brands. The genuine "Holeproof" has no real rival. It has taken us 32 years to perfect it. No imitation—sprung up in a night—will ever be able to compete with "Holeproof." Twelve years ago we discovered that the hose we were making could be guaranteed. We at once sold them that way and their success was phenomenal from the very first.

Yarn at 70c per Pound

Our yarn is the finest 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn that's made. It costs on the average, 70c per pound.

We could buy domestic yarn and save 30c per pound—or we could use common cotton and pay even less. But the hose would be heavy, coarse, and ill fitting.

"Holeproof" is the finest hosiery made—*soft, light and stylish.* Try it today. Six pairs guaranteed for six months.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

FAMOUS

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealer's name on request or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer; charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

When buying look for the trade-mark above and for the name "Holeproof" on the toe. Then you are sure of getting the genuine—the original guaranteed hose. Prices $1.50 to $3.00 for six pairs guaranteed six months. Three pairs silk sox, guaranteed three months, $2.00. Women's stockings, $2.00 to $3.00 for six pairs. Children's, $2.00 for six pairs.

Send for free book,
"How to Make Your Feet Happy"

The Holeproof Hosiery Company

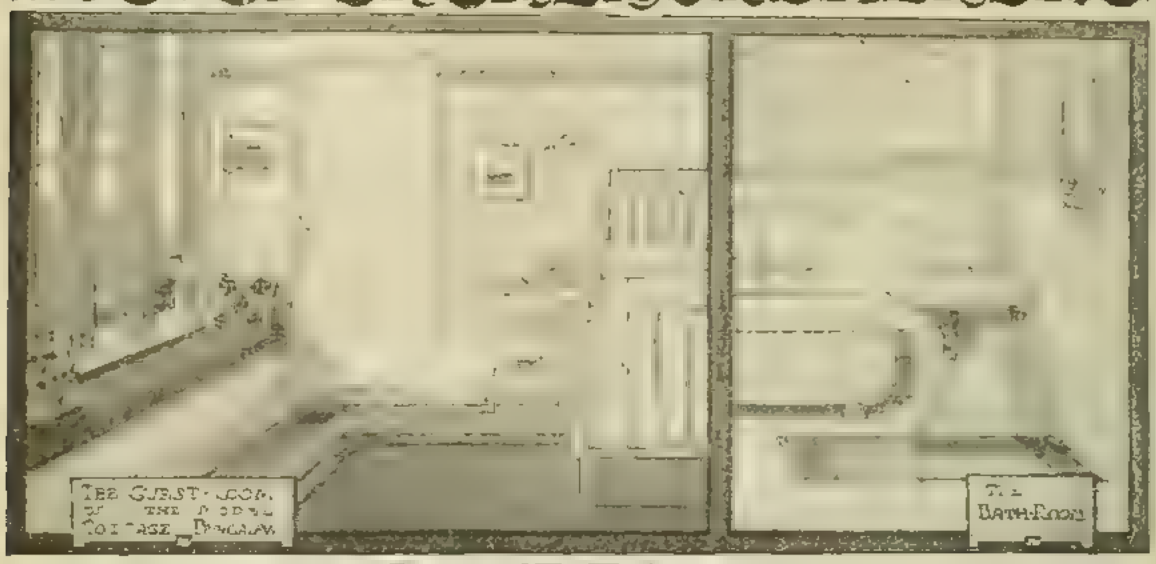
539 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

Are Your Hose Insured?

(88)

Stencil No. 45



Stencil No. 39

Your guest-room and your bath-room may be made just as attractive as those shown in color in the Sherwin-Williams' Cottage Bungalow Portfolio, which is sent free on request.

VERY few people have any adequate idea of the beautiful and durable effects that can be produced simply and inexpensively by the use of the right paints, varnishes, stains, etc., in and about the home. For your information we have prepared this special Portfolio of ten color plates which illustrate a complete plan of decoration adaptable to the average house. Complete specifications are given to produce the effects shown, not only for the finishing of the walls, ceiling, woodwork, floors, etc., but also suggestions for the curtains and draperies, the rugs and furniture.

You can adapt any or all of the color combinations in our Cottage Bungalow or our Decorative Department will prepare special suggestions upon receipt of blue prints, drawings or descriptions of your home or other buildings.

If you are interested in home decoration, by all means send for this Portfolio today. Sent free on request.

GET THIS PORTFOLIO AND MAKE YOUR HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, TOO

It has pictures in color of each separate room similar to those shown on this page and several exteriors. Each one is accompanied by specifications for painting or otherwise treating the walls, floors, ceilings and woodwork, and definite suggestions for curtains, hangings, rugs and furniture. The outside suggestions include color schemes for the house to harmonize with any given background or setting. Also definite suggestions for beautifying the grounds.

A STENCIL BOOK FREE

Stenciling is an inexpensive and simple method of decorating walls, curtains, draperies and hangings. Our stencil book, sent free, shows hundreds of stencil designs at small cost, and tells how to use them.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., Decorative Dept., 616 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland O

"Bradley" TRADE MARK

NO. 301 50¢

BRADLEY

Full-Fashioned Mufflers and Auto Scarfs

(Patented 1908-1909-1910)

are for men, boys, women and girls. They're made in all collar sizes and in many different shades. Having the original Bradley V-neck, these mufflers and scarfs fit more perfectly than any others, conforming to the shape of shoulders, neck, back and chest, without a wrinkle. They cannot crawl up, grow stringy or rag like. Made from best grade of yarns. Look for our trade mark attached just under the clasp.

No. 301 is the original Bradley muffler, made in twenty beautiful shades, from high-grade imported Egyptian silk. Packed in individual boxes. Clasp matches the shade. Sold everywhere at..... 50c

No 302. The original Bradley Full-Fashioned Auto Scarf in fifteen shades. Extra long and wide with fringed ends and ocean-pearl clasp. Knitted from pure Australian worsted. Price at the best dealers **$1.50**

No. 303. Our new Dress Scarf. Just like the muffler in shape, but wider and much longer. Made from highest grade Egyptian cotton in fifteen shades. Price **$1.00**

No. 310. The Bradley Coat Scarf, with wide collar that is worn turned up or down; all-wool; three ocean-pearl clasps. Looks like a knit coat when outer coat is buttoned. All shades and sizes; very handsome. Price..... **$1.75**

No. 1050. Our Co-ed Coat in great demand by school and college girls. Made of pure worsted. It's jaunty, smart and attractive. Several colors. Price..... **$5.00**

No. 930. Motor Coat of finest double pure worsted yarns. Hand knit and full fashioned. A coat every man appreciates. Price **$8.00**

NO. 303 $1.00

NO 302 $1.50

NO. 310 $1.75

NO 1050 $5.00

NO. 930 $8.00

YOUR BEST DEALER

can supply you with Bradley products. If we are mistaken in that statement, send us the price and we'll see that you are promptly supplied.

BRADLEY

KNITTING CO.

113 BRADLEY STREET

DELAVAN, WISCONSIN

REGISTERED "Bradley" TRADE MARK

YOU SAVE THE MOST MONEY

When you buy your piano direct instead of purchasing from the middleman—the salesman—the agent—the dealer. They can in no way add to the quality of the pianos they sell—but they surely do add to the price which the music lover must pay. The dealer's, agent's go-between's high profits and selling expenses may not be escaped unless you buy your piano from a company which refuses to permit its piano to be sold in any other way—except direct to the homes of music lovers. Thus the sale of the Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.—selling the Schmoller & Mueller Piano direct, instead of through middlemen—means the saving of all go-between profits—all unnecessary selling expense and giving to each one of its patrons a dollar's worth and more of quality for each dollar invested in the Schmoller & Mueller Piano. You thus are certain under our direct to-the home selling plan to

Secure the Utmost in Quality

in the Schmoller & Mueller Piano purchased from this company. You secure a piano backed by a company fifty-one years old—with a capital and surplus of half a million dollars which furnishes a piano built so well—so durable in every part as to make possible the longest and the strongest of guarantees. The Schmoller & Mueller Piano is Guaranteed for twenty-five years—an entire quarter of a century. Where can you secure an instrument like unto the

Sweet Toned
Schmoller & Mueller
Piano

Unless you buy direct? Dealers—agents—salesmen cannot supply you. We sell direct—we guarantee our pianos—we save you from $100 to $150 on your Schmoller & Mueller Piano as compared with prevailing middlemen's prices. Yes, we go even further than to save you money—and to furnish the most in quality for your money—we make terms of payment so liberal—as to remove the last single objection to such a purchase—when you are given the opportunity to buy this Sweet Toned SCHMOLLER & MUELLER PIANO

On Payments of 15c. a Day

Can you realize what that means to you—to your loved ones—to have [illegible] the benefits to be derived from the possession of the Big Grand—the Durably Built—the Sweet and Mellow Toned Schmoller & Mueller Piano. Secure right now before you turn this page—full information about the Schmoller & Mueller Piano and our unsolicited [illegible] Plan. Do it by filling out the attached Coupon and mailing back today for Complete Catalogue and Proposition. Send Coupon to

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.
Dept. A. C. 010 **OMAHA, NEB.**
Est. 1859 Capital and Surplus, $500,000.00

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.,
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Send your Catalogue and All Information about the Schmoller & Mueller Piano. I am interested

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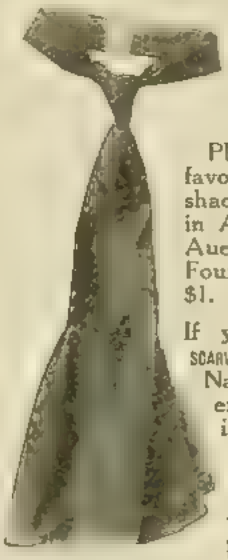
Auerbach's SOLIDSILK SCARVES were awarded a Medal of Quality, Style and Workmanship at the Paris Exposition.

They are the scarves of the Gentlemen of Taste and are sold in the best shops

SOLIDSILK SCARVES



Two Grades
50 cents and $1

A label with the word SOLIDSILK on the Four-in-hand or Tie you buy tells you it is the best. Look for the label.

Plain colors are popular. Your favorite is among the 50 plain shades, black and white included, in Auerbach's SOLIDSILK Rep and Auerbach's new SOLIDSILK Barathea Four-in-hands at 50 cents and $1. Bat Ties at 50 cents.

If your dealer hasn't SOLIDSILK SCARVES mail your order to us. Name color and shape and enclose price. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Write for our card of 50 colors. It's free.

The shop that sells Auerbach's SOLIDSILK plain colors has an excellent assortment also of fancy SOLIDSILK SCARVES

LOUIS AUERBACH
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DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT LOFTIS SYSTEM

LET US SEND YOU A DIAMOND OR WATCH ON FREE TRIAL

Write for Our New Catalog containing over 1500 beautiful photographic illustrations of Diamonds, Watches and Artistic Jewelry. Select any article you would like to own or present as a gift and we will send it to you prepaid for approval. If it is entirely satisfactory pay one-fifth down and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. If not entirely satisfactory return it. We pay all charges and take all risks. We have absolute faith in the square dealing and reliability of the Loftis system of business methods, guarantee of value, workmanship. ***An Account With Us*** is a most desirable one. Our customers use their charge accounts with us year after year, finding them a great convenience at such times as they are in need of anything in our line.

No. 44

DIAMOND SPECIAL
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diamond Rings $11.00 down; $5.00 per month

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

Diamonds as an Investment are better than a savings bank because they pay four times the rate of interest. They increase in value from 15% to 20% each year. Our prices are lowest, our terms are easiest. We are the only house in the trade to allow cash prices. Send today for a free copy of the Loftis Magazine, devoted to Styles and Fashions of Diamonds and Precious Stones, Fine Watches and Artistic Jewelry.

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE

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English Knock-a-bout

$1 This English Knock-a-bout Hat

is the nobbiest and most comfortable hat you can buy at any price. Express prepaid anywhere. Soft and all wool throughout. Made of fine English felt, has flexible sweat band, will wear like iron. Can be rolled into a package. When you send us your order for this hat we want you to set your expectations up to the very limit as you will not be disappointed. All sizes in black, brown, white and gray. If not exactly as represented return hat same and we will refund your dollar by return mail—AND YOU MAY KEEP THE HAT. You can't lose so send a dollar TO DAY and hat will be forwarded postpaid.

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It is simply marvelous how easy we make it for you to own a genuine diamond. Don't be satisfied with anything but the best pure white stone, buy a stone that will increase in value. We offer you such a gem at the wholesale jobber's price on the easiest terms ever made by a high-class Diamond House. The above cut shows the exact likeness of our $75 ring, which we sell on terms of $15 down and $7.50 per month. We have built up a tremendous business on the liberal

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and we want to show you how we can save you money and give you perfect satisfaction, when you want to buy **Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.** Our handsome new catalogue, profusely illustrated, is yours free. Write today for the free catalogue and OUR SPECIAL PLAN.

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This Suit, Tailored to Your Measure $15

Express Prepaid

Other suits and overcoats in a wide range of fabrics, weaves and latest New York styles, $5 and $20.00.

I am a custom tailor by trade and a master of my craft. Control my special order. I will make a stylish suit or overcoat to your measure with **true quality** tailored into every stitch and cut cheaper and less than you have ever paid for ready-made, ready made garments.

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I save you the dealers' big profits and give you the kind of clothes turned out by the high-priced tailors of the big cities.

Send today for my handsome free book of styles and cloth samples. Measure yourself by my extremely simple home system, pick out the style and material you like best and send me your order. I'll make up the clothes **exactly to your measure** and ship them **express prepaid.** You examine them carefully to see that they fit perfectly and come up to my claims in every particular. If you don't find everything **entirely satisfactory,** send back the clothes and I'll return every penny of your money.

That's my guarantee. And my Bankers, The Wisconsin National Bank of Milwaukee, (*Resources, Twenty Million Dollars*) **will tell you that I always keep my word. KING**

My Style Book is FREE. Send for it today.

King Tailoring Company

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Use the Improved Never Fail Stropper

Simply Mail the Coupon

Whether you use a safety or old style razor, you'll have keener edged blades and smoother, easier shaves with the

For 15 Days FREE

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Enjoy shaves of this kind 15 days at our expense. Send no money. Just mail the coupon. If the stropper proves itself worth $3 to you, send the money. If not, simply return the stropper.

Ends All Razor Expense Forever

This stropper is *guaranteed for life. Ends honing expense and purchase of safety blades.* Saves its cost many times over. Easy to operate. Try it at our risk for 15 days. Mail the Coupon Today.

THE NEVER FAIL CO. 606 Colton Bldg., Toledo, O.

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Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send prepaid one Improved Never Fail Stropper for me to try. At the end of 15 days I agree to send you $3 or return stropper.

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LEA & PERRINS

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A superior seasoning for all kinds of Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Game, Gravies, Salads, etc. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1911 Models with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1909 and 1910 MODELS ALL OF BEST MAKES. **$7 to $12**

100 Second-Hand Wheels *All makes and models, good as new* **$3 to $8**

Great Factory Clearing Sale. We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* & allow **10 Days' Free Trial**

TIRES coaster-brake wheels, lamps, and sundries, *half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY till you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K 31 CHICAGO

Railroad Men, Attention

The REASON why YOU should buy from US

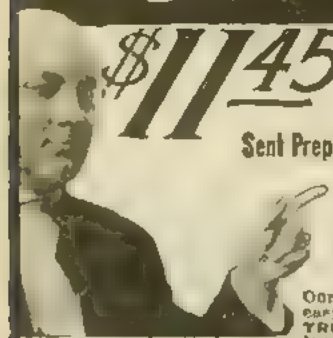
Any 21-Jewel Hamilton, Hampden, Elgin, Waltham, Bunn Special, Vanguard, Crescent Street, fitted in any 20 year case, only **$18.00**

All the above movements are warranted to stand a rigid railroad test or money refunded. A SAVING of 50 per cent off regular prices is assured.

M. L. COHEN & CO., 29 Washington Ave South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Established 1879. The largest retailers of Railroad Watches at wholesale prices in the Northwest. Mail orders promptly filled.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT



$11.45 Buys This 17-Jewel Elgin

In a Fine 20-Year Gold Filled Case

Sent Prepaid on FREE TRIAL at Our Bed Rock Wholesale Price.

BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

Only $1 a Month

Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, **WE WILL TRUST YOU,** so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High Grade Elgin Watch in a Beautiful Guaranteed 25-Year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. **WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG.** It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send Elgin 18-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit. Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 1354 MONADNOCK BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL. Or, 1354 WALNUT STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The House that Sells More Elgin Watches than Any Other Firm in the World.

"PRAIRIE GIRL"

This photograph (greatly reduced) shows a portion of our famous "Prairie Girl" picture. This handsome work of art is reproduced in twelve colors exactly like the original in all its brilliant colors typical of the Golden West. The black and white miniature gives you no idea of the exquisite coloring and beautiful tones in the figure and mountainous background.

This beautiful picture is printed on fine plate paper ready for framing or hanging. It contains no advertising and is equal to pictures costing $1.50 or more in art stores.

Send ten cents in stamps or coin to cover postage for your copy of the "Prairie Girl". With it we will also send you our big profusely illustrated Gun Guide and Catalog, showing the most complete line of revolvers, rifles and shotguns made.

MAIL US TEN CENTS NOW. **You will receive the beautiful "Prairie Girl" and the catalog by return mail postpaid.**

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
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Here's a Good JOB for YOUNG MEN

EARN $25 TO $50 WEEKLY In Automobile Business

Chauffeurs, Automobile Salesmen, Demonstrators and Repairmen are in big demand everywhere. The field is new, work pleasant, and anyone can learn. We teach you in 10 weeks of study during spare time to become thoroughly efficient. Our course of instruction by mail is simple, practical, and very interesting. Besides, we assist you to secure a good position.

First Lesson Sent Free. Write Now
Don't miss this offer. Send us a postal to-day.

Empire Auto. Institute, 154 Empire Bldg.
The Original Automobile School Rochester, N. Y.

10 PENNIES LEAD 10 MEN TO GET $32,000.00

Fortunes made with **Strange Invention.** Read how 10 men received over **$32,000.00.** Of this sum Korstad (**Farmer**) sold Zimmerman (**Farmer**) orders **$3,856 in 39 days;** Stoneman (**Artist**) sold **$2,181 in 60 days.** No wonder Cashman says: "A man who can't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine." But listen! **$1,685 in 73 days;** Hupp (**Agent**) sold **$1,800;** Snell (**Clerk**) **$6,800;** Scott (**Minister**) **$1,000;** Rogers (**Surveyor**) **$2,800;** Hoard (**Doctor**) **$2,200;** Hart **$5,000** and took **16 orders in 3 hours.** Rogers writes: "Sell 9 baths has **got me one piece of property.** Expect another."

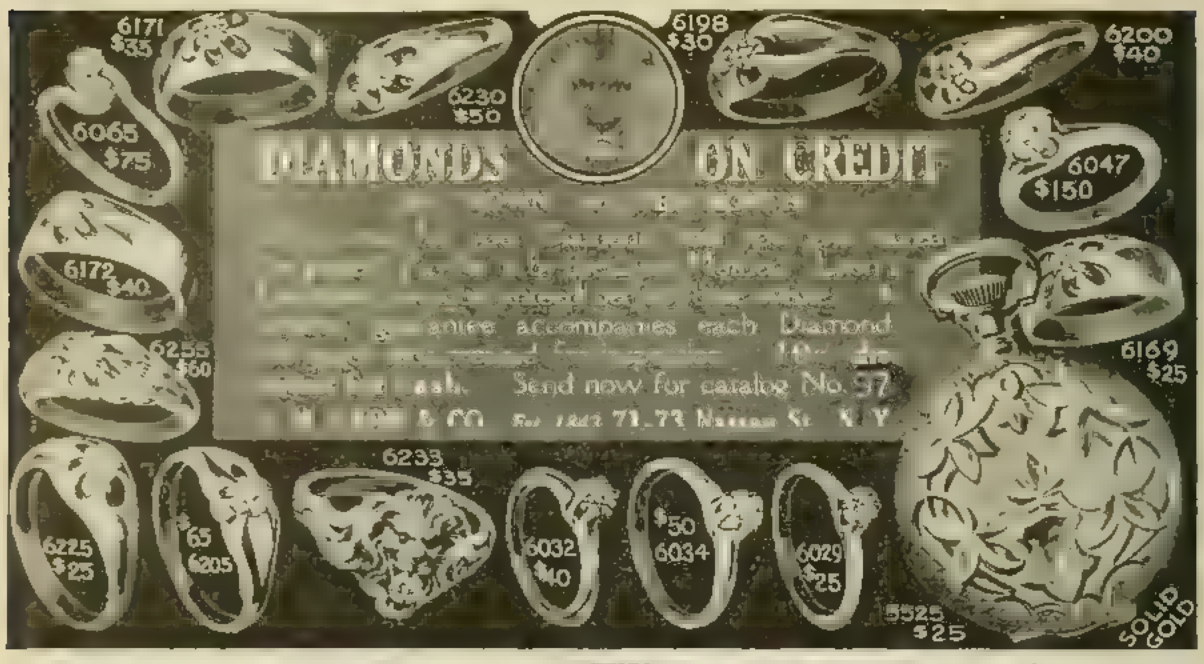
Don't Envy These People — Get Rich Yourself

FREE $13.75 AGENTS' OUTFIT TO ACTIVE AGENTS. CREDIT GIVEN ON SALES

Experience doesn't matter. How easy just show, **money yours—75 profit.** Alone Bath Apparatus **gives every home a bathroom for $6.50;** all others $1.00, yet doubtless. Think of it! Sooner realizes, writes: "Taken an order; **cleanses almost automatically;** no plumbing. Could anything be more popular? It's irresistible. Reese (**Carpenter**) **saw 60 people—sold 55;** result $420. "Sell 8 out of 10 houses," writes Maroney (**Clerk**). **Used by U. S. Government.**

Join hands with Prosperity [illegible] **Caution**—[illegible] Don't get [illegible] Risk 1 cent now—a postal for free book and remarkable offer.

THE ALLEN MFG. CO., 2011 Allen Building, Toledo, Ohio
"Lucky I answered ad. Money coming fast." A. L., Me.



1 PENNY SAVES $10

CASH or CREDIT

MAIL a card for book of Men's Fall fashions and fabrics ... we $1 ... buy direct from us—save the ... or ... great ... Your credit is ... You don't pay ... the ... from our ... We ... your ... You need ... Do ... every stitch guaranteed ... book today.

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.
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PAY NOTHING Until SATISFIED

WHITE VALLEY GEMS

IMPORTED from FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These Gems are chemical white sapphires. Can't be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and **will cut glass.** Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval, all charges prepaid **no money in advance.**

☞ Write for Free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

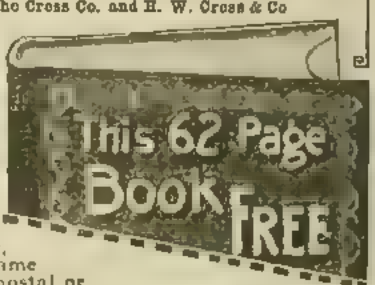
WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 704 Holiday Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

$3,000 to $10,000 Per Year For You

I can make you prosperous. If you want to earn more money—if you want to establish yourself in an independent business requiring no capital—send me your name and address on coupon below, for a postal will do) and I will mail you, **free,** our **Big 62-Page Book,** fully explaining just how you can fit yourself to earn big money in the **Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business.** Our thorough yet tested successful system not only equips you fully on every point of Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance, we also give you, free, a valuable course in Commercial Law. Our Free Book is of great interest to anyone, but is of vital importance to Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others who are ambitious to be in a good paying business of their own.

International Realty Corp., 4337 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago
Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co.

This Book Shows You How to Succeed in Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance



Send no money, but merely your name and address on a postal or on the Coupon below

NAME .....

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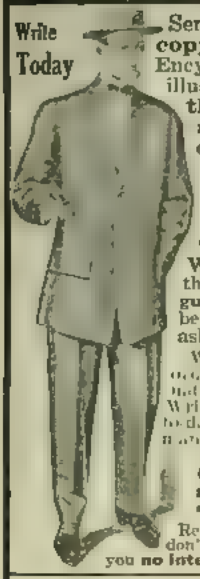
Pay as You are Able



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Send a postal **now for your free copy** of Woolf's Inc magnificent new Encyclopœdia of Fashions, which fully illustrates and describes **hundreds of the very latest styles in men's and women's apparel.** Shows exactly what the best dressed people are wearing. Shows you how to

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With one-half year to pay. Because of the enormous volume of our business, we **guarantee** to supply you **on credit** with better garments at a lower price than is asked by any strictly cash establishment.

We are the **oldest** and **largest** credit mail order establishment in the world—the originators of the well known Popular Plan. Write for your free copy of this great book today. Select whatever you want from the many magnificent bargains; you need

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for your purchases and getting the finest, most splendidly tailored garments, **at prices so exceedingly low.** A postal request for Book 169 will bring this Encyclopedia of Fashions free and postpaid by return mail. Write **now.**

Here is just one example among hundreds of the remarkable bargains offered by us:

This hand tailored, strictly all wool, gray English Cheviot, three piece suit, every inch of material pre-shrunk and tailored in the most approved and thoroughly up to date metropolitan manner, priced at **$13.95**

Other Models up to $27.50 One-Half Year to Pay

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Caution:—We have no agents or local representatives

Earn $3000 a Year

as Designer and Illustrator. Great demand for competent men and women. We teach you at home by mail and guarantee success. Write for full particulars and *Free Art Manual* today. Address **Fine Arts Institute, Studio 1107, Omaha, Nebr.**

Flash Like Genuine DIAMONDS, at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. **See them first—then pay. Special Offer**—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. $5.98; Tiffany ring 1 ct. $6.98. 14k Solitaire 1 ct. $4.89. Send no money. C. O. D. for inspection. **Catalog FREE,** showing full line. Patronage passed the million mark. The Baroda Co., Dept. A12 838 N. State St., Chicago

Remoh Gems

Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands fire and acid like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in solid gold mountings. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog, it's free.

Remoh Jewelry Co. 549 N. Bdway, St. Louis

Fighting the Trust

BURLINGTON DIRECT GUARANTEE
ON BOTH CASE AND MOVEMENT

A Watch Offer

Without Parallel!

Write for our FREE BOOK on watches; a book that posts you on "selling systems," and explains the reasons for our most remarkable rock-bottom-price offer DIRECT TO YOU on the highest grade BURLINGTON.

We won't "knuckle down" to selling systems among dealers, so we have decided to make such a tremendous and wonderful offer direct to the public on a first-class time piece, that no trust, no dealers under contract, will or can stop us. **You should not buy a worthless watch just because it is cheap. Nor need you pay trust prices for a top-notch Watch. The free Burlington Book explains.**

No Money Down We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of lady's or gentleman's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent—unless you **want** the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

Get the FREE Burlington Book

This Booklet will quickly convince you too that you **DO** want an Anti-Trust watch—made in the independent factory that is fighting the trust as best it can by giving better quality and superior workmanship throughout; we will quickly convince you that the Burlington watch, on which there is only **one** rock-bottom price (the same rock-bottom price everywhere) is THE watch for the discriminating buyer.

NOW WRITE for the free book. It will tell you what you ought to know before you even examine a watch. Learn the inside facts about watch prices, and the many superior points of the Burlington over the double priced trust products. Just your name and address.

CUT OR TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY Dept 1107 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
Dept 1107 19th and Marshall Blvd.
CHICAGO - - ILLINOIS

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches and copy of your $1,000 challenge, with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name .....

Address .....

(C)

(A)

(B)

(D)

"Love at First Sight!"

Note*—*Pictures now ready for delivery

"Why so much frowning?" asked a friend as he paused at the door of the writer's office.

"Because I can't find the right words to tell the magazine readers how really beautiful and valuable are the 1911 'Pompeian Beauties' in colors. You see, each 'Pompeian Beauty' is really worth $1.50 to $2.50," I replied.

"Oh, I see," he laughed, "can't make the public understand how you can give a $1.50 picture in colors for 15 cents, eh? Well, charge 'em a dollar. Maybe that will make 'em sit up and observe. Let's see the pictures." I pointed to the wall behind him. "Those! Those for 15 cents apiece!" His voice indicated his own unbelief.

"There you are!" I laughed. "Won't believe me yourself. Just 15 cents apiece. But which is your choice?"

"That one for me!" he said. "No, wait a moment. That one! No, I I say—I love 'em all! They're great! They're wonderful! Just say in your ad that it's a case of love at first sight for every single one of them! They are all heart-breakers! If the public could only see them in their real sizes and colors you'd be swamped!"

Yes, it is a case of "love at first sight" for those who see them in their true and exquisite colors. Then the question is: Which "Pompeian Beauty" would you rather have on your walls? Any one is worthy of a fine frame. Yes, you may order several if you can't decide on one. You run no risk. Read our "money back" guarantee.

Why $1.50 is not charged: The manufacturers of Pompeian Massage Cream want to make you so delighted with each picture you get that you can never forget who gave it to you, for each picture is practically a gift, the 15 cents being charged to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. We get our reward through years to come, and from the good will and confidence thus established. *You* get *your* reward at once.

MEN—DON'T—WOMEN

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." This is the advice of men and women (in a million homes) that use Pompeian Massage Cream. At all dealers; trial jar sent for 6 cents (stamps or coin). You may order pictures, trial jar, or both.

Our 1911 Pictures. Each "Pompeian Beauty" is in colors and by a high-priced artist, and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, clear, healthy complexion.

Our Guarantee. If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual art store value of $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

NOTE—The handsome frames are only printed (but in colors) on pictures A and B. All four have hangers for use if pictures are not to be framed. Only artist's name-plate on front as above.

Pompeian Beauty (A) size 17"x12"; (B) size 19"x12"; (C) size 32"x8"; (D) size 35"x7".

NOTE—Pompeian Beauty D went into a quarter of a million homes last year, and the demand for it is still heavy.

Final Instructions: Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails, and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we *do* replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

All Dealers
50c. 75c. and $1

Read this coupon carefully before filling out your order.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 171 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the four "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

Pictures	A	B	C	D
Quantity				

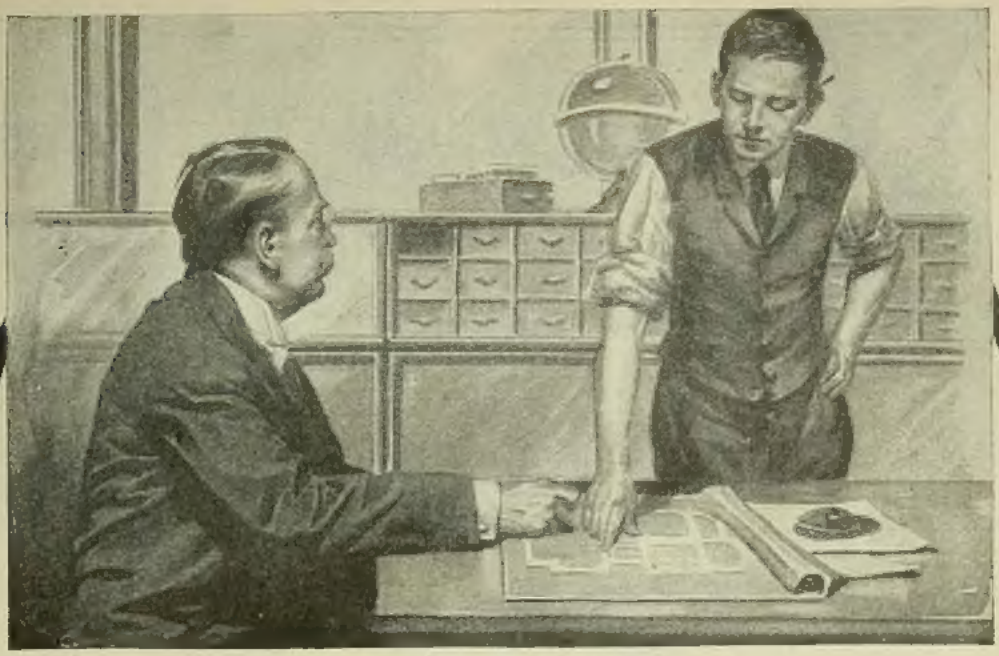
P S—I shall place a mark (x) in the square below if I enclose 6c. extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian. ☐

Write very carefully, fully and plainly on coupon only.

Name

Street Address

City State



Have YOU A Salary-Raising ABILITY?

In other words, does your ability, your training, your special knowledge put you in DEMAND when knotty work-problems are to be solved?

That's the kind of ability that raises your salary, brings you promotion, keeps your position safe in times of trouble and wins you *success.* That's the kind of ability the International Correspondence Schools can give to you—whether you're young or old, well schooled or not, office man or outside man, day worker or night worker, no matter where you live or what little spare time you have.

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